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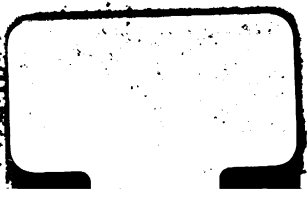

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA

*Three Poets, in three distant Ages born,*
*GREECE, ITALY, and ENGLAND, did adorn:*
*The First, in Loftiness of Thought, surpass'd;*
*The Next, in Majesty; in both, the* **Last**.
*The Force of Nature could no further go;*
*To make a* **Third**, *she joyn'd the Former two.*

To the Right Honorable

# *John* Lord *Sommers*, Baron of *Eveſham*.

*My* LORD,

IT was Your LORDSHIP'S opinion and encouragement that occaſion'd the firſt appearing of this Poem in the *Folio* Edition, which from thence has been ſo well receiv'd, that

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

To the Right Honorable

# *John* Lord *Sommers*, Baron of *Eveſham*.

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notwithſtanding the price of it was four times greater than before, the ſale increas'd double the number every year. The Work is now generally known and eſteem'd; and I having the honor to hear Your LORDSHIP ſay, that a ſmaller edition of it would be grateful to the world, immediately reſolv'd upon printing it in this volume, of which I moſt humbly beg Your acceptance, from,

*My LORD,*

*Your Lordſhip's*

*ever obliged ſervant.*

# THE LIFE OF Mr. *JOHN MILTON.*

FROM a family, and town of his name in *Oxfordſhire*, our Author deriv'd his deſcent; but He was born at *London* in the year 1608. The Publiſher of his Works in Proſe (on whoſe veracity ſome part of this narrative muſt entirely depend) dates his birth two years earlier than this: but contradicting himſelf afterwards in his own computation, I reduce it to

the time that Monſieur *Bayle* hath aſſign'd; and for the ſame reaſon which prevail'd with him to aſſign it. His father, *John Milton*, by profeſſion a Scrivener, liv'd in a reputable manner on a competent eſtate, entirely his own acquiſition; having been early diſinherited by his Parents for renouncing the communion of the Church of *Rome*, to which they were zealouſly devoted. By his wife *Sarah Caſton* he had likewiſe one daughter, named *Anna*; and another ſon, *Chriſtopher*, whom he train'd to the practice of the Common Law; who in the Great Rebellion adher'd to the royal cauſe: and in the reign of King *James* II. by too eaſy a compliance with the doctrines of the Court, both religious and civil, he attain'd to the dignity of being made a Judge of the Common Pleas; of which he dy'd deveſted not long after the Revolution.

But

But *JOHN*, the ſubject of the preſent eſſay, was the favorite of his father's hopes; who, to cultivate the great genius which early diſplay'd itſelf, was at the expenſe of a domeſtic Tutor: whoſe care and capacity his Pupil hath gratefully celebrated in an excellent Latin Elegy; the fourth in the preſent collection. At his initiation He is ſaid to *An. Ætat.* 12. have apply'd himſelf to Letters with ſuch indefatigable induſtry, that he rarely was prevail'd with to quit his ſtudies before mid-night: which not only made him frequently ſubject to ſevere pains in his head; but likewiſe occaſion'd that weakneſs in his eyes, which terminated in a total privation of ſight. From a domeſtic education He was remov'd to St. *Paul*'s School, to complete his acquaintance with the Claſſics under the care of Dr. *Gill*: and after a ſhort ſtay there, was tranſplanted to *Chriſt*'s College in

*An. Ætat.* 15. *Cambridge*, where He distinguish'd himself in all kinds of Academical Exercises. Of this Society He continued a Member 'till He commenc'd Master of Arts: and then leaving the University, He return'd to his father; who had quitted the town, and liv'd at *Horton* in *An. Ætat.* 23. *Buckinghamshire*; where He pursu'd his studies with unparallel'd assiduity and success.

After some years spent in this studious retirement, his mother dy'd: and then He prevail'd with his father to gratify an inclination He had long entertain'd of seeing foreign countries. Sir *Henry Wotton*, at that time Pro-*An. Ætat.* 30. vost of *Eaton* College, gave him a letter of advice for the direction of his travels: but by not observing * an excellent Maxim in it, He incur'd great danger by di-

* *I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto.*

sputing

ſputing againſt the ſuperſtition of the Church of *Rome*, within the verge of the *Vatican*. Having employ'd his curioſity about * two years in *France* and *Italy*, on the news of a civil war breaking out in *England*, He return'd; without taking a ſurvey of *Greece* and *Sicily*, as at his ſetting out the ſcheme was projected. † At *Paris* the Lord Viſcount *Scudamore*, Ambaſſador from King *Charles* I. at the Court of *France*, introduc'd him to the acquaintance of *Grotius*; who at that time was honor'd with the ſame character there by *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sweden*. In *Rome*, *Genoa*, *Florence*, and other cities of *Italy*, He contracted a familiarity with thoſe who were of higheſt reputation for wit and learning: ſe-

* *Et jam bis viridi ſurgebat culmus ariſtâ,*
*Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meſſes,* ——
*Nec dum aderat* Thyrſis: *paſtorem ſcilicet illum*
*Dulcis amor Muſæ* Thuſcâ *retinebat in urbe.*
Epitaph. Dam.

† *Defenſio Secunda.* Pag. 96. *Fol.*

veral of whom gave him very obliging teſtimonies of their friendſhip, and eſteem, which are printed before his Latin Poems. The firſt of them was written by *Manſo* Marquis of *Villa*, a great patron of *Taſſo*, by whom he is celebrated in his * Poem on the Conqueſt of *Jeruſalem*. It is highly probable that to his converſation with this noble *Neapolitan* we owe the firſt deſign which MILTON conceiv'd of writing an Epic Poem: and it appears by ſome latin verſes addreſs'd to the Marquis with the title of *Manſus*, that He intended to fix on King *Arthur* for his heroe: but *Arthur* was reſerv'd to another deſtiny!

Returning from his travels He found *England* on the point of being involv'd in blood and confuſion. It ſeems wonder-

*An. Ætat.* 32.

* *Fra Cavalier' magnanimi, e corteſi,*
*Reſplende il* Manſo. ---- Lib. 20.

ful

ful that one of ſo warm, and daring a ſpirit, as his certainly was, ſhou'd be reſtrain'd from the camp in thoſe unnatural commotions. I ſuppoſe we may impute it wholly to the great deference He paid to paternal authority, that He retir'd to lodgings provided for him in the city: which being commodious for the reception of his ſiſter's ſons, and ſome other young Gentlemen, He undertook their education: and is ſaid to have form'd them on the ſame plan which He afterwards publiſh'd, in a ſhort tractate inſcrib'd to his friend Mr. *Hartlib.*

In this philoſophical courſe He continued without a wife to the year 1643; when He marry'd *Mary* the Daughter of *Richard Powell* of *Foreſt-hill* in *Oxfordſhire:* a Gentleman of eſtate and reputation in that county; and of principles ſo very oppoſite to his Son-in-Law, *An. Ætat.* 35.

that

that the marriage is more to be wonder'd at, than the ſeparation which enſu'd, in little more than a month after ſhe had cohabited with him in *London*. Her deſertion provok'd him both to write ſeveral treatiſes concerning the doctrine, and diſcipline, of Divorce; and alſo to make his addreſſes to a young Lady of great wit and beauty: but before he had engag'd her affections to conclude the marriage-treaty, in a viſit at one of his relations He found his Wife proſtrate before him, imploring forgiveneſs, and reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview of that nature, ſo little expected, muſt wonderfully affect him: and perhaps the impreſſions it made on his imagination contributed much to the painting of that pathetic Scene in * PARADISE LOST, in which *Eve* addreſs'd herſelf to *Adam*

* Book X. ver. 909.

for

for pardon, and peace. At the interceſſion of his friends who were preſent, after a ſhort reluctance He generouſly ſacrific'd all his reſentment to her tears.

*——— Soon his heart relented*
*Tow'rds her, his life ſo late, and ſole delight:*
*Now, at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs!*

And after this re-union, ſo far was He from retaining an unkind memory of the provocations which He had receiv'd from her ill conduct, that when the King's cauſe was entirely oppreſs'd, and her father, who had been active in his loyalty, was expos'd to ſequeſtration; MILTON receiv'd both him and his family to protection, and free entertainment, in his own houſe, 'till their affairs were accommodated by his intereſt in the victorious faction.

For

*An. Ætat.* 41. For He was now grown famous by his polemical writings of various kinds, and held in great favor, and eſteem, by thoſe who had power to diſpoſe of all preferments in the State. 'Tis in vain to diſſemble, and far be it from me to defend, his engaging with a Party combin'd in the deſtruction of our Church and Monarchy. Yet, leaving the juſtification of a miſ-guided ſincerity to be debated in the Schools, may I preſume to obſerve in his favor, that his zeal, diſtemper'd and furious as it was, does not appear to have been inſpirited by ſelf-intereſted views? For it is affirm'd, that though He liv'd always in a frugal retirement, and before his death had diſpos'd of his Library (which we may ſuppoſe to have been a valuable collection) He left no more than fifteen hundred pounds behind him for the ſupport of his family: and whoever conſiders the

Poſts

Poſts to which He was advanc'd, and the times in which He enjoy'd them, will I believe confeſs He might have accumulated a much more plentiful fortune: in a diſpaſſionate mind it will not require any extraordinary meaſure of candor to conclude, that though He abode in *the heritage of Oppreſſors*, and the ſpoils of his country lay at his feet, neither his conſcience, nor his honor, cou'd ſtoop to gather them.

A Commiſſion to conſtitute him Adjutant-General to Sir *William Waller* was promis'd; but ſoon ſuperſeded by *Waller*'s being laid aſide, when his Maſters thought it proper to new-model their army. However, the keeneſs of his Pen had ſo effectually recommended him to *Cromwell*'s eſteem, that when he took the reins of government into his own hand, he advanc'd him to be *An. Ætat.* 42.

Latin

Latin Secretary, both to himſelf and the Parliament: the former of theſe preferments He enjoy'd both under the Uſurper, and his Son; the other, 'till King *Charles* II. was reſtor'd. For ſome time He had an apartment for his family in *White-hall*; but his health requiring a freer acceſſion of air, He was oblig'd to remove from thence to lodgings which open'd into St. *James*'s Park. Not long after his ſettlement there, his wife dy'd in child-bed: and much about the time of her death, a *Gutta Serena*, which had for ſeveral years been gradually increaſing, totally extinguiſh'd his ſight. In this melancholic condition He was eaſily prevail'd with to think of taking another wife; who was *Catharine* the daughter of Captain *Woodcock* of *Hackney*: and ſhe too, in leſs than a year after their marriage, dy'd in the ſame unfor-

unfortunate manner as the former had done; and in his twenty third Sonnet He does honor to her memory.

These private calamities *An. Ætat.* 52. were much heighten'd, by the different figure He was likely to make in the new scene of affairs, which was going to be acted in the State. For, all things now conspiring to promote the King's Restoration, He was too conscious of his own activity during the Usurpation, to expect any favor from the Crown: and therefore He prudently absconded 'till the Act of Oblivion was publish'd; by which He was only render'd incapable of bearing any office in the Nation. Many had a very just esteem of his admirable parts and learning, who detested his principles; by whose intercession his Pardon pass'd the Seals: and I wish the laws of Civil History cou'd have extended the benefit of that oblivion

livion to the memory of his guilt, which was indulg'd to his perſon; *nè tanti facinoris immanitas aut extitiſſe, aut non vindicata fuiſſe, videatur.*

Having thus gain'd a full protection from the Government, (which was in truth more than He cou'd have reaſonably hop'd) He appear'd as much in publick as he formerly us'd to do; and employing his friend Dr. *Paget* to make choice of a third conſort, on his recommendation He married *Elizabeth* the Daughter of Mr. *Minſhul* a *Cheſhire* Gentleman, by whom He had no iſſue. Three daughters by his firſt wife were then living; the two elder of whom are ſaid to have been very ſerviceable to him in his ſtudies. For, having been inſtructed to pronounce not only the Modern, but alſo the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; they read in their reſpective

ſtive originals whatever Authors He wanted to conſult; though they underſtood none but their mother-tongue. This employment, however, was too unpleaſant to be continued for any long proceſs of time; and therefore He diſmiſs'd them to receive an education more agreeable to their ſex, and temper.

We come now to take a ſurvey of him in that point of view, in which He will be look'd on by all ſucceeding ages with equal delight, and admiration. An interval of above twenty years had elaps'd ſince He wrote the Mask of * *Comus*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penſoroſo*, and † *Lycidas*; all in ſuch an exquiſite ſtrain! that though He had left no other monuments of his Genius behind him, his name had been immortal. But, neither the infirmities of age and conſtitution, nor the viciſſitudes of fortune,

*An. Æt.* * 26. † 29.

tune, cou'd depreſs the vigor of his mind; or divert it from executing a deſign He had * long conceiv'd of writing an Heroic Poem. The Fall of Man was a ſubject which He had ſome years before fix'd on for a Tragedy, which He intended to form by the models of Antiquity: and ſome, not without probability, ſay the Play open'd with that Speech in the fourth Book of PARADISE LOST, ver. 32, which is addreſs'd by *Satan* to the Sun. Were it material, I believe I cou'd produce other paſſages which more plainly appear to have been originally intended for the ſcene. But whatever truth there may be in this report, 'tis certain that He did not begin to mold his Subject in the form which it bears now, before He had concluded his controverſy with *Salmaſius* and *More*; when He had wholly loſt the uſe of

* *Par. Loſt. B.* 9. *V.* 26.

his

his eyes; and was forc'd to employ in the office of an Amanuensis any friend who accidentally paid him a visit. Yet, under all these discouragements, and various interruptions, in the *An. Ætat.* 61.
* Year 1669 He publish'd his PARADISE LOST; the noblest Poem, next to those of *Homer* and *Virgil*, that ever the wit of man produc'd in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its inestimable worth, than that the finest Geniuses who have succeeded him have ever esteem'd it a merit to relish, and illustrate, its beauties? Whilst the Critic who gaz'd, with so much wanton malice, on the nakedness of *Shakespear* when he slept, after having † formally declar'd war against it, wanted courage

* Milton's *Contract with his Bookseller* S. Simmons for the Copy bears Date April 27, 1667.

† *The Tragedies of the last age consider'd*, p. 143.

to

to make his attack; flush'd though he was with his conquests over *Julius Cæsar*, and *The Moor:* which insolence his Muse, like the other assassines of *Cæsar*, * severely reveng'd on herself; and not long after her triumph became her own executioner. Nor is it unworthy our observation, that though, perhaps, no One of our *English* Poets hath excited so many admirers to imitate his Manner, yet I think never any was known to aspire to emulation: even the late ingenious Mr. *Philips*, who, in the colors of style, came the neareſt of all the Copiers to resemble the great Original, made his distant advances with a filial reverence; and restrain'd his ambition within the same bounds which *Lucretius* prescrib'd to his own imitation.

*Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter amorem*
*Quòd* TE *imitari aveo: quid enim contendat hirundo*
*Cycnis?*——.

And

* *Vide* EDGAR.

And now perhaps it may paſs for fiction, what with great veracity I affirm to be fact, that MILTON, after having with much difficulty prevail'd to have this Divine Poem licens'd for the Preſs, cou'd ſell the Copy for no more than Fifteen Pounds: the payment of which *valuable conſideration* depended on the ſale of three numerous impreſſions. So unreaſonably may perſonal prejudice affect the moſt excellent performances!

About * two years after, together with SAMSON AGONISTES (a Tragedy not unworthy the *Grecian* Stage when *Athens* was in her glory) He publiſh'd PARADISE REGAIN'D. But, *Oh! what a falling-off was there!*— Of which I will ſay no more, than that there is ſcarcely a more remarkable inſtance of the frailty *An. Ætat.* 63.

* *They were Licenſed* July 2, 1670, *but not printed before the year enſuing.*

of

of human reaſon, than our Author gave in prefering this Poem to PARADISE LOST; nor a more inſtructive caution to the beſt writers, to be very diffident in deciding the merit of their own productions.

And thus having attended him to the Sixty Sixth year of his age, as cloſely as ſuch imperfect lights as men of Letters, and retirement, uſually leave to guide our inquiry, wou'd allow; it now only remains to be recorded, that in the Year 1674 the Gout put a period to his life at *Bunhill* near *London*; from whence his body was convey'd to St. *Giles's* Church by *Cripplegate*, where it lyes interr'd in the Chancel; but neither has, nor wants, a Monument to perpetuate his memory.

*An. Ætat.* 65.

In his youth He is ſaid to have been extremely handſome: the color of his hair was a light-brown: the ſymmetry

of

of his features exact; enliven'd with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy: which occaſion'd the Marquiſs of *Villa* to give his * Epigram the ſame Turn of Thought, which *Gregory* Arch-Deacon of *Rome* had employ'd above a thouſand years before, in praiſing the amiable complexions of ſome *Engliſh* Youths, before their converſion to Chriſtianity. His ſtature († as we find it meaſur'd by himſelf) did not exceed the middle-ſize; neither too lean, nor corpulent: his limbs well proportion'd, nervous, and active; ſerviceable in all reſpects to his exerciſing the ſword, in which He much delighted; and wanted neither skill, nor courage, to reſent an affront from men of the moſt athletic conſtitutions. In his diet He was

* *Ut mens; forma, decor, facies; mos, ſi pietàs ſic,*
*Non* Anglus, *verùm hercle Angelus ipſe fores.*

† *Defenſio ſecunda*, p. 87. Fol.

abſtemious; not delicate in the choice of his diſhes; and ſtrong liquors of all kinds were his averſion. Being too ſadly convinc'd how much his health had ſuffer'd by night-ſtudies in his younger years, He uſed to go early (ſeldom later than Nine) to reſt; and roſe commonly before Five in the morning. It is reported, (and there is a paſſage in one of his Latin Elegies to countenance the tradition) that his fancy made the happieſt flights in the Spring: but one of his Nephews uſed to deliver it as MILTON's own obſervation, that his Invention was in its higheſt perfection from September to the Vernal Æquinox: however it was, the great inequalities to be found in his compoſures are inconteſtable proofs, that in ſome ſeaſons He was but one of the people. When blindneſs reſtrain'd him from other exerciſes, He had a machine to ſwing in, for the pre-

preſervation of his health; and diverted himſelf in his chamber with playing on an Organ. His Deportment was erect, open, affable; his Converſation eaſy, chearful, inſtructive; his Wit on all occaſions at command, facetious, grave, or ſatirical, as the ſubject requir'd. His Judgment, when diſ-engag'd from religious and political ſpeculations, was juſt and penetrating; his Apprehenſion, quick; his Memory, tenacious of what He read; his Reading, only not ſo extenſive as his Genius, for That was univerſal. And having treaſur'd up ſuch immenſe ſtores of ſcience, perhaps the faculties of his ſoul grew more vigorous after He was depriv'd of his ſight: and his Imagination (naturally ſublime, and inlarg'd by reading Romances, * of which He was much inamour'd in his youth) when

* *His Apology for* Smectymnuus, *p.* 177. *Fol.*

it was wholly abſtracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make ſuch amazing excurſions into the Ideal World, when in compoſing his Divine Work He was tempted to range

*Beyond the viſible diurnal ſphere.*

With ſo many accompliſhments, not to have had ſome faults, and misfortunes, to be laid in the balance with the fame, and felicity, of writing PARADISE LOST, wou'd have been too great a portion for humanity.

ELIJAH FENTON.

# POSTSCRIPT.

THE works of inferior Geniuſes have their infancy, and often receive additions of ſtrength and beauty, in the ſeveral Impreſſions they undergo whilſt their Authors live: but the following Poem came into the world, like the Perſons whom it celebrates, in a ſtate of maturity. However, though in the firſt Edition it was diſpos'd into Ten Books only, MILTON thought proper in the Second to make a new diviſion of it into Twelve: not, I ſuppoſe, with reſpect to the *Æneis* (for He was, in both ſenſes of the phraſe, above Imitation) but more probably, becauſe the length of the Seventh and Tenth requir'd a Pauſe in the Narration, He divided them, each into Two: on which diſtribution, to the beginning of thoſe Books which are now the Eighth and Twelfth, He added the following Verſes, which were neceſſary to make a Connection.

Book VIII. ver. 1.

*The Angel ended, and in* Adam's *ear*
*So charming left his voice, that he a-while*
*Thought him ſtill ſpeaking; ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear:*
*Then, as new wak'd,* thus gratefully reply'd.

The latter half of the verſe was taken from this in the firſt Edition,

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully reply'd.

# POSTSCRIPT.

## Book XII. ver. 1.

*As one who in his journey bates at noon,*
*Though bent on ſpeed: ſo here th' Arch-Angel paus'd,*
*Betwixt the world deſtroy'd, and world reſtor'd;*
*If* Adam *ought perhaps might interpoſe:*
*Then, with tranſition ſweet, new ſpeech reſumes.*

At the ſame time the Author made ſome few additions in other places of the Poem, which are here inſerted for the ſatisfaction of the curious.

## Book V. ver. 637.

" They eat, they drink, and with refection ſweet
" Are fill'd, before th' all-bounteous King, *&c.*

were thus enlarg'd in the Second Edition,

They eat, they drink, *and in communion ſweet*
*Quaff immortality, and joy, (ſecure*
*Of ſurfeit, where full meaſure only bounds*
*Exceſs)* before th' all-bounteous King, *&c.*

## Book XI. ver. 484. after,

" Inteſtine ſtone, and ulcer, cholick-pangs,

theſe three verſes were added,

*Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,*
*And moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy;*
*Maraſmus, and wide-waſting peſtilence.*

And ver. 551. of the ſame Book (which was originally thus,

" Of rend'ring up. *Michael* to him reply'd)

receiv'd this addition,

Of rend'ring up, *and patiently attend*
*My diſſolution.* Michael reply'd.

To

# *POSTSCRIPT.*

To what I have ſaid in the Life, of our Author's having no Monument, it may not be improper to add; that I deſir'd a Friend to enquire at St. *Giles*'s Church; where the Sexton ſhew'd him a ſmall Monument, which he ſaid was ſuppos'd to be MILTON's; but the Inſcription had never been legible ſince he was employed in that office, which he has poſſeſs'd about Forty Years. This, ſure, cou'd never have happen'd in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, unleſs the Epitaph had been induſtriouſly eras'd: and that ſuppoſition carries with it ſo much inhumanity, that I think we ought to believe it was not erected to his Memory.

# IN

# PARADISUM AMISSAM

## SUMMI POETÆ

# JOANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis AMISSAM PARADISUM, grandia Magni
Carmina MILTONI, quid niſi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, & fines, continet iſte liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi;
Scribitur & toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum,
Sulphureuſque EREBI, flammivomuſque ſpecus.
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, & TARTARA cæca;
Quæque colunt ſummi lucida regna poli.
Et quodcunque ullis concluſum eſt finibus uſquam;
Et ſine fine CHAOS, & ſine fine DEUS;
Et ſine fine magis, (ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine)
In CHRISTO erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui ſperaret, quis crederet eſſe futura?
Et tamen hæc hodiè terra BRITANNA legit.
O quantos in bella Duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, & quantâ prælia dira tubâ!
Cœleſtes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et quæ cœleſtes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in ætheriis tollit ſe LUCIFER armis!
Atque ipſo graditur vix MICHAELE minor!

Quantis,

Quantis, & quàm funestis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulsos montes, ceu tela reciproca, torquent;
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt;
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat OLYMPUS;
Et metuit pugnæ non superesse suæ.
At simul in cœlis MESSIÆ insignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna DEO;
Horrendúmque rotæ stridunt, & sæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus;
Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco
Admistis flammis insonuêre polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis,
Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt.
Ad pœnas fugiunt, & (ceu foret ORCUS asylum!)
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite ROMANI Scriptores, cedite GRAII,
Et quos FAMA recens, vel celebravit annus:
Hæc quicunque leget, tantùm ceciniſſe putabit
MÆONIDÆM Ranas, VIRGILIUM Culices.

SAM. BARROW, M. D.

# *On* PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld THE POET blind, yet bold,
In ſlender book His vaſt deſign unfold:
MESSIAH crown'd, GOD's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All! the argument
Held me a-while miſdoubting His intent;
That He would ruin (for I ſaw Him ſtrong)
The Sacred Truths to fable, and old ſong;
(So SAMPSON grop'd the temple's poſts in ſpight)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge His ſight.

Yet as I read, ſoon growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his project, the ſucceſs did fear;
Through that wide field how He his way ſhould find,
O'er which lame faith leads underſtanding blind;
Left He perplex'd the things He would explain,
And what was eaſy, He ſhould render vain.

Or, if a work ſo infinite He ſpann'd,
Jealous I was that ſome leſs skilful hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excell)
Might hence preſume, the whole creation's day
To change in ſcenes, and ſhew it in a Play.

Pardon me, MIGHTY POET! nor deſpiſe
My cauſeleſs, yet not impious, ſurmiſe.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a ſhare.
Thou haſt not miſs'd one thought that could be fit;
And all that was improper doſt omit:

So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to deteſt their ignorance, or theft.

That majeſty which through Thy Work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane:
And Things Divine Thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate,
As them preſerves, and Thee inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us ſeiſe,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe;
And above humane flight doſt ſoar aloft,
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft!
The bird nam'd from that Paradiſe You ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'ſt Thou words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expenſe of mind?
Juſt Heav'n Thee, like TIRESIAS, to requite,
Rewards with propheſy Thy loſs of ſight.

Well might'ſt Thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of Thy own ſenſe ſecure;
While the TOWN-BAYS writes all the while and ſpells,
And like a pack-horſe, tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our buſhy-points appear,
The Poets tag them, we for faſhion wear.
I too tranſported by the mode commend;
And while I mean to praiſe Thee, muſt offend.
Thy verſe created like Thy Theme ſublime,
In number, weight, and meaſure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVELL.

# The ARGUMENT.

*The first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather* Satan *in the serpent; who revolting from* God, *and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of* God *driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action pass'd over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting* Satan *with his Angels now fallen into hell, describ'd here, not in the centre (for heav'n and earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd* Chaos: *Here* Satan *with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall.* Satan *awakens all his legions, who lay 'till then in the same manner confounded: they rise; their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in* Canaan, *and the countries adjoining. To these* Satan *directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven: but tells them lastly of a new world, and new kind of creature to be created; according to an antient prophecy or report in heaven: for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many antient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt.* Pandæmonium, *the palace of* Satan, *rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.*

P. Fourdrinier, sculp. Lib. I.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK I.

F Man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of EDEN, till one Greater MAN
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing heav'nly Muſe! that on the ſecret top
Of OREB, or of SINAI, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns, and earth,
Roſe out of CHAOS. Or if SION hill
Delight thee more, and SILOA's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of GOD; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous ſong:
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' AONIAN mount, while it perſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O SPIRIT! that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,

Inſtruct

Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt: thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings out-ſpread,
Dove-like ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt Abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine! what is low, raiſe and ſupport!
That to the height of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtifie the ways of GOD to men.

Say firſt, (for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell) ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand Parents, in that happy ſtate
Favor'd of heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs His will
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal ſerpent! he it was, whoſe guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel Angels: by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory above his Peers,
He truſted to have equall'd the Moſt High,
If He oppos'd: and with ambitious aim,
Againſt the throne, and monarchy of GOD,
Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battel proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Pow'r
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition: there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,

Con-

Confounded though immortal! But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath: for now the thought
Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,
Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride, and stedfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flam'd: yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe:
Regions of sorrow! doleful shades! where peace
And rest can never dwell! hope never comes,
That comes to all: but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd!
Such place eternal justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd,
In utter darkness; and their portion set
As far remov'd from GOD, and light of heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns: and welt'ring by his side
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in PALÆSTINE, and nam'd
BEELZEBUB: To whom th' arch-enemy,
(And thence in heav'n call'd SATAN) with bold
Breaking the horrid silence thus began. [words

If thou beest He — But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloath'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
My-

Myriads tho' bright! If He, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counſels, equal hope,
And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
Join'd with me once, now miſery hath join'd
In equal ruin! Into what pit thou ſeeſt,
From what height fall'n; ſo much the ſtronger prov'd
He with his thunder! and till then who knew
The force of thoſe dire arms? Yet not for thoſe,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent, or change
(Though chang'd in outward luſtre) that fix'd mind
And high diſdain, from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightieſt rais'd me to contend:
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of ſpirits arm'd,
That durſt diſlike his reign: and me preferring,
His utmoſt pow'r with adverſe pow'r oppos'd,
In dubious battel on the plains of heav'n,
And ſhook his throne. What tho' the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield;
(And what is elſe not to be overcome?)
That glory never ſhall His wrath or might
Extort from me, to bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deifie His pow'r,
Who from the terror of this arm ſo late
Doubted His empire. That were low indeed!
That were an ignominy and ſhame beneath
This downfal! ſince (by fate) the ſtrength of Gods,
And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail;
Since through experience of this great event,
(In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,)
We may, with more ſucceſsful hope, reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,

Irre-

Irreconcileable to our grand foe:
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heav'n.

So ſpake th' apoſtate Angel, though in pain;
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.

O Prince! O chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct! and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, indanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof His high ſupremacy:
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or fate,
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us heav'n: and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods, and heav'nly eſſences,
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpirit remains
Invincible, and vigor ſoon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy ſtate,
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery!
But what if He our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'er-power'd ſuch force as ours)
Have left us this our ſpirit and ſtrength entire,
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains;
That we may ſo ſuffice His vengeful ire,
Or do Him mightier ſervice, as His thralls
By right of war, whate'er His buſineſs be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal Being,

To undergo eternal punishment? —— 155
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub! to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task;
But ever to do ill our sole delight: 160
As being the contrary to His high will
Whom we resist. If then His Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil: 165
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve Him, (if I fail not,) and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see! the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit, 170
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulph'rous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'er-blown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there: 185
And re-assembling our afflicted pow'rs,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;

How

How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what reſolution from deſpair.

Thus SATAN talking to his neareſt mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd; his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood: in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name, of monſtrous ſize,
TITANIAN, or EARTH-born, that warr'd on JOVE,
BRIAREUS, or TYPHON, whom the den
By ancient TARSUS held; or that ſea-beaſt
LEVIATHAN, which GOD of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th'ocean ſtream:
(Him, haply ſlumb'ring on the NORWAY foam,
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming ſome iſland, oft, as ſea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his ſcaly rind,
Moors by his ſide under the Lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays.)
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had ris'n, or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling heaven,
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns:
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others; and enrag'd might ſee,
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace, and mercy ſhewn
On man by him ſeduc'd; but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames

Driv'n

Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and rowl'd
In billows, leave i'th'midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unuſual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire:
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from PELORUS, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thund'ring ÆTNA, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke: ſuch reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſs'd feet! Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'ſcap'd the STYGIAN flood,
As Gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength;
Not by the ſuff'rance of ſupernal pow'r.

Is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
(Said then the loſt Arch-Angel) this the ſeat,
That we muſt change for heav'n? this mournful gloom
For that cœleſtial light? be it ſo! ſince He
Who now is Sov'reign can diſpoſe, and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reaſon hath equall'd, force hath made ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! hail horrors! hail
Infernal world! and thou profoundeſt hell
Receive thy new poſſeſſor! One, who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in it ſelf
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,

And

And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than He
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th'Almighty hath not built
Here for His envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lye thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion: or once more
With rallied arms to try, what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more loſt in hell?

So SATAN ſpake, and him BEELZEBUB
Thus anſwer'd: Leader of thoſe armies bright,
Which but th'Omnipotent none could have foil'd!
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage, and revive, tho' now they lye
Grov'ling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
(As we erewhile,) aſtounded and amaz'd;
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious height!

He ſcarce had ceas'd, when the ſuperior fiend
Was moving tow'rd the ſhore: his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſie, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the Moon, whoſe orb
Thro' optick glaſs the TUSCAN artiſt views
At ev'ning, from the top of FESOLE,

Or

Or in VALDARNO, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, (to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on NORWEGIAN hills, to be the mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand)
He walk'd with, to support uneasie steps
Over the burning marle (not like those steps
On heaven's azure!) and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so indur'd, 'till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, Angel-forms, who lay intrans'd,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In VALLOMBROSA, where th' ETRURIAN shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds ORION arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
BUSIRIS, and his MEMPHIAN chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The sojourners of GOSHEN, who beheld
From the safe shoar their floating carcases,
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of hell resounded: Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n! once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits: or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battel to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T'adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rowling in the flood,

With

With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns; 'till anon
His ſwift perſuers from heav'n-gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping: or with linked thunderbolts
Tranſfix us to the bottom of this gulph.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n!

They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouze and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they ſoon obey'd,
Innumerable! As when the potent Rod
Of AMRAM's ſon, in ÆGYPT's evil day,
Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious PHARAOH hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of NILE:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad Angels, ſeen
Hov'ring on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires:
'Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' up-lifted ſpear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude! like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs
RHENE or the DANAW, when her barbarous ſons
Came like a deluge on the ſouth, and ſpread
Beneath GIBRALTER to the LIBYAN ſands.
Forthwith from ev'ry ſquadron, and each band,
The Head and Leaders thither haſte where ſtood
Their great Commander; God-like ſhapes and forms

Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
And Pow'rs! that earſt in heaven ſat on thrones;
Tho' of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd,
By their rebellion, from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of EVE
Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Thro' GOD's high ſufferance for the tryal of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted, to forſake
GOD their Creator, and th' inviſible
Glory of Him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols thro' the heathen world.

Say, Muſe, their names then known, who firſt, who
Rouz'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch, [laſt,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood, on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous crowd ſtood yet aloof?
The chief were thoſe who, from the pit of hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of GOD,
Their altars by His altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durſt abide
JEHOVAH thund'ring out of SION, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within His ſanctuary it ſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations! and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt MOLOCH, horrid King, beſmear'd with blood

Of

Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears;
Tho', for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud,
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſt thro' fire
To his grim idol. Him the AMMONITE
Worſhip'd in RABBA, and her wat'ry plain,
In ARGOB, and in BASAN, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt ARNON. Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of SOLOMON he led by fraud, to build
His temple right againſt the temple of GOD,
On the opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleaſant valley of HINNON, TOPHET thence
And black GEHENNA call'd, the type of hell.
Next CHEMOS, th' obſcene dread of MOAB's ſons,
From AROAR to NEBO, and the Wild
Of ſouthmoſt ABARIM; in HESEBON
And HORONAIM, SEON's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of SIBMA, clad with vines;
And ELEALE, to th' ASPHALTIC pool:
PEOR his other name, when he entic'd
ISRAEL in SITTIM, on their march from NILE,
To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
Yet thence his luſtful Orgies he inlarg'd
Even to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
Of MOLOCH homicide; luſt hard by hate;
'Till good JOSIAH drove them thence to hell.
With theſe came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old EUPHRATES, to the brook that parts
ÆGYPT from SYRIAN ground, had general names
Of BAALIM, and ASHTAROTH; thoſe male,
Theſe feminine: (For ſpirits when they pleaſe
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure;
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,

Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.)
For those the race of ISRAEL oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came ASTORETH, whom the PHOENICIANS call'd
ASTARTE, Queen of heaven, with crescent horns:
To whose bright image nightly by the moon,
SIDONIAN virgins paid their vows and songs;
In SION also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whose heart, tho' large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. THAMMUZ came next behind,
Whose annual wound in LEBANON allur'd
The SYRIAN damsels, to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth ADONIS from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of THAMMUZ yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected SION's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
EZEKIEL saw, when, by the vision led,
His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated JUDAH. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive Ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lop'd off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers,
DAGON his Name; sea-monster! upward man

And

And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in AZOTUS, dreaded through the coaſt
Of PALÆSTINE, in GATH, and ASCALON,
And ACCARON, and GAZA's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd REMMON, whoſe delightful ſeat
Was fair DAMASCUS, on the fertil banks
Of ABBANA, and PHARPHAR, lucid ſtreams!
He alſo againſt the houſe of GOD was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a King,
AHAZ, his ſottiſh conqueror, whom he drew
GOD's altar to diſparage, and diſplace,
For one of SYRIAN mode, whereon to burn
His odious offrings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
A crew, who under names of old renown,
OSIRIS, ISIS, ORUS, and their train,
With monſtrous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd
Fanatic ÆGYPT, and her prieſts, to ſeek
Their wandring Gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms,
Rather than human. Nor did ISRAEL 'ſcape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in OREB; and the rebel King
Doubled that ſin in BETHEL, and in DAN,
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
JEHOVAH! who in one night when He paſs'd
From ÆGYPT marching, equal'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt-born and all her bleating Gods.
BELIAL came laſt, than whom a ſpirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more groſs to love
Vice for it ſelf: to him no temple ſtood,
Or altar ſmok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples, and at altars, when the prieſt
Turns atheiſt, as did ELI's ſons, who fill'd
With luſt and violence the houſe of GOD?
In courts and palaces he alſo reigns,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Then ſtrait commands that at the warlike ſound
Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty ſtandard: that proud honor claim'd
AZAZEL as his right, a Cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd
The imperial enſign; which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds:
At which the univerſal hoſt up ſent
A ſhout that tore hell's concave; and beyond
Frighted the reign of CHAOS and old NIGHT.
All in a moment thro' the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand banners riſe into the air,
With orient Colors waving: with them roſe
A forreſt huge of ſpears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ſerried ſhields in thick array,
Of depth immeaſurable: anon they move
In perfect Phalanx, to the DORIAN mood
Of flutes, and ſoft recorders; ſuch as rais'd
To height of nobleſt temper Heroes old
Arming to battel; and inſtead of rage,
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight, or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and ſwage,
With ſolemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh, and doubt, and fear, and ſorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil: and now
Advanc'd in view, they ſtand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazling arms, in guiſe
Of warriors old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,
Awaitin

And in luxurious cities, where the noiſe
Of riot aſcends above their loftieſt tow'rs,
And injury, and outrage: and when night
Darkens the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
Of BELIAL, flown with inſolence and wine:
Witneſs the ſtreets of SODOM, and that night
In GIBEAH, when the hoſpitable door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worſe rape.

Theſe were the prime, in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, tho' far renown'd,
Th' IONIAN Gods, of JAVAN's iſſue, held
Gods, yet confeſs'd later than heav'n and earth,
Their boaſted parents. TITAN, (heav'n's firſt-born,)
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeiz'd
By younger SATURN: he from mightier JOVE,
(His own and RHEA's ſon,) like meaſure found;
So JOVE uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in CRETE,
And IDA known; thence on the ſnowy top
Of cold OLYMPUS rul'd the middle air,
Their higheſt heav'n; or on the DELPHIAN cliff,
Or in DODONA, and thro' all the bounds
Of DORIC land; or who with SATURN old
Fled over ADRIA to th' HESPERIAN fields,
And o'er the CELTIC roam'd the utmoſt iſles.

All theſe and more came flocking, but with looks
Down-caſt and damp; yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to have found their Chief
Not in deſpair, to have found themſelves not loſt
In loſs it ſelf; which on his count'nance caſt
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears.

Then

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Their painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil: and now
Advanc'd in view, they ſtand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazling arms, in guiſe
Of warriors old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,

Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impoſe: he thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views their order due;
Their viſages and ſtature as of Gods;
Their number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories: for never ſince created man
Met ſuch imbodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than that ſmall infantry
War'd on by cranes; tho' all the Giant brood
Of PHLEGRA with th' Heroic race were join'd,
That fought at THEBES and ILIUM, on each ſide
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods: and what reſounds
In fable or romance of UTHER's ſon,
Begirt with BRITISH and ARMORIC Knights;
And all who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jouſted in ASPRAMONT, or MONTALBAN,
DAMASCO, or MOROCCO, or TREBISOND;
Or whom BISERTA ſent from AFRIC ſhoar,
When CHARLEMAIN with all his Peerage fell
By FONTARABBIA. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread Commander: he, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r: his form had yet not loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory obſcur'd: as when the ſun new-ris'n
Looks thro' the horizontal miſty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs; darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face

Deep

Deep ſcars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſid'rate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliſs!) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of Spirits, for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal ſplendors flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they ſtood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt oaks, or mountain pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth, tho' bare,
Stands on the blaſted heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his Peers: attention held them mute:
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice in ſpight of ſcorn,
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth; at laſt
Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal ſpirits! O Pow'rs
Matchleſs, but with th' Almighty! and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,
Foreſeeing, or preſaging, from the depth,
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of Gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?
For who can yet believe, tho' after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied heav'n, ſhall fail to re-aſcend,
Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native ſeat?

For me be witneſs all the hoſt of heav'n,
If counſels different, or danger ſhun'd
By me, have loſt our hopes: but He who reigns
Monarch in heav'n, 'till then as one ſecure
Sat on His throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent, or cuſtom, and His regal ſtate
Put forth at full, but ſtill His ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth His might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd. Our better part remains
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that He no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in heav'n, that He ere-long
Intended to create; and therein plant
A generation, whom His choice regard
Should favor equal to the ſons of heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Cœleſtial ſpirits in bondage, nor th' Abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. —— But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature: peace is deſpair'd,
For who can think ſubmiſſion? War then, war,
Open or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd.

He ſpake: and to confirm his words out-flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim: the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell; highly they rag'd
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,

Hurling

Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There ſtood a hill not far, whoſe griſly top
Belch'd fire and rowling ſmoke; the reſt entire,
Shone with a gloſſy ſcurf; (undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of ſulphur) thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous brigad haſten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with ſpade and pickax arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or caſt a rampart: MAMMON led them on,
MAMMON, the leaſt erected ſpirit that fell
From heav'n; for ev'n in heav'n his looks, and thoughts,
Were always downward bent; admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy elſe, enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth,
For treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a ſpacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. (Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the precious bane.) And here let thoſe
Who boaſt in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of BABEL, and the works of MEMPHIAN Kings,
Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame,
And ſtrength, and art, are eaſily out-done
By ſpirits reprobate, and in an hour,
What in an age they with inceſſant toil,
And hands innumerable, ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a ſecond multitude

With

With wond'rous art found out the maſſy ore;
Severing each kind, and ſcumm'd the bullion droſs:
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground
A various mold; and from the boiling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
As in an Organ, from one blaſt of wind,
To many a row of pipes the ſound-board breaths.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies, and voices ſweet;
Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars, overlaid
With golden architrave: nor did there want
Cornice, or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures grav'n;
The roof was fretted gold. Not BABYLON,
Nor great ALCAIRO, ſuch magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
BELUS, or SERAPIS, their Gods; or ſeat
Their Kings, when ÆGYPT with ASSYRIA ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fixt her ſtately height: and ſtrait the doors
Op'ning their brazen folds, diſcover wide
Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps, and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work ſome praiſe,
And ſome the architect: his hand was known
In heav'n by many a towred ſtructure high,
Where ſceptred angels held their reſidence,
And ſat as Princes; whom the ſupreme King
Exalted to ſuch pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright:

Nor

Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
In ancient GREECE; and in AUSONIAN land
Men call'd him MULCIBER; and how he fell
From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry JOVE
Sheer o'er the cryſtal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day; and with the ſetting ſun
Drop'd from the Zenith like a falling ſtar,
On LEMNOS th' ÆGEAN iſle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T'have built in heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he ſcape
By all his engins, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of ſov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpets ſound, throughout the hoſt proclaim
A ſolemn council forthwith to be held
At PANDÆMONIUM, the high Capital
Of SATAN and his Peers: their ſummons call'd,
From every band and ſquared regiment,
By place or choice the worthieſt, they anon
With hundreds, and with thouſands, trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the ſpacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the SOLDAN's Chair
Defi'd the beſt of PAYNIM chivalry
To mortal combat, or carriere with lance)
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground, and in the air,
Bruſh'd with the hiſs of ruſling wings. As bees
In ſpring time, when the ſun with TAURUS rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In cluſters; they among freſh dews, and flow'rs,

Fly.

Fly to and fro, or on the ſmoothed plank,
(The ſuburb of their ſtraw-built citadel,)
New rub'd with baulm, expatiate, and confer
Their ſtate affairs: ſo thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd, and were ſtreighten'd, till the ſignal giv'n:
Behold a wonder! they but now who ſeem'd
In bigneſs to ſurpaſs Earth's Giant ſons,
Now leſs than ſmalleſt dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberleſs, like that PYGMEAN race
Beyond the INDIAN mount; or Fairy Elves;
Whoſe midnight revels, by a foreſt ſide,
Or fountain, ſome belated peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees; while over-head the moon
Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale courſe; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund muſic charm his ear:
At once with joy, and fear, his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal ſpirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe; and were at large,
Though without number ſtill, amidſt the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimenſions like themſelves,
The great Seraphic Lords, and Cherubim,
In cloſe receſs, and ſecret Conclave ſat;
A thouſand Demi-Gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full: After ſhort ſilence then,
And ſummons read, the great conſult began.

*The end of the firſt Book.*

# THE SECOND BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

*The consultation begun,* Satan *debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is prefer'd, mentioned before by* Satan, *to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search:* Satan *their chief undertakes alone the voyage; is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time 'till* Satan *return. He passes on his journey to hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven: with what difficulty he passes through, directed by* Chaos, *the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.*

P. Foudrinier. sculp.
Lib. II.

BIBLIOTHECA CAROLINA

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of ORMUS, and of IND;
Or where the gorgeous eaſt with richeſt hand
Showrs on her Kings BARBARIC pearl, and gold,
SATAN exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high; inſatiate to perſue
Vain war with heaven; and, by ſucceſs untaught,
His proud imaginations thus diſplay'd.

Pow'rs, and Dominions, Deities of heav'n!
(For ſince no Deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppreſs'd and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for loſt: from this deſcent
Celeſtial

Cœleſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
Me though juſt right, and the fix'd laws of heav'n
Did firſt create your Leader; next, free choice;
With what beſides, in council or in fight,
Hath been atchiev'd of merit: yet this loſs
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſh'd in a ſafe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior: but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the Thund'rer's aim,
Your bulwark; and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? Where there is then no good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From faction: for none ſure will claim in hell
Precedence; none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more! With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav'n, we now return
To claim our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us: and by what beſt way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate: who can adviſe may ſpeak.

He ceas'd; and next him MOLOC, ſceptred King,
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt ſpirit
That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength; and rather than be leſs,
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt

Went

Went all his fear: of GOD, or hell, or worſe,
He reck'd not; and theſe words thereafter ſpake:

My ſentence is for open war: of wiles,
More inexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need; or when they need, not now:
For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
The ſignal to aſcend, ſit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of ſhame,
The priſon of His tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather chuſe,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Againſt the torturer: when to meet the noiſe
Of His Almighty engin He ſhall hear
Infernal thunder; and for lightning, ſee
Black fire, and horror, ſhot with equal rage
Among His Angels: and His throne itſelf
Mix'd with TARTAREAN ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented torments.— But perhaps
The way ſeems difficult, and ſteep, to ſcale
With upright wing againſt a higher foe.—
Let ſuch bethink them, (if the ſleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not ſtill)
That in our proper motion we aſcend
Up to our native ſeat: deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken Rere
Inſulting, and perſu'd us thro' the Deep,
With what compulſion, and laborious flight,
We ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſie then;
Th' event is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke

Our

Our ſtronger, ſome worſe way His wrath may find
To our deſtruction: (if there be in hell
Fear to be worſe deſtroy'd) What can be worſe
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliſs, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe!
Where pain of inextinguiſhable fire
Muſt exerciſe us, without hope of end,
The vaſſals of His anger, when the ſcourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? more deſtroy'd than thus,
We ſhould be quite aboliſh'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incenſe
His utmoſt ire? which to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential; happier far,
Than miſerable to have eternal Being.
Or if our ſubſtance be indeed divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing: and by proof we feel
Our pow'r ſufficient to diſturb His heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to alarm,
Though inacceſſible, His fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Deſperate revenge, and battel dangerous
To leſs than Gods. On th' other ſide uproſe
BELIAL, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer perſon loſt not heaven; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:
But all was falſe and hollow: though his tongue
Drop'd Manna, and cou'd make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt counſels: for his thoughts were low:
To vice induſtrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous,

Timorous, and ſlothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with perſuaſive accent thus began.

I ſhould be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſuade immediate war,
Did not diſſuade me moſt; and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs;
When he who moſt excells in fact of arms,
In what he counſels, and in what excels,
Miſtruſtful, grounds his courage on deſpair,
And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what revenge? The tow'rs of heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all acceſs
Impregnable: oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp their legions; or with obſcure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning ſurprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell ſhould riſe
With blackeſt inſurrection, to confound
Heav'n's pureſt light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on His throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold
Incapable of ſtain, would ſoon expel
Her miſchief, and purge off the baſer fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat deſpair; we muſt exaſperate
Th' Almighty Victor to ſpend all His rage,
And that muſt end us; that muſt be our cure,
To be no more.— Sad cure! for who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual Being;
Thoſe thoughts, that wander through eternity;
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,

Devoid

Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, ſince our preſent lot appears
For happy, though but ill; for ill, not worſt;
If we procure not to our ſelves more woe.

Thus BELIAL with words cloath'd in reaſon's garb
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth,
Not peace: and after him thus MAMMON ſpake.

Either to diſinthrone the King of heav'n
We war, if war be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt: Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yield
To fickle Chance, and CHAOS judge the ſtrife:
The former vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unleſs heav'n's Lord ſupreme
We over-power? Suppoſe He ſhould relent
And publiſh grace to all, on promiſe made
Of new ſubjection: with what eyes could we
Stand in His preſence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate His throne
With warbled hymns, and to His Godhead ſing
Forc'd Hallelujahs? while He lordly ſits
Our envy'd Sov'reign, and His altar breathes
Ambroſial odors, and Ambroſial flow'rs,
Our ſervile offerings! This muſt be our task
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearifome
Eternity ſo ſpent, in worſhip paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then perſue,
By force impoſſible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our ſtate
Of ſplendid vaſſalage: but rather ſeek
Our own good from ourſelves, and from our own

Live to ourſelves; though in this vaſt receſs,
Free, and to none accountable; preferring
Hard liberty before the eaſie yoke
Of ſervile pomp. Our greatneſs will appear
Then moſt conſpicuous, when great things of ſmall,
Uſeful of hurtful, proſperous of adverſe
We can create; and in what place ſoe'er
Thrive under evil, and work eaſe out of pain,
Through labor, and indurance. This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? how oft amidſt
Thick clouds and dark, doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chuſe to reſide, His glory unobſcur'd?
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers His throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring their rage, and heav'n reſembles hell?
As He our darkneſs, cannot we His light
Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſert ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems, and gold:
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can heav'n ſhew more?
Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our elements; theſe piercing fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which muſt needs remove
The ſenſible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counſels, and the ſettled ſtate
Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where; diſmiſſing quite
All thoughts of war. —— Ye have what I adviſe.

He ſcarce had finiſh'd, when ſuch murmur fill'd
Th' aſſembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The ſound of bluſt'ring winds, which all night long
Had rouz'd the ſea, now with hoarſe cadence lull

Sea-faring men o'erwatch'd, whoſe bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempeſt: ſuch applauſe was heard
As MAMMON ended, and his ſentence pleas'd,
Adviſing peace. For, ſuch another field
They dreaded worſe than hell: ſo much the fear
Of thunder, and the ſword of MICHAEL,
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether empire, which might riſe,
By policy, and long proceſs of time,
In emulation oppoſite to heav'n.
Which when BEELZEBUB perceiv'd (than whom,
SATAN except, none higher ſat) with grave
Aſpect he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A pillar of ſtate: deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation ſat, and publick care;
And princely counſel in his face yet ſhone,
Majeſtic though in ruin! ſage he ſtood,
With ATLANTEAN ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt monarchies; his look
Drew audience, and attention ſtill as night,
Or ſummer's noon-tide air; while thus he ſpake.

Thrones, and Imperial Pow'rs, offſpring of heav'n,
Ethereal Virtues! or theſe titles now
Muſt we renounce, and changing ſtyle, be call'd
Princes of Hell? For, ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire: doubtleſs! while we dream,
And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon; not our ſafe retreat
Beyond His potent arm, to live exempt
From heav'n's high juriſdiction, in new league
Banded againſt His throne: but to remain
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd,

Under

Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: for He, be ſure,
In height, or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
Sole King, and of His Kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt; but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron ſceptre rule
Us here, as with His golden thoſe in heav'n.
What ſit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchſaf'd or ſought: for what peace will be giv'n
To us enſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return?
But, to our pow'r, hoſtility, and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge; though ſlow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror leaſt
May reap His conqueſt; and may leaſt rejoice
In doing, what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need
With dangerous Expedition, to invade
Heav'n, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or ſiege,
Or ambuſh from the Deep: what if we find
Some eaſier enterprize? There is a place,
(If antient and prophetic fame in heav'n
Err not) another world, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd MAN: about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In pow'r and excellence, but favor'd more
Of Him who rules above: ſo was His will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That ſhook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold,
Or ſubſtance, how endu'd, and what their pow'r,

And where their weakneſs, how attempted beſt,
By force, or ſubtilty. Though heav'n be ſhut,
And heav'n's high arbitrator ſit ſecure
In His own ſtrength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmoſt border of His Kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantagious act may be atchiev'd
By ſudden onſet, either with hell fire
To waſte His whole creation; or poſſeſs
All as our own, and drive (as we are driv'n)
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their GOD
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Aboliſh His own works. This would ſurpaſs
Common revenge, and interrupt His joy
In our confuſion, and our joy upraiſe
In His diſturbance; when His darling Sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe
Their frail original, and faded bliſs:
Faded ſo ſoon! Adviſe if this be worth
Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
Hatching vain empires. — Thus BEELZEBUB
Pleaded his devliſh counſel, firſt devis'd
By SATAN, and in part propos'd: from whence,
But from the author of all ill, could ſpring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
The great Creator? But their ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,

Synod

Synod of Gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd: which from the loweſt deep
Will once more lift us up, in ſpite of Fate,
Nearer our ancient ſeat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence with neighbouring arms,
And opportune excurſion, we may chance
Re-enter heav'n: or elſe, in ſome mild Zone
Dwell not unviſited of heav'n's fair light,
Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the ſoft delicious air,
To heal the ſcar of theſe corroſive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. — But firſt whom ſhall we ſend
In ſearch of this new world; whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? Who ſhall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark, unbottom'd, infinite Abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way; or ſpread his aery flight,
Up-born with indefatigable Wings
Over the vaſt abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy iſle? What ſtrength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
Through the ſtrict ſenteries, and ſtations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumſpection; and we now no leſs
Choice in our ſuffrage: for, on whom we ſend,
The weight of all, and our laſt hope, relies.

This ſaid, he ſat; and expectation held
His look ſuſpenſe, awaiting who appear'd
To ſecond or oppoſe, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all ſat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own diſmay,
Aſtoniſh'd! None, among the choice and prime
Of thoſe heav'n-warring champions, could be found

So hardy, as to proffer, or accept
Alone, the dreadful voyage: till at last
SATAN, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
(Conscious of highest worth) unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of heav'n, empyreal Thrones!
With reason hath deep silence, and demur,
Seiz'd us, tho' undismay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrágious to devour, immures us round
Ninefold: and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd (if any pass) the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping! and with utter loss of Being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers!
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with pow'r, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty, or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These Royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard, more, as he above the rest
High-honor'd sits? Go therefore, mighty Pow'rs!
Terror of heav'n, though fall'n! intend at home,
(While here shall be our home) what best may ease

The

The preſent miſery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure, or charm,
To reſpite, or deceive, or ſlack the pain
Of this ill manſion. Intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful foe, while I abroad,
Through all the coaſts of dark deſtruction, ſeek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None ſhall partake with me.— Thus ſaying roſe
The Monarch, and prevented all reply:
Prudent, leſt, from his reſolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erſt they fear'd;
And ſo refus'd, might in opinion ſtand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe:
Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'rds him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the higheſt in heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd,
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: (for neither do the ſpirits damn'd
Loſe all their virtue; leſt bad men ſhould boaſt
Their ſpecious deeds on earth, which glory excites;
Or cloſe ambition varniſh'd o'er with zeal.)
Thus they their doubtful conſultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchleſs Chief:
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Aſcending, while the north-wind ſleeps, o'er-ſpread
Heav'n's chearful face, the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landſcape ſnow, or ſhowr:
If chance the radiant ſun with farewel ſweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,

The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and, GOD proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That, day and night, for his destruction wait.

The STYGIAN council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers:
'Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
Alone th' antagonist of heav'n, nor less
Than hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
And God-like imitated state. Him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd,
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then, of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result:
Tow'rds the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By herald's voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Pow'rs
Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain

The irkſome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' OLYMPIAN games, or PYTHIAN fields:
Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies ruſh
To battel in the clouds; before each van
Prick forth the aery Knights, and couch their ſpears
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vaſt TYPHOEAN rage, more fell!
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when ALCIDES from OECHALIA crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots THESSALIAN pines;
And LICHAS from the top of OETA threw
Into th' EUBOIC Sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes Angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of battel: and complain that fate
Free virtue ſhould inthrall to force, or chance.
Their ſong was partial; but the harmony
(What could it leſs when ſpirits immortal ſing?)
Suſpended hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet,
(For eloquence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe)
Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high,
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute;
And found no end, in wandring mazes loſt.

Of good, and evil, much they argu'd then,
Of happineſs, and final miſery,
Paſſion, and apathy, and glory, and ſhame:
Vain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy!
Yet, with a pleaſing ſorcery, could charm
Pain for a while, or anguiſh; and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurate breaſt
With ſtubborn patience, as with triple ſteel.
Another part, in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
On bold adventure to diſcover wide
That diſmal world (if any clime perhaps
Might yield them eaſier habitation) bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that diſgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful ſtreams:
Abhorred STYX, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad ACHERON, of ſorrow; black and deep!
COCYTUS, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful ſtream: fierce PHLEGETON,
Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from theſe, a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
LETHE, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former ſtate and Being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark, and wild; beat with perpetual ſtorms
Of whirlwind, and dire hail; which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin ſeems
Of ancient pile: all elſe, deep ſnow and ice:
A gulf profound! as that SERBONIAN bog
'Twixt DAMIATA, and mount CASIUS old,
Where armies whole have ſunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd,

At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce!
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this LETHEAN Sound
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,
And wiſh, and ſtruggle as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink:
But Fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
MEDUSA with GORGONIAN terror guards
The ford, and of itſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight; as once it fled
The lip of TANTALUS. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn th' advent'rous bands,
With ſhudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghaſt,
View'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: through many a dark and dreary vale
They paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death;
A univerſe of death! which GOD by curſe
Created evil; for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
GORGONS, and HYDRAS, and CHIMÆRAS dire.

Mean while the adverſary of GOD and man,
SATAN, with thoughts inflam'd of higheſt deſign,
Puts

Puts on swift wings, and tow'rds the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left:
Now shaves with level wing the Deep; then soars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd,
Hangs in the clouds, by Æquinoctial winds
Close sailing from BENGALA, or the isles
Of TERNATE, and TIDORE, whence merchants
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide ÆTHIOPIAN, to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly tow'rd the Pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high-reaching to the horrid roof;
And thrice threefold the gates: three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock;
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast! a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide CERBERIAN mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd, and howl'd
Within, unseen. Far less abhor'd than these
Vex'd SCYLLA, bathing in the sea that parts
CALABRIA from the hoarse TRINACRIAN shore:
Nor uglier follow the Night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes
Lur'd with the smell of infant-blood, to dance
With LAPLAND witches, while the lab'ring Moon
Eclipses

Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape
(If ſhape it might be call'd, that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb;
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either:) black it ſtood as night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
And ſhook a dreadful dart: what ſeem'd his head,
The likeneſs of a Kingly crown had on.
SATAN was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving, onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides: hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd, not fear'd; GOD and his SON except,
Created thing nought valued he, nor ſhun'd;
And with diſdainful look thus firſt began.

Whence, and what, art thou! execrable ſhape!
That dar'ſt, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſ-created front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſur'd, without leave ask'd of thee.
Retire, or taſte thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with ſpirits of heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd;
Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou He,
Who firſt broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's ſons,
Conjur'd againſt the Higheſt; for which both thou
And they, outcaſt from GOD, are here condemn'd
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'ſt thou thy ſelf with ſpirits of heav'n,
Hell-doom'd! and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn,
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,

Thy

Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I persue
Thy lingring; or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
(So speaking, and so threatning) grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side
Incens'd with indignation SATAN stood
Unterrify'd; and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of OPHIUCUS huge
In th' artic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend: and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds
With heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on
Over the CASPIAN; then stand front to front,
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown: so match'd they stood:
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O father! what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
For Him who sits above, and laughs the while

At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which He calls juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both!

She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore; then theſe to her SATAN return'd.

So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented, ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale firſt met, thou call'ſt
Me father, and that phanta'm call'ſt my ſon:
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him, and thee.

T' whom thus the portreſs of hell-gate reply'd;
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In heav'n! when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim, with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt heav'n's King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs; while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth; till on the left ſide op'ning wide
Likeſt to thee in ſhape, and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a Goddeſs arm'd,
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' hoſt of heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid
At firſt, and call'd me SIN; and for a ſign
Portentous held me: but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft

(Thy

(Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing)
Becam'ſt inamor'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burthen. Mean while war aroſe,
And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe?) to our Almighty foe
Clear victory; to our part loſs, and rout,
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this Deep; and in the general fall
I alſo: at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my op'ning. Penſive here I ſat
Alone, but long I ſat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes!
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my intrails; that with fear, and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd. But he, my inbred enemy
Forth-iſſu'd, brandiſhing his fatal dart,
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out DEATH!
Hell trembl'd at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded, DEATH!
I fled, but he purſu'd (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage) and, ſwifter far!
Me overtook his mother, all diſmay'd:
And in embraces forcible, and foul,
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters; that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt; hourly conceiv'd,
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me! For, when they liſt, into the womb

That

That bred them they return; and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt: then burſting forth,
Afreſh with conſcious terrors vex me round,
That reſt, or intermiſſion none I find.
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim DEATH, my ſon and foe: who ſets them on,
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd: and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo Fate pronounc'd.
But thou O father! I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invuln'rable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,
Save He who reigns above, none can reſiſt!

She finiſh'd, and the ſubtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.

Dear daughter! ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy ſire,
And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me (the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, thro' dire change
Befall'n us, unforeſeen, unthought of!) know
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain,
Both him, and thee, and all the heav'nly hoſt
Of ſpirits that (in our juſt pretenſes arm'd,)
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand ſole; and one for all
My ſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
Th' unfounded Deep, and through the void immenſe
To ſearch with wandring queſt a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere-now

Created

Created, vaſt and round; a place of bliſs
In the pourlieues of heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd,
Leſt heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought
Than this more ſecret, now deſign'd, I haſte
To know: and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou, and DEATH,
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors: there ye ſhall be fed, and fill'd
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.

[DEATH

He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and
Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famine ſhould be fill'd; and bleſt his maw
Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire:

The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heav'n's all-pow'rful King,
I keep; by Him forbidden to unlock
Theſe adamantine gates; againſt all force
DEATH ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living wight.
But what owe I to His commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of TARTARUS profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
Here in perpetual agony, and pain,
With terrors, and with clamors compaſs'd round,
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou

My

My Being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The Gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter, and thy darling, without end.

Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe! ſhe took;
And tow'rds the gate rolling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew;
Which but herſelf, not all the STYGIAN POW'RS
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of maſſy iron, or ſolid rock, with eaſe
Unfaſtens: on a ſudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil, and jarring ſound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of EREBUS. She open'd, but to ſhut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt,
Under ſpread enſigns marching, might paſs through
With horſe, and chariots, rank'd in looſe array,
So wide they ſtood! and, like a furnace mouth,
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke, and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoary Deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean! without bound,
Without dimenſion; where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place are loſt; where eldeſt NIGHT
And CHAOS, anceſtors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand:
For, hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fierce,

Strive

Strive here for maſt'ry, and to battel bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their ſev'ral clans,
Light-arm'd, or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift, or ſlow,
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the ſands
Of BARCA, or CYRENE's torrid ſoil,
Levy'd to ſide with warring winds, and poiſe
Their lighter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere,
He rules a moment: CHAOS umpire ſits,
And by deciſion more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
CHANCE governs all. Into this wild abyſs,
(The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave)
Of neither ſea, nor ſhoar, nor air, nor fire,
But all theſe in their pregnant cauſes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
(Unleſs th' Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds)
Into this wild abyſs the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a-while,
Pond'ring his voyage; (for no narrow frith
He had to croſs): nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud, and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with ſmall) than when BELLONA ſtorms,
With all her batt'ring engins bent to raſe
Some capital city; or leſs than if this frame
Of heav'n were falling, and theſe elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
Up-lifted ſpurns the ground: thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, aſcending rides
Audacious; but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuity: all unawares
Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops

Ten

Ten thouſand fathom deep: and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,
Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury ſtay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half flying; behooves him now both oar and ſail.
As when a gryfon, through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe o'er hill, or moory dale,
Perſues the ARIMASPIAN, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold: ſo eagerly the fiend
O'er bog or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, perſues his way;
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds, and voices all confus'd,
Born through the hollow dark aſſaults his ear
With loudeſt vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever Pow'r,
Or ſpirit, of the nethermoſt abyſs,
Might in that noiſe reſide, of whom to ask
Which way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lies,
Bordering on light: when ſtrait behold the throne
Of CHAOS, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful Deep: with him inthron'd
Sat ſable-veſted NIGHT, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign: and by them ſtood
ORCUS, and HADES, and the dreaded name
Of DEMOGORGON: RUMOR next, and CHANCE,
And TUMULT, and CONFUSION all imbroil'd,
And DISCORD with a thouſand various mouths.
T'whom SATAN turning boldly, thus — Ye Pow'rs,

And ſpirits of this nethermoſt abyſs,
CHAOS and ANTIENT NIGHT! I come no ſpy
With purpoſe to explore, or to diſturb,
The ſecrets of your realm; but by conſtraint
Wand'ring this darkſome deſart, as my way
Lies through your ſpacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
What readieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heav'n: or if ſome other place
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive
I travel this Profound: direct my courſe;
Directed, no mean recompenſe it brings
To your behoof: if I that region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkneſs, and your ſway,
(Which is my preſent journey) and once more
Erect the ſtandard there of ANTIENT NIGHT;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge!

Thus SATAN; and him thus the anarch old,
With faultring ſpeech, and viſage incompos'd,
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel who of late
Made head againſt heav'n's King, tho' overthrown.
I ſaw, and heard; for ſuch a num'rous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence thro' the frighted Deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and heav'n-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve,
That little which is left ſo to defend,
Encroach'd on ſtill through our inteſtine broiles,
Weak'ning the ſceptre of old NIGHT: firſt hell,

Your

Your dungeon, ſtretching far and wide beneath:
Now lately heav'n, and earth, another world
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain,
To that ſide heav'n from whence your legions fell.
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger: go, and ſpeed!
Havoc, and ſpoil, and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd, and SATAN ſtaid not to reply,
But glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanſe; and through the ſhock
Of fighting elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd, wins his way: harder beſet,
And more endanger'd, than when ARGO paſs'd
Through BOSPHORUS, betwixt the juſtling rocks:
Or when ULYSSES on the Larboard ſhunn'd
CHARYBDIS, and by th' other whirlpool ſteer'd.
So he with difficulty, and labor hard
Mov'd on: with difficulty and labor he;
But he once paſt, ſoon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! SIN, and DEATH, a-main
Following his track (ſuch was the will of heav'n!)
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyſs, whoſe boyling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continu'd, reaching th' utmoſt orb
Of this frail world; by which the ſpirits perverſe
With eaſie intercourſe paſs to and fro,
To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
GOD and good Angels guard by ſpecial grace.

But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n

Shoots

Shoots far into the boſom of dim night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and CHAOS to retire,
As from her outmoſt works a broken foe,
With tumult leſs, and with leſs hoſtile din;
That SATAN with leſs toil, and now with eaſe,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light;
And like a weather-beaten veſſel holds
Gladly the port, though ſhrouds and tackle torn:
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leiſure to behold
Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd ſquare or round:
With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd
Of living ſaphir, (once his native ſeat!)
And faſt by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigneſs as a ſtar
Of ſmalleſt magnitude, cloſe by the moon.
Thither full fraught with miſchievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curſed hour he hies.

*The end of the ſecond Book.*

THE

# THE
# THIRD BOOK
# OF
# PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

GOD *sitting on his throne sees* Satan *flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the* SON *who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of* Satan *in perverting mankind: clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did* Satan, *but by him seduc'd. The* SON *of* GOD *renders praises to his* FATHER *for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but* GOD *again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man, without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of* GOD *by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offense, and undergo his punishment. The* SON *of* GOD *freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the* FATHER *accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the* FATHER *and the* SON. *Mean-while* SATAN *alights upon the bare convex of the world's outermost orb; where wandring he first finds a place, since call'd the* Limbo *of* Vanity; *what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun: he finds there* Uriel *the regent of that orb; but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom* GOD *hath plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount* Niphates.

P. Foudrinier. scul. Lib. III.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK III.

Ail holy light, offspring of heav'n firſt-born!
Or of th' eternal co-eternal beam!
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? ſince GOD is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate!
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? Before the ſun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of GOD, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs Infinite.
Thee I re-viſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the STYGIAN pool, tho' long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne,

With other notes than to th' ORPHEAN lyre,
I ſung of CHAOS, and eternal NIGHT;
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Tho' hard, and rare! Thee I re-viſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp: but thou
Re-viſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that rowl in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a *Drop Serene* hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd! Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong: but chief
Thee SION, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd Feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equal'd with me in fate,
(So were I equal'd with them in renown!)
Blind THAMYRIS, and blind MÆONIDES:
And TIRESIAS, and PHINEUS, Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary, move
Harmonious Numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me! from the chearful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
Preſented with a univerſal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out!
So much the rather thou, cœleſtial light!

Shine

Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all miſt from thence
Purge, and diſperſe; that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

Now had th' Almighty FATHER from above,
(From the pure empyrean where He ſits
High thron'd above all height) bent down His eye,
His own works and their works at once to view.
About Him all the Sanctities of heav'n
Stood thick as ſtars, and from His ſight receiv'd
Beatitude paſt utt'rance: on His right
The radiant image of His glory ſat,
His only SON. On earth He firſt beheld
Our two firſt parents (yet the only two
Of mankind) in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In bliſsful ſolitude. He then ſurvey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and SATAN there
Coaſting the wall of heav'n on this ſide night,
In the dun air ſublime; and ready now
To ſtoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,
On the bare outſide of this world, that ſeem'd
Firm land imboſom'd without firmament;
Uncertain which, in ocean, or in air.
Him GOD beholding from His proſpect high,
Wherein paſt, preſent, future He beholds,
Thus to his only SON foreſeeing ſpake.

Only begotten SON! ſeeſt thou what rage
Tranſports our adverſary, whom no bounds
Preſcrib'd, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyſs
Wide-interrupt, can hold? So bent he ſeems

On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new-created world,
And man there plac'd; with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert: and shall pervert;
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
He, and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate! he had of me
All he could have: I made him just, and right;
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th'ethereal Pow'rs,
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do, appear'd;
Not, what they would? What praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, and serv'd necessity,
Not Me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate;
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree,
Or high fore-knowledge. They themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I fore-knew,
Fore-knowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.

So

So without leaſt impulſe, or ſhadow of fate,
Or ought by Me immutably foreſeen,
They treſpaſs; authors to themſelves in all,
Both what they judge, and what they chooſe; for ſo
I form'd them free, and free they muſt remain,
'Till they inthrall themſelves; I elſe muſt change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themſelves ordain'd their fall.
The firſt ſort by their own ſuggeſtion fell,
Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: man falls, deceiv'd
By th' other firſt: Man therefore ſhall find grace;
The other none: in mercy and juſtice both,
Through heav'n and earth, ſo ſhall my glory excel;
But mercy, firſt and laſt, ſhall brighteſt ſhine.

Thus while GOD ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the bleſſed ſpirits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the SON of GOD was ſeen
Moſt glorious; in Him all His FATHER ſhon
Subſtantially expreſs'd; and in His Face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure grace;
Which uttering, thus He to His FATHER ſpake.

O FATHER! gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy ſov'reign ſentence, that man ſhould find grace;
For which both heav'n and earth ſhall high extol
Thy praiſes, with th' innumerable ſound
Of hymns and ſacred ſongs, wherewith thy throne
Encompaſs'd ſhall reſound thee ever bleſt.
For ſhould man finally be loſt, ſhould man
Thy creature late ſo lov'd, thy youngeſt ſon,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, tho' join'd

With his own folly? That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, FATHER, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgeſt only right.
Or ſhall the adverſary thus obtain
His end, and fruſtrate thine; ſhall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodneſs bring to nought,
Or proud return (though to his heavier doom,)
Yet, with revenge accompliſh'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? Or wilt thou thy ſelf
Aboliſh thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy goodneſs, and thy greatneſs both
Be queſtion'd, and blaſphem'd without defenſe.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O SON, in whom my ſoul hath chief delight,
SON of my boſom, SON who art alone
My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might!
All haſt thou ſpoken as My thoughts are, all
As My eternal purpoſe hath decreed.
Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in Me
Freely vouchſaf'd: once more I will renew
His lapſed pow'rs, though forfeit, and inthrall'd
By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires:
Upheld by Me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe:
By Me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to Me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but Me.
Some I have choſen of peculiar grace
Elect above the reſt: ſo is My will:
The reſt ſhall hear Me call, and oft be warn'd
Their ſinful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes

Th'in-

Th' incenſed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites: for I will clear their ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoften ſtony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
(Though but endeavour'd with ſincere intent)
Mine ear ſhall not be ſlow, Mine eye not ſhut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire CONSCIENCE; whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they ſhall attain,
And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This My long ſufferance, and My day of grace,
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more;
That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall:
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done: Man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his fealty, and ſins
Againſt the high ſupremacy of heav'n,
Affecting God-head, and ſo loſing all,
To expiate his treaſon hath nought left:
But to deſtruction ſacred, and devote,
He with his whole poſterity muſt die;
Die he or Juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say, heav'nly Pow'rs, where ſhall we find ſuch love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime: and juſt, th' unjuſt to ſave?
Dwells in all heaven charity ſo dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly chioir ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
Patron, or interceſſor, none appear'd;
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw

The deadly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
And now, without redemption all mankind
Muſt have been loſt; adjudg'd to death and hell
By doom ſevere, had not the SON of GOD,
(In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,)
His deareſt mediation thus renew'd.

FATHER! thy word is paſt, Man ſhall find grace:
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought?
Happy for Man, ſo coming! He her aid
Can never ſeek, (once dead in ſins, and loſt)
Attonement for himſelf, or offering meet,
(Indebted, and undone!) hath none to bring.
Behold Me then! Me for him, life for life
I offer, on Me let thine anger fall;
Account Me Man: I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to Thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleas'd, on Me let DEATH wreak all his rage.
Under his gloomy pow'r I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſh'd; Thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
Life in My ſelf for ever; by Thee I live,
Though now to DEATH I yield, and am his due
All that of Me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave Me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer My unſpotted ſoul
For ever with corruption there to dwell:
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil:
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortality diſarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high

Shall

Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell! and show
The Pow'rs of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Diſeas'd, out of heaven ſhalt look down, and ſmile;
While by Thee raiſ'd I ruin all My foes,
DEATH laſt, and with his carcaſs glut the grave:
Then, with the multitude of My redeem'd
Shall enter heav'n long abſent, and return,
FATHER! to ſee Thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain; but peace aſſur'd
And reconcilement: wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in Thy preſence joy entire.

His words here ended, but His meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhon
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great FATHER. Admiration ſeiz'd
All heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O Thou in heav'n and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O Thou
My ſole complacence! well Thou know'ſt how dear
To Me are all My works, nor Man the leaſt
Though laſt created; that for him I ſpare
Thee from My boſom, and right hand, to ſave
(By loſing Thee a-while) the whole race loſt.
Thou therefore whom thou only canſt redeem,
Their nature alſo to Thy nature join;
And be Thy ſelf Man among men on earth
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of virgin-ſeed,
By wond'rous birth: be Thou in ADAM's room
The head of all mankind, though ADAM's ſon.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in Thee,

As

As from a ſecond root, ſhall be reſtor'd
As many as are reſtor'd, without Thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his ſons; Thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous, and unrighteous, deeds:
And live in Thee tranſplanted, and from Thee
Receive new life. So man, as is moſt juſt,
Shall ſatisfie for man, be judg'd, and die;
And dying riſe, and riſing with Him raiſe
His brethren, ranſom'd with His own dear life.
So, heav'nly love ſhall outdo helliſh hate
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroys
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor ſhalt Thou by deſcending to aſſume
Man's nature, leſſen or degrade Thine own.
Becauſe Thou haſt (tho' thron'd in higheſt bliſs
Equal to GOD, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition) quitted all, to ſave
A world from utter loſs, and haſt been found
By merit more than birthright SON of GOD:
Found worthieſt to be ſo by being good,
Far more than great, or high; becauſe in Thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;
Therefore Thy humiliation ſhall exalt
With Thee Thy manhood alſo to this throne:
Here ſhalt Thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt reign
Both GOD and MAN, SON both of GOD and MAN,
Anointed Univerſal King; all pow'r
I give Thee, reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy merits: under Thee, as head ſupreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to Thee ſhall bow, of them that 'bide
In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell;

When

When Thou attended gloriouſly from heav'n
Shalt in the ſky appear, and from Thee ſend
The ſummoning Arch-Angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages, to the general doom
Shall haſten, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep!
Then all thy ſaints aſſembled, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men, and Angels; they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath Thy ſentence; hell (her numbers full)
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean-while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell;
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth:
Then Thou Thy regal ſceptre ſhalt lay by,
For, regal ſceptre then no more ſhall need;
GOD ſhall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore Him, who to compaſs all this dies;
Adore the SON, and honour Him as Me.

No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels with a ſhout
(Loud, as from numbers without number; ſweet,
As from bleſt voices) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hoſanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Tow'rds either throne they bow, and to the ground
With ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Their crowns, inwove with amarant, and gold,
Immortal amarant! a flow'r which once
In Paradiſe faſt by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom; but ſoon for man's offenſe
To heav'n remov'd, where firſt it grew, there grows,

And

And flow'rs aloft ſhading the fount of life;
And where the river of bliſs thro' midſt of heav'n
Rowls o'er ELYSIAN flow'rs her amber ſtream:
With theſe, that never fade, the ſpirits elect
Bind their reſplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams;
Now in looſe garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a ſea of jaſper ſhon,
Impurpled with celeſtial roſes ſmil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took;
Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their ſide
Like quivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphony they introduce
Their ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high,
No voice exempt; no voice but well could join
Melodious part, ſuch concord is in heav'n.

Thee FATHER firſt they ſung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King! The Author of all Being,
Fountain of Light, Thy ſelf inviſible
Amidſt the glorious brightneſs where thou ſit'ſt
Thron'd inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
The full blaze of thy beams, and thro' a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant ſhrine,
Dark with exceſſive bright, thy skirts appear:
Yet dazle heav'n, that brighteſt Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they ſung of all creation firſt,
Begotten SON, Divine Similitude!
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made viſible, th' Almighty FATHER ſhines,
Whom elſe no creature can behold: on Thee
Impreſs'd, th' effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfus'd on Thee his ample SPIRIT reſts.
He heav'n of heavens, and all the pow'rs therein,

By Thee created; and by Thee threw down
Th' aſpiring Dominations. Thou that day
Thy FATHER's dreadful thunder did'ſt not ſpare,
Nor ſtop thy flaming chariot wheels, that ſhook
Heav'n's everlaſting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'ſt of warring Angels diſarrai'd.
Back from perſuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, SON of thy FATHER's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on His foes;
Not ſo on Man: him thro' their malice fall'n,
FATHER of mercy and grace! Thou didſt not doom
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity incline.
No ſooner did Thy dear and only SON,
Perceive Thee purpoſ'd not to doom frail man
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,
He to appeaſe Thy wrath, and end the ſtrife
Of mercy and juſtice in Thy face diſcern'd,
Regardleſs of the bliſs wherein he ſat
Second to Thee, offer'd Himſelf to die
For Man's offence. O unexampl'd love!
Love no where to be found leſs than Divine!
Hail SON of GOD, Saviour of men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my ſong
Henceforth, and never ſhall my harp Thy praiſe
Forget, nor from Thy FATHER's praiſe diſjoin.

Thus they in heav'n, above the ſtarry ſphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning ſpent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whoſe firſt convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd
From CHAOS, and th' inroad of darkneſs old,
SATAN alighted walks. A globe far off
It ſeem'd, now ſeems a boundleſs continent
Dark, waſte, and wild, under the frown of night
Starleſs

Starleſs expos'd, and ever-threat'ning ſtorms
Of CHAOS bluſtring round, inclement sky!
Save on that ſide which from the wall of heav'n
(Tho' diſtant far) ſome ſmall reflection gains
Of glimm'ring air, leſs vex'd with tempeſt loud.
Here walk'd the fiend at large in ſpatious field.
As when a vultur on IMAUS bred,
(Whoſe ſnowy ridge the roving TARTAR bounds)
Diſlodging from a region ſcarce of prey,
To gorge the fleſh of lambs, and weanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rds the ſprings
Of GANGES, or HYDASPES, (INDIAN ſtreams)
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of SERICANA, where CHINESES drive
With ſails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy ſea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living, or liveleſs, to be found was none;
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aëreal vapors flew,
Of all things tranſitory and vain, when ſin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory, or laſting fame,
Or happineſs in this or th' other life:
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful ſuperſtition, and blind zeal,
Nought ſeeking but the praiſe of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
All th' unaccompliſh'd works of nature's hand,
Abortive, monſtrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Diſſolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final diſſolution, wander here;
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as ſome have dream'd;

(Thoſe

(Thoſe argent fields more likely habitants,
Tranſlated ſaints, or middle ſpirits hold,
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind)
Hither, of ill-join'd ſons and daughters born,
Firſt from the antient world thoſe giants came,
With many a vain exploit, tho' then renown'd:
The builders next of BABEL on the plain
Of SENNAAR, and ſtill with vain deſign
New BABELS, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came ſingle; he who to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into ÆTNA flames,
EMPEDOCLES: and he who to enjoy
PLATO's ELYSIUM, leap'd into the ſea,
CLEOMBROTUS: and many more too long,
Embryoes, and idiots, eremits, and friars
*White*, *Black*, and *Grey*, with all their trumpery:
Here Pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo far to ſeek
In GOLGOTHA Him dead, who lives in heav'n:
And they who to be ſure of Paradiſe,
Dying put on the weeds of DOMINIC,
Or in FRANCISCAN think to paſs diſguis'd;
They paſs the Planets ſev'n, and paſs the Fix'd,
And that chryſtalline ſphere whoſe ballance weighs
The Trepidation talk'd, and that Firſt-mov'd:
And now ſaint PETER at heav'n's wicket ſeems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heav'n's aſcent they lift their feet: when lo!
A violent croſs-wind from either coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe, ten thouſand leagues awry
Into the devious Air: then might ye ſee
Cowles, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, toſt,
And flutter'd into rags: then Reliques, Beads,
Indulgences, Diſpenſes, Pardons, Bulls,
The ſport of winds! All theſe up-whirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backſide of the world far off,

Into

Into a Limbo large, and broad, ſince call'd
The Paradiſe of Fools; to few unknown
Long after: now unpeopl'd, and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he paſs'd;
And long he wander'd, till at laſt a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haſte
His travel'd ſteps: far diſtant he deſcries,
Aſcending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heav'n, a ſtructure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontiſpiece of diamond, and gold,
Imbelliſh'd; thick with ſparkling orient gems
The portal ſhon, inimitable on earth,
By model, or by ſhading pencil, drawn.
The ſtairs were ſuch as whereon JACOB ſaw
Angels, aſcending and deſcending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from ESAU fled
To PADAN-ARAM in the field of LUZ,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cry'd, *This is the gate of heav'n.*
Each ſtair myſteriouſly was meant, nor ſtood
There always, but drawn up to heav'n ſometimes
Viewleſs, and, underneath, a bright ſea flow'd
Of jaſper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, ſailing arriv'd,
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rap'd in a chariot drawn by fiery ſteeds.
The ſtairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by eaſie aſcent, or aggravate
His ſad excluſion from the doors of bliſs:
Direct againſt which open'd from beneath,
Juſt o'er the bliſsful ſeat of Paradiſe,
A paſſage down to th' earth, a paſſage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times

Over

Over mount SION, and, though that were large,
Over the PROMIS'D LAND to GOD ſo dear,
By which, to viſit oft thoſe happy tribes,
On high beheſts his Angels to and fro
Paſs'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
From PANEAS, the fount of JORDAN's flood,
To BEERSABA where the HOLY LAND
Borders on ÆGYPT, and th' ARABIAN ſhore)
So wide the opening ſeem'd, where bounds were ſet
To darkneſs, ſuch as bound the ocean wave.
SATAN from hence, now on the lower ſtair,
That ſcal'd by ſteps of gold to heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the ſudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a ſcout,
Thro' dark and deſert ways with peril gone
All night, at laſt by break of chearful dawn
Obtains the brow of ſome high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye diſcovers un-aware
The goodly proſpect of ſome foreign land,
Firſt ſeen; or ſome renown'd metropolis,
With gliſtering ſpires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the riſing ſun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder ſeiz'd, though after heaven ſeen,
The ſpirit malign; but much more envy ſeiz'd
At ſight of all this world beheld ſo fair.
Round he ſurveys (and well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended ſhade) from eaſtern point
Of LIBRA, to the fleecy ſtar, that bears
ANDROMEDA far off ATLANTIC ſeas,
Beyond th' horizon: then, from Pole to Pole
He views in breadth; and without longer pauſe
Down right into the world's firſt region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with eaſe
Through the pure marble air his oblique way,

Amongſt

Amongſt innumerable ſtars, that ſhon
Stars diſtant, but nigh hand ſeem'd other worlds:
Or other worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iſles,
Like thoſe HESPERIAN gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales;
Thrice happy iſles! But who dwelt happy there
He ſtaid not to inquire. Above them all
The golden ſun, in ſplendor likeſt heav'n,
Allur'd his eye: thither his courſe he bends
Through the calm firmament: but, up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell;
Or longitude, where the great luminary
Aloft the vulgar conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep diſtance due,
Diſpenſes light from far; they as they move
Their ſtarry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months and years, tow'rds his all-chearing Lamp
Turn ſwift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The univerſe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unſeen,
Shoots inviſible virtue even to the Deep;
So wondrouſly was ſet his ſtation bright!
There lands the fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps
Aſtronomer in the ſun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never ſaw.
The place he found beyond expreſſion bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal, or ſtone:
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part ſeem'd gold, part ſilver clear:
If ſtone, carbuncle moſt, or chryſolite,
Ruby, or topaz; or the twelve that ſhon
In AARON's breaſt-plate: and a ſtone beſides
(Imagin'd rather oft than elſewhere ſeen)

That ſtone, or like to that, which here below
Philoſophers in vain ſo long have ſought,
In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatil HERMES, and call up unbound
In various ſhapes old PROTEUS from the ſea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his naked form.
What wonder then if fields, and regions, here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th'arch-chimic ſun, ſo far from us remote,
Produces, with terreſtrial humor mix'd,
Here in the dark ſo many pretious things
Of color glorious, and effect ſo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazled; far and wide his eye commands,
For ſight no obſtacle found here, or ſhade,
But all ſun-ſhine; as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' Æquator; as they now
Shot upward ſtill direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th'air,
(No where ſo clear,) ſharpen'd his viſual ray
To objects diſtant far, whereby he ſoon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel ſtand,
The ſame whom JOHN ſaw alſo in the ſun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightneſs hid:
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar
Circl'd his head, nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious on his ſhoulders, fledge with wings,
Lay waving round: on ſome great charge employ'd
He ſeem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
Glad was the ſpirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradiſe, the happy ſeat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,

Which

Which elſe might work him danger, or delay:
And now a ſtripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmil'd cœleſtial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd.
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume, ſprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a ſilver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant viſage turn'd,
Admoniſh'd by his ear; and ſtrait was known
Th' Arch-Angel URIEL, one of the ſev'n
Who in GOD's preſence, neareſt to His throne,
Stand ready at command, and are His eyes
That run thro' all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear His ſwift errands, over moiſt and dry,
O'er ſea and land: him SATAN thus accoſts.

URIEL! for thou of thoſe ſev'n ſpirits that ſtand
In ſight of GOD's high throne, gloriouſly bright,
The firſt art wont His great authentic will
Interpreter through higheſt heav'n to bring,
Where all His ſons thy embaſſie attend:
And here art likelieſt by ſupreme decree
Like honor to obtain; and as His eye,
To viſit oft this new creation round;
Unſpeakable deſire to ſee, and know
All theſe His wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight, and favor; him, for whom
All theſe His works ſo wondrous He ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring: brighteſt Seraph! tell
In which of all theſe ſhining orbs hath man

His

His fixed ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
But all theſe ſhining orbs his choice to dwell:
That I may find him, and with ſecret gaze,
Or open admiration, him behold
On whom the great Creator hath beſtow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces pour'd:
That both in him, and all things, as is meet,
The univerſal Maker we may praiſe;
Who juſtly hath driven out His rebel foes
To deepeſt hell; and, to repair their loſs,
Created this new happy race of men,
To ſerve Him better: wiſe are all His ways!

So ſpake the falſe diſſembler unperceiv'd;
For neither man, nor Angel, can diſcern
Hypocriſy (the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to GOD alone,
By His permiſſive will, through heav'n and earth:
And oft though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems) which now for once beguil'd
URIEL, though regent of the ſun, and held
The ſharpeſt-ſighted ſpirit of all in heav'n:
Who to the fraudulent impoſtor foul,
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus return'd.

Fair Angel! thy deſire, which tends to know
The works of GOD, thereby to glorify
The great work-maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe:
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in heav'n:

For

For wonderful indeed are all His works!
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight.
But, what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at His word the formless mass,
This world's material mold, came to a heap:
Confusion heard His voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd:
Till at His second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,
And the ethereal quintessence of heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars,
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe whose hither side
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines:
That place is earth, the seat of man; that light
His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
ADAM's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r;
Thy way thou can'st not miss, me mine requires.

Thus ſaid, he turn'd; and SATAN bowing low
(As to ſuperior ſpirits is wont in heav'n,
Where honor due, and reverence, none neglects)
Took leave, and tow'rd the coaſt of earth beneath
Down from th' ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight in many an aery wheel;
Nor ſtaid, till on NIPHATES' top he lights.

*The end of the third Book.*

# THE FOURTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

Satan, *now in prospect of* Eden, *and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against* GOD *and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair: but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of Life, as the highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described;* Satan's *first sight of* Adam *and* Eve; *his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse; thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a-while to know further of their state by some other means. Mean-while* Uriel *descending on a sun-beam warns* Gabriel *(who had in charge the gate of Paradise) that some evil spirit had escaped the Deep, and past at noon by his sphear in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered afterwards by his furious gestures in the mount:* Gabriel *promises to find him out e'er morning. Night comes on,* Adam *and* Eve *discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship.* Gabriel *drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to* Adam's *bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to* Adam *or* Eve *sleeping; there they find him at the ear of* Eve, *tempting her in a dream, and bring him, tho' unwilling, to* Gabriel; *by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but, hinder'd by a sign from heav'n, flies out of Paradise.*

P. Fourdrinier. Sculp. Lib. IV.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK IV.

FOR that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
*Wo to th' inhabitants on earth!* that now
While time was, our firſt parents had been warn'd
The coming of their ſecret foe, and ſcap'd,
Haply ſo ſcap'd, his mortal ſnare: for now
SATAN, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
(The tempter, e'er th' accuſer, of mankind,)
To wreak on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt battel, and his flight to hell.
Yet not rejoycing in his ſpeed, though bold,
Far off and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,

Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boils in his tumultuous breaſt,
And like a deviliſh engine back recoils
Upon himſelf: horror and doubt diſtract
His troubled thoughts; and from the bottom ſtir
The hell within him, (for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One ſtep, no more than from himſelf, can fly
By change of place:) now conſcience wakes deſpair,
That ſlumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be,
Worſe! of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt enſue.
Sometimes tow'rds EDEN, which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd look he fixes ſad:
Sometimes tow'rds heav'n, and the full blazing ſun,
Which now ſat high in his meridian tow'r:
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.

O thou! that, with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell: how glorious once above thy ſphere!
'Till pride, and worſe ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heav'n againſt heav'n's matchleſs King.
Ah wherefore! He deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom He created what I was,
In that bright eminence; and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs! than to afford him praiſe,
(The eaſieſt recompenſe,) and pay him thanks:
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,

And

And wrought but malice: lifted up ſo high
I 'ſdein'd ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me higheſt; and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude;
So burthenſome, ſtill paying, ſtill to owe;
Forgetful what from Him I ſtill receiv'd:
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted, and diſcharg'd: what burden then?
O had His pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior Angel! I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition! Yet why not? ſome other Pow'r
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part: but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken; from within,
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will, and pow'r, to ſtand?
Thou hadſt! Whom haſt thou then, or what, t'accuſe,
But heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then His love accurſt, ſince love, or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
Nay, curſt be thou! ſince againſt His thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly;
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is hell; my ſelf am hell;
And, in the loweſt deep, a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I ſuffer ſeems a heav'n.
O then at laſt relent! Is there no place
Left for repentance? none for pardon left?
None left, but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
*Diſdain* forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the ſpirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd

With other promiſes, and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem, and ſceptre, high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery; ſuch joy ambition finds!
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would height recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore! eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
(For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep)
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion, bought with doubled ſmart.
This knows my punither; therefore as far
From granting He, as I from begging peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold! in ſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope! and with hope, farewel fear!
Farewel remorſe! all good to me is loſt:
Evil be thou my good! By thee at leaſt
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold;
By thee, and more than half perhaps, will reign:
As man e'er-long, and this new world, ſhall know.

Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face,
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and deſpair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.

(For,

(For, heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers foul
Are ever clear.) Whereof he ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud! and was the firſt
That practis'd falſhood, under ſaintly ſhew
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Yet not enough had practis'd, to deceive
URIEL once warn'd; whoſe eye perſu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' ASSYRIAN mount
Saw him diſfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy ſort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanor, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all un-obſerv'd, un-ſeen.
So, on he fares; and to the border comes
Of EDEN, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs; whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, groteſque, and wild,
Acceſs deny'd: and over head up-grew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene! and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradiſe up-ſprung:
Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large
Into his nether empire, neighb'ring round,
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms, and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When GOD hath ſhow'rd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd

That landſcape! and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach; and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight, and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs, but deſpair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the CAPE OF HOPE, and now are paſt
MOZAMBIC, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
SABÆAN odor, from the ſpicy ſhore
Of ARABY THE BLEST, with ſuch delay
Well-pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a league
Chear'd with the grateful ſmell old OCEAN ſmiles:
So entertain'd thoſe odorous ſweets the fiend,
Who came their bane; though with them better pleas'd
Than ASMODEUS with the fiſhy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the ſpouſe
Of TOBIT's ſon, and with a vengeance ſent
From MEDIA poſt to ÆGYPT, there faſt bound.

Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill
SATAN had journied on, penſive, and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrubs, and tangling buſhes, had perplex'd
All path of man, or beaſt, that paſs'd that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' arch-felon ſaw,
Due entrance he diſdain'd, and in contempt
At one ſlight bound high over-leap'd all bound
Of hill, or higheſt wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where ſhepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes, amid the field ſecure,

Leaps

Leaps o'er the fence with eaſe into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to un-hoard the caſh
Of ſome rich burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial doors,
Croſs-barr'd, and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this firſt grand thief into GOD's fold;
(So ſince into his Church lewd hirelings climb.)
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
(The middle tree, and higheſt there that grew)
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but ſat deviſing death
To them who liv'd: nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what well-us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. (So little knows
Any, but GOD alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to their meaneſt uſe.)
Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd
In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth! for bliſsful Paradiſe
Of GOD the garden was, by him in th' eaſt
Of EDEN planted; EDEN ſtretch'd her line
From AURAN eaſtward to the royal tow'rs
Of great SELEUCIA, built by GRECIAN Kings,
Or where the ſons of EDEN long before
Dwelt in TELASSAR. In this pleaſant ſoil
His far more pleaſant garden GOD ordain'd.
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind, for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold: and next to life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew faſt by;

Know-

Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill!
Southward through EDEN went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for GOD had thrown
That mountain as His garden mound, high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears:
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account:
But rather to tell how, (if art could tell
How) from that saphire fount the crisped brooks
Rowling on orient pearl, and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds, and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the un-pierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs. Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums, and balms;
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable: HESPERIAN fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks,
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd:
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store;
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

Another

Another side, umbrageous grots, and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: mean-while murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
(That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds) unite their streams.
The birds their choire apply: airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal PAN,
Knit with the GRACES, and the HOURS, in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of ENNA, where PROSERPINE gathering flow'rs,
Her self a fairer flow'r, by gloomy DIS
Was gather'd; which cost CERES all that pain
To seek her through the world: nor that sweet grove
Of DAPHNE by ORONTES, and th' inspir'd
CASTALIAN spring, might with this Paradise
Of EDEN strive: nor that NYSEIAN isle
Girt with the river TRITON, where old CHAM,
(Whom Gentiles AMMON call, and LIBYAN JOVE)
Hid AMALTHEA, and her florid son
Young BACCHUS, from his stepdame RHEA's eye:
Nor where ABASSIN Kings their issue guard,
Mount AMARA (though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise) under the ÆTHIOP Line
By NILUS head, inclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high; but wide remote
From this ASSYRIAN garden: where the fiend
Saw un-delighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect! with native honor clad
In naked majesty, seem'd Lords of all;

And worthy ſeem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhon,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere, and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd:
For contemplation he, and valor form'd;
For ſoftneſs ſhe, and ſweet attractive grace;
He, for GOD only; ſhe, for GOD in him.
His fair large front, and eye ſublime, declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad.
She, as a veil, down to the ſlender waiſt
Her un-adorned golden treſſes wore,
Diſhevel'd; but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway;
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd:
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works: honor diſhonourable!
Sin-bred! how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhews inſtead, mere ſhews, of ſeeming pure;
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity, and ſpotleſs innocence?
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhun'd the ſight
Of GOD, or Angel, for they thought no ill.
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met;
ADAM the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons; the faireſt of her daughters EVE.
Under a tuft of ſhade, that on a green

Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain-side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labor, than suffic'd
To recommend cool ZEPHYR, and made ease
More easy; wholsome thirst, and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits! which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs.
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream:
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking plaid
All beasts of th' earth, (since wild,) and of all chase,
In wood, or wilderness, forest, or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe probofcis: close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded: others on the grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bed-ward ruminating: for the sun,
Declin'd, was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of heav'n the stars, that usher evening, rose:
When SATAN still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd

Creatures of other mold; earth-born perhaps,
Not ſpirits; yet to heav'nly ſpirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The hand that form'd 'em on their ſhape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair! ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches; when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy:
Happy! but for ſo happy ill-ſecur'd
Long to continue; and this high ſeat your heav'n,
Ill-fenc'd for heav'n, to keep out ſuch a foe
As now is enter'd: yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I ſeek,
And mutual amity, ſo ſtrait, ſo cloſe,
That I with you muſt dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not pleaſe,
Like this fair Paradiſe, your ſenſe; yet ſuch
Accept, your Maker's work; He gave it me,
Which I as freely give: hell ſhall unfold,
To entertain you two, her wideſt gates,
And ſend forth all her kings: there will be room,
(Not like theſe narrow limits,) to receive
Your numerous offspring: if no better place,
Thank Him who puts me loth to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for Him who wrong'd.
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, (as I do) yet public reaſon juſt,
Honor, and empire with revenge inlarg'd,
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do, what elſe (though damn'd) I ſhould abhor.

So ſpake the fiend, and with neceſſity,

(The

(The tyrant's plea,) excus'd his deviliſh deeds.
Then from his lofty ſtand on that high tree,
Down he alights among the ſportful herd
Of thoſe four-footed kinds; himſelf now one,
Now other, as their ſhape beſt ſerv'd his end
Nearer to view his prey, and un-eſpy'd
To mark what of their ſtate he more might learn,
By word, or action mark'd: about them round,
A lion now he ſtalks with fiery glare;
Then, as a tiger, who by chance hath ſpy'd,
In ſome purlieu, two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground,
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeize them both,
Grip'd in each paw: when ADAM, firſt of men,
To firſt of women, EVE, thus moving ſpeech,
Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner, and ſole part of all theſe joys!
Dearer thy ſelf than all! needs muſt the Pow'r
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of His good
As liberal, and free, as infinite;
That rais'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at His hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof He hath need: He! who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſie charge, of all the trees
In Paradiſe, that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life:
So near grows death to life! whate'er death is:
Some dreadful thing, no doubt: for well thou know'ſt
GOD hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that tree,

The

The only ſign of our obedience left,
Among ſo many ſigns of pow'r, and rule,
Confer'd upon us; and dominion giv'n
Over all other creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, air, and ſea. Then, let us not think hard
One eaſie prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe Him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune theſe growing plants, and tend theſe flow'rs;
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.

To whom thus EVE reply'd. O thou! for whom,
And from whom I was form'd; fleſh of thy fleſh;
And without whom am to no end; my guide,
And head! what thou haſt ſaid is juſt, and right.
For, we to Him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præ-eminent by ſo much odds; while thou
Like conſort to thy ſelf canſt no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found my ſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade, on flow'rs; much wond'ring where,
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence, a murmuring ſound
Of waters iſſu'd from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd,
Pure as th' expanſe of heav'n: I thither went,
With un-experienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,

Bending

Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back;
It ſtarted back: but pleas'd I ſoon return'd;
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon; with anſwering looks
Of ſympathy, and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, "What thou ſeeſt,
"What there thou ſeeſt, fair Creature, is thy ſelf;
"With thee it came, and goes: but, follow me,
"And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
"Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces; he
"Whoſe image thou art: him thou ſhalt enjoy
"Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
"Multitudes like thy ſelf, and thence be call'd
"Mother of human race." What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led,
Till I eſpy'd thee? fair indeed, and tall,
Under a plantan; yet, methought, leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'ſt aloud, return fair EVE,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee Being I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart,
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear:
Part of my ſoul, I ſeek thee; and thee claim,
My other half!—— With that, thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded; and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.

So ſpake our general mother; and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father: half her ſwelling breaſt

Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose treſſes hid: he (in delight
Both of her beauty, and ſubmiſſive charms,)
Smil'd with ſuperior love; as JUPITER
On JUNO ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds,
That ſhed May-flow'rs; and preſs'd her matron-lip
With kiſſes pure:— aſide the devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance; and to himſelf thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two,
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
(The happier EDEN!) ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs: while I to hell am thruſt,
Where neither joy, nor love, but fierce deſire,
(Among our other torments not the leaſt)
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing, pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it ſeems:
One fatal Tree there ſtands, of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte. Knowledge forbidden?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould their Lord
Envy them that? can it be ſin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only ſtand
By ignorance? is that their happy ſtate,
The proof of their obedience, and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
With more deſire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with deſign
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods: aſpiring to be ſuch,
They taſte, and die: what likelier can enſue?
But firſt, with narrow ſearch I muſt walk round
This garden, and no corner leave un-ſpy'd;

A chance, but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandring ſpirit of heav'n, by fountain-ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair! enjoy, till I return,
Short pleaſures; for, long woes are to ſucceed!

So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornful turn'd,
But with ſly circumſpection, and began [roam.
Through wood, through waſte, o'er hill, o'er dale his
Mean-while in utmoſt longitude, where heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the ſetting ſun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern gate of Paradiſe
Level'd his ev'ning rays: it was a rock
Of alabaſter, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conſpicuous far; winding with one aſcent
Acceſſible from earth, one entrance high:
The reſt was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climb.
Betwixt theſe rocky pillars GABRIEL ſat,
Chief of th' Angelick guards, awaiting night:
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of heav'n; but nigh at hand
Celeſtial armory, ſhields, helms, and ſpears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came URIEL, gliding through the ev'n
On a ſun-beam, ſwift as a ſhooting ſtar
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impreſs the air, and ſhew the mariner
From what point of his Compaſs to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.

GABRIEL! to thee thy courſe by lot hath giv'n
Charge, and ſtrict watch, that to this happy place

No evil thing approach, or enter in:
This day, at height of noon, came to my ſphere
A ſpirit; zealous, as he ſeem'd, to know
More of th' Almighty's works; and chiefly man,
God's lateſt image: I deſcrib'd his way,
Bent all on ſpeed, and mark'd his aery gait:
But, in the mount that lies from EDEN north,
Where he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcern'd his looks
Alien from heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
Mine eye purſu'd him ſtill, but under ſhade
Loſt ſight of him: one of the baniſh'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the Deep, to raiſe
New troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
URIEL! no wonder if thy perfect ſight,
Amid the ſun's bright circle, where thou ſit'ſt,
See far, and wide: in at this gate none paſs
The vigilance here plac'd, but ſuch as come
Well-known from heav'n; and ſince meridian hour
No creature thence. If ſpirit of other ſort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd theſe earthy bounds
On purpoſe, hard thou know'ſt it to exclude
Spiritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar.
But, if within the circuit of theſe walks,
In whatſoever ſhape, he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.

So promis'd he; and URIEL to his charge
Return'd, on that bright beam, whoſe point now rais'd
Bore him ſlope downward to the ſun, now fall'n
Beneath th' AZORES: whether the prime orb,
Incredible how ſwift, had thither rowl'd
Diurnal; or this leſs voluble earth,
By ſhorter flight to th' eaſt, had left him there,

Arraying

Arraying with reflected purple, and gold,
The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompany'd; for beast, and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living saphirs; HESPERUS, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty at length,
Apparent Queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;
When ADAM thus to EVE: Fair consort! th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since GOD hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, un-employ'd, and less need rest:
Man hath his daily work of body, or mind,
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heav'n on all his ways:
While other animals un-active range;
And of their doings GOD takes no account.
To-morrow, e'er fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbors; yonder allies green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown;
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.

Those

Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown, unſightly, and unſmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe:
Mean-while, as nature wills, night bids us reſt.

To whom thus EVE, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My author, and diſpoſer! what thou bidſt
Un-argu'd I obey; ſo GOD ordains:
GOD is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge, and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons, and their change, all pleaſe alike:
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds: pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Gliſt'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs: and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild: then, ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heav'n, her ſtarry train.
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds: nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land: nor herb, fruit, flow'rs,
Gliſt'ring with dew: nor fragrance after ſhow'rs:
Nor grateful evening mild: nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird: nor walk by moon:
Or glittering ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe? for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?

To whom our general anceſtor reply'd.
Daughter of GOD and man, accompliſh'd EVE!
Theſe have their courſe to finiſh, round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning; and from land to land

In

In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Miniſtring light prepar'd, they ſet, and riſe:
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature, and all things; which theſe ſoft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat,
Of various influence, foment, and warm,
Temper, or nouriſh; or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue, on all kinds that grow
On earth; made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though un-beheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain: nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want ſpectators, GOD want praiſe:
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
All theſe, with ceaſeleſs praiſe, his works behold
Both day, and night: how often, from the ſteep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Cœleſtial voices, to the midnight air
(Sole, or reſponſive each to other's note)
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bow'r: it was a place
Chos'n by the Sov'reign Planter, when He fram'd
All things to man's delightful uſe: the roof,
Of thickeſt covert, was inwoven ſhade,
Laurel, and myrtle; and what higher grew,
Of firm, and fragrant leaf: on either ſide
Acanthus, and each od'rous buſhy ſhrub,

Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic: underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich in-lay
Broider'd the ground; more color'd, than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here,
Beaſt, bird, inſect, or worm, durſt enter none;
Such was their awe of man! In ſhady bow'r
More ſacred, and ſequeſter'd, though but feign'd,
PAN, or SYLVANUS, never ſlept, nor Nymph,
Nor FAUNUS, haunted. Here, in cloſe receſs,
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs,
Eſpouſed EVE deck'd firſt her nuptial bed:
And heav'nly Choirs the Hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial Angel to our ſire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely, than PANDORA; whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, (and O, too like
In ſad event!) when to th' un-wiſer ſon
Of JAPHET brought by HERMES, ſhe inſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole JOVE's authentic fire.

Thus at their ſhady Lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The GOD that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
And ſtarry Pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker Omnipotent! and Thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by Thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where Thy abundance wants
Partakers,

Partakers, and un-crop'd falls to the ground.
But Thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, Thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure,
Which GOD likes best, into their inmost bow'r
Handed they went; and (eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,)
Strait side by side were laid: nor turn'd, I ween,
ADAM from his fair spouse; nor EVE the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence;
Defaming as impure what GOD declares
Pure; and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain,
But our destroyer, foe to GOD, and man?
Hail wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise! of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men,
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
(Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure)
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin, or blame!
Or think thee un-befitting holiest place;
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets!
Whose bed is undefil'd, and chaste, pronounc'd,
Present, or past; as saints, and patriarchs us'd.
Here, Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
His constant lamp; and waves his purple wings;

Reigns here, and revels: not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, un-endear'd;
Caſual fruition! nor in Court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud Fair; beſt quitted with diſdain.
Theſe, lull'd by nightingales, embracing ſlept;
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Shower'd roſes, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſt pair! and O! yet happieſt, if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more.

Now had night meaſur'd, with her ſhadowy cone,
Half-way up hill this vaſt ſublunar vault:
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th' accuſtom'd hour, ſtood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When GABRIEL to his next in pow'r thus ſpake.

UZZIEL! half theſe draw off, and coaſt the ſouth
With ſtricteſt watch: theſe other wheel the north:
Our circuit meets full weſt. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the ſhield, half to the ſpear.
From theſe, two ſtrong and ſubtile ſpirits he call'd,
That near him ſtood, and gave them thus in charge.

ITHURIEL, and ZEPHON! with wing'd ſpeed
Search thro' this garden, leave unſearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where thoſe two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps aſleep, ſecure of harm.
This evening from the ſun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of ſome infernal ſpirit, ſeen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) eſcap'd
The bars of hell; on errand bad, no doubt:
Such, where ye find, ſeize faſt, and hither bring.

So

So ſaying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazling the moon: theſe to the bow'r direct,
In ſearch of whom they ſought: him there they found,
Squat like a toad, cloſe at the ear of EVE;
Aſſaying, by his deviliſh art, to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illuſions, as he liſt, phantaſms, and dreams:
Or if, inſpiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal ſpirits, that from pure blood ariſe,
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence raiſe
At laſt diſtemper'd, diſcontented thoughts;
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate deſires,
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent ITHURIEL with his ſpear
Touch'd lightly; (for no falſhood can endure
Touch of cœleſtial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeneſs) up he ſtarts,
Diſcover'd, and ſurpriz'd. As when a ſpark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, ſome magazine to ſtore
Againſt a rumor'd war, the ſmutty grain
With ſudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So ſtarted up, in his own ſhape, the fiend.
Back ſtep'd thoſe two fair Angels, half amaz'd,
So ſudden to behold the griſly King;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.

Which of thoſe rebel ſpirits, adjudg'd to hell,
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd thy priſon? and transform'd
Why ſat'ſt thou, like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep?

Know ye not then, ſaid SATAN, fill'd with ſcorn,
Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no mate
For you; there ſitting where you durſt not ſoar:

Not to know me argues your ſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng: or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and ſuperfluous begin
Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus ZEPHON, anſwering ſcorn with ſcorn.
Think not, revolted ſpirit! thy ſhape the ſame,
Or un-diminiſh'd brightneſs, to be known
As when thou ſtoodſt in heav'n, upright, and pure:
That glory then, when thou no more waſt good,
Departed from thee; and thou reſembl'ſt now
Thy ſin, and place of doom, obſcure, and foul.
But come! for thou, be ſure, ſhalt give account
To him who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.

So ſpake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abaſh'd the devil ſtood,
And felt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw
Virtue in her ſhape how lovely; ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs: but chiefly to find here obſerv'd
His luſtre viſibly impair'd: yet ſeem'd
Undaunted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
Beſt with the beſt, the ſender not the ſent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or leſs be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid ZEPHON bold,
Will ſave us tryal what the leaſt can do
Single againſt thee wicked, and thence weak.

The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud ſteed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to ſtrive, or fly,
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not elſe diſmay'd. Now drew they nigh

The

The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command; to whom their Chief,
GABRIEL, from the Front thus call'd aloud.

O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way; and now by glimps discern
ITHURIEL, and ZEPHON, through the shade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait,
And fierce demeanor, seems the Prince of hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lowr's.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form, and posture, couch'd:
To whom with stern regard thus GABRIEL spake.

Why hast thou, SATAN! broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example? but have pow'r, and right,
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling GOD hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus SATAN, with contemptuous brow:
GABRIEL! thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Tho' thither doom'd? thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain; where thou might'st hope to change

Torment with eaſe, and ſooneſt recompenſe
Dole with delight; which in this place I ſought:
To thee no reaſon, who know'ſt only good,
But evil haſt not try'd. And wilt object
His will who bound us? let Him ſurer bar
His iron gates, if He intends our ſtay
In that dark durance! thus much what was ask'd.
The reſt is true: they found me where they ſay;
But that implies not violence, or harm.

Thus he in ſcorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
Diſdainfully half ſmiling, thus reply'd.
O loſs of one in heav'n to judge of wiſe,
Since SATAN fell, whom folly overthrew!
And now returns him, from his priſon ſcap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wiſe,
Or not, who ask what boldneſs brought him hither
Un-licens'd, from his bounds in hell preſcrib'd:
So wiſe he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to ſcape his puniſhment!
So judge thou ſtill, preſumptuous! till the wrath,
Which thou incur'ſt by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and ſcourge that wiſdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke looſe? is pain to them
Leſs pain, leſs to be fled? or thou than they
Leſs hardy to indure? courageous Chief!
The firſt in flight from pain! Hadſt thou alledg'd
To thy deſerted hoſt this cauſe of flight,
Thou ſurely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus anſwer'd, frowning ſtern.
Not that I leſs indure, or ſhrink from pain,

*Inſulting*

Inſulting Angel! well thou know'ſt: I ſtood
Thy fierceſt, when in battel to thy aid
The blaſting vollied thunder made all ſpeed,
And ſeconded thy elſe not dreaded ſpear.
But ſtill thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy in-experience, what behoves,
(From hard aſſays, and ill ſucceſſes paſt,)
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger, by himſelf untry'd:
I therefore, I alone, firſt undertook
To wing the deſolate abyſs, and ſpy
This new-created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not ſilent; here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs
To ſettle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though, for poſſeſſion, put to try once more
What thou, and thy gay legions, dare againſt:
Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their Lord
High up in heav'n, with ſongs to hymn His throne,
And practis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warrior Angel ſoon reply'd:
To ſay, and ſtrait un-ſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to fly pain, profeſſing next the ſpy,
Argues no Leader, but a liar trac'd,
SATAN! and couldſt thou *faithful* add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew,
Army of fiends? fit body to fit head!
Was this your diſcipline, and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r ſupreme?
And thou, ſly hypocrite! who now wouldſt ſeem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervily ador'd

Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore? but in hope
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thy ſelf to reign? 961
But mark what I aread thee now: avant!
Fly thither whence thou fledſt! If from this hour
Within theſe hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
And ſeal thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorn
The facil gates of hell too ſlightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he: but SATAN to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, reply'd.

Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains, 970
Proud limitary Cherub! but e'er then
Far heavier load thy ſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arm; though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs thro' the road of heav'n ſtar-pav'd. 976

While thus he ſpake, th' Angelic ſquadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharpning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported ſpears; as thick, as when a field 980
Of CERES, ripe for harveſt, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting ſtands,
Leſt on the threſhing-floor his hopeful ſheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other ſide, SATAN alarm'd, 985
Collecting all his might, dilated ſtood
Like TENERIF, or ATLAS, un-remov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sate Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graſp [deeds
What ſeem'd both ſpear, and ſhield. Now dreadful
Might have enſu'd: not only Paradiſe 991

In

In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements,
At leaſt had gone to wreck, diſturb'd, and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt ASTRÆA, and the Scorpion Sign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air
In counterpoiſe: now, ponders all events,
Battels, and realms:) in theſe he put two weights,
The ſequel each of parting, and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam:
Which GABRIEL ſpying, thus beſpake the fiend.
SATAN! I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine:
Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
To boaſt what arms can do? ſince thine no more
Than heav'n permits; nor mine, tho' double now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon cœleſtial Sign:
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhown how light, how weak,
If thou reſiſt.— The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

*The end of the fourth Book.*

THE

# THE FIFTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

*Morning approach'd,* Eve *relates to* Adam *her troubleſome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labors: their morning hymn at the door of their bower.* God, *to render Man inexcuſable, ſends* Raphael *to admoniſh him of his obedience, of his free eſtate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever elſe may avail* Adam *to know.* Raphael *comes down to Paradiſe; his appearance deſcrib'd, his coming diſcern'd by* Adam *afar-off, ſitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choiceſt fruits of Paradiſe got together by* Eve; *their diſcourſe at table:* Raphael *performs his meſſage, minds* Adam *of his eſtate and of his enemy; relates, at* Adam's *requeſt, who that enemy is, and how he came to be ſo; beginning from his firſt revolt in heaven, and the occaſion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him; perſuading all but only* Abdiel, *a Seraph, who in argument diſſuades and oppoſes him, then forſakes him.*

P. Baudrinier. Sculp. Lib. V.

BIBLIOTHEC

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK V.

NOW Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When ADAM wak'd: so custom'd; for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves, and fuming rills, (AURORA's fan)
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough. So much the more
His wonder was, to find unwaken'd EVE
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he, on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamor'd; and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice
Mild as when ZEPHYRUS on FLORA breathes,
Her hand soft-touching, whisper'd thus: Awake

My

My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever-new delight!
Awake: the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.

Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On ADAM, whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.

O ſole! in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection! glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night,
(Such night till this I never paſs'd,) have dream'd,
(If dream'd) not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſs'd, or morrow's next deſign;
But, of offenſe, and trouble; which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night. Methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou EVE? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labor'd ſong; now reigns
Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſant light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: heav'n wakes with all his eyes;
Whom to behold but Thee, nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe, as at thy call; but found thee not:
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd, thro' ways

That

That brought me on a ſudden to the Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer, to my fancy, than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd, and wing'd, like one of thoſe from Heav'n,
By us oft ſeen: his dewy locks diſtill'd
AMBROSIA; on that tree he alſo gaz'd:
And, O fair plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd!
Deigns none to eaſe thy load, and taſte thy ſweet?
Nor GOD, nor man? Is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envy, or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me with-hold
Longer thy offer'd good: why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he taſted: me damp horror chill'd
At ſuch bold words, vouch'd with a deed ſo bold.
But he thus, overjoy'd: O fruit divine!
Sweet of thy ſelf, but much more ſweet thus crop'd!
Forbidden here, it ſeems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of men:
And why not Gods of men, ſince good the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair Angelic EVE!
Partake thou alſo: happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'ſt be, worthier canſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thy ſelf a Goddeſs; not to earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the air, as we; ſometimes
Aſcend to heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee
What life the Gods live there, and ſuch live Thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd: the pleaſant ſavoury ſmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,

Could

Could not but taſte! Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide,
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep: but O, how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus EVE her night
Related, and thus ADAM anſwer'd ſad.

Beſt image of my ſelf, and dearer half!
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally: nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung, I fear.
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve
Reaſon as chief: among theſe Fancy next
Her office holds: of all external things,
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, aery ſhapes,
Which Reaſon joining, or diſjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge, or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but, mis-joining ſhapes,
Wild work produces oft, and moſt in dreams;
Ill matching words, and deeds, long paſt, or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt evening's talk, in this thy dream;
But with addition ſtrange! yet, be not ſad:
Evil into the mind of GOD, or man,
May come, and go, ſo un-approv'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: which gives me hope

That

That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dis-heartn'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more chearful, and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world:
And let us to our fresh employments rise,
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow'rs,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he e'er they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste:
But first, from under shady arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, (who scarce up-ris'n,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean-brim,
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Discov'ring in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise, and EDEN's happy plains)
Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style,
Nor holy rapture, wanted they, to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose, or numerous verse:
More tuneable, than needed lute, or harp,
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

These

Theſe are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! Thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thy ſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable! who ſitt'ſt above theſe heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe Thy loweſt works: yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels! for ye behold Him, and with ſongs,
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoycing; ye in heav'n:
On earth join all ye creatures, to extol
Him firſt, Him laſt, Him midſt, and without end!
Faireſt of ſtars! laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe Him in thy ſphere
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun! of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; ſound His praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon! that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandring fires! that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements! the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our Great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts, and exhalations! that now riſe
From hill, or ſteaming lake, dusky, or grey,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,

In

In honor to the world's great Author riſe:
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhow'rs,
Riſing, or falling, ſtill advance His praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft, or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling tune His praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls! ye birds,
That ſinging up to heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, His praiſe!
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep!
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught His praiſe.
Hail Univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good: and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark!

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd ſoon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haſte,
Among ſweet dews, and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs embraces, or, they led the vine
To wed her elm; ſhe ſpous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r, th' adopted cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity heav'n's high King, and to Him call'd
RAPHAEL, the ſociable ſpirit, that deign'd

To

To travel with TOBIAS, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſeven-times wedded maid.

RAPHAEL, ſaid He, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on earth
SATAN, from hell ſcap'd thro' the darkſome gulf,
Hath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
This night the human pair, how he deſigns
In them at once to ruin all mankind:
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converſe with ADAM, in what bow'r or ſhade
Thou find'ſt him, from the heat of noon retir'd,
To reſpit his day-labor with repaſt,
Or with repoſe: and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,
As may adviſe him of his happy ſtate,
Happineſs in his pow'r left free to will,
Left to his own free will; his will, though free,
Yet mutable: whence warn him to beware
He ſwerve not, too ſecure. Tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himſelf from heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs:
By violence? no: for that ſhall be withſtood:
But by deceit, and lies: this let him know,
Leſt wilfully tranſgreſſing, he pretend
Surpriſal, un-admoniſh'd, un-forewarn'd.

So ſpake th' Eternal FATHER, and fulfil'd
All juſtice: nor delay'd the winged ſaint,
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thouſand cœleſtial Ardors, where he ſtood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up-ſpringing light,
Flew thro' the midſt of heav'n: th' Angelic Choirs,
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide,

On golden hinges turning; as by work
Divine, the sov'reign architect had fram'd.
From hence (no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd) however small, he sees
(Not unconform to other shining globes)
Earth, and the gard'n of GOD, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of GALILEO, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd lands, and regions, in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidst the CYCLADES,
DELOS, or SAMOS, first appearing kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds: with steddy wing
Now on the polar winds; then, with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air: till within soar
Of tow'ring eagles, t'all the fowls he seems
A phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to ÆGYPTIAN THEBES he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
A Seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament: the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins, and thighs, with downy gold,
And colours dipt in heav'n: the third, his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like MAIA's son he stood,
And shook his plumes; that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honor rise;

For

For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glitt'ring tents he paſs'd, and now is come
Into the bliſsful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odors, caſia, nard, and balm;
A wilderneſs of ſweets! for Nature here
Wanton'd, as in her prime, and plaid at will
Her virgin-fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wild above rule, or art, enormous bliſs!
Him through the ſpicy foreſt onward come
ADAM diſcern'd, as in the door he ſat
Of his cool bow'r; while now the mounted ſun
Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm [needs:)
Earth's inmoſt womb, (more warmth than ADAM
And EVE within, due at her hour, prepar'd
For dinner ſavoury fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky ſtream,
Berry, or grape; to whom thus ADAM call'd.

Haſte hither EVE! and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe
This day to be our gueſt. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive
Our heav'nly ſtranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.
[mould,

To whom thus EVE. ADAM! earth's hallow'd
Of GOD inſpir'd! ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore

(All seasons) ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.
But I will haste, and from each bough, and brake,
Each plant, and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel-guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
GOD hath dispens'd his bounties, as in heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuse for delicacy best;
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant; but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change:
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In INDIA east or west; or middle shore
In PONTUS, or the PUNIC coast; or where
ALCINOUS reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers; tribute large! and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand: for drink, the grape
She crushes, (inoffensive Must!) and meathes
From many a berry: and, from sweet kernels press'd,
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure: then, strews the ground
With rose, and odors from the shrub, unsum'd.
Mean-while our primitive great sire, to meet
His god-like guest, walks forth; without more train
Accompany'd than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state:
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,

Dazzles the crowd, and ſets them all a-gape.
Nearer his preſence, ADAM, though not aw'd,
Yet with ſubmiſs approach, and reverence meek,
As to a ſuperior nature, bowing low,
Thus ſaid. Native of heaven! (for other place,
None can than heav'n ſuch glorious ſhape contain)
Since by deſcending from the Thrones above,
Thoſe happy places thou haſt deign'd a-while
To want, and honor theſe, vouchſafe with us
Two only, who yet by ſov'reign gift poſſeſs
This ſpacious ground, in yonder ſhady bow'r
To reſt; and what the garden choiceſt bears
To ſit and taſte, 'till this meridian heat
Be over, and the ſun more cool decline.

Whom thus th' Angelic Virtue anſwer'd mild.
ADAM! I therefore came; nor art thou ſuch
Created, or ſuch place haſt here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, (though ſpirits of heav'n,)
To viſit thee: lead on then where thy bow'r
O'erſhades; for theſe mid-hours, 'till ev'ning riſe,
I have at will.— So to the ſylvan Lodge
They came, that like POMONA's arbor ſmil'd,
With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant ſmells: but EVE
Undeck'd, ſave with her ſelf, (more lovely fair
Than Wood-Nymph, or the faireſt Goddeſs feign'd
Of three, that in mount IDA naked ſtrove!)
Stood t'entertain her gueſt from heav'n: no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought-infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Hail*
Beſtow'd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſt MARY, ſecond EVE.

Hail, Mother of Mankind! whoſe fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy ſons,

Than

Than with theſe various fruits the trees of GOD
Have heap'd this table.— Rais'd of graſſy turf
Their table was, and moſſy ſeats had round:
And on her ample ſquare, from ſide to ſide,
All autumn pil'd; tho' ſpring, and autumn, here
Danc'd hand in hand. A-while diſcourſe they hold;
(No fear left dinner cool) when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly ſtranger! pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties, which our Nouriſher, (from Whom
All perfect good, un-meaſur'd out, deſcends
To us for food, and for delight,) hath caus'd
The earth to yield: unſavoury food, perhaps,
To ſpiritual natures; only this I know,
That one cœleſtial FATHER gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what He gives
(Whoſe praiſe be ever ſung!) to man, in part
Spiritual, may of pureſt ſpirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike thoſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require,
As doth your rational: and both contain
Within them ev'ry lower faculty
Of ſenſe, whereby they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, taſte;
Taſting concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be ſuſtain'd, and fed: of elements,
The groſſer feeds the purer; earth the ſea;
Earth, and the ſea, feed air; the air, thoſe fires
Ethereal; and as loweſt, firſt the moon;
Whence, in her viſage round, thoſe ſpots, unpurg'd
Vapors, not yet into her ſubſtance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nouriſhment exhale
From her moiſt continent, to higher orbs.
The ſun, that light imparts to all, receives

From all his alimental recompenſe,
In humid exhalations; and at ev'n
Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the Trees
Of Life ambroſial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield Nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We bruſh mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet GOD hath here
Varied his bounty ſo with new delights,
As may compare with heaven; and to taſte
Think not I ſhall be nice.—— So down they ſat,
And to their viands fell: nor ſeemingly
The Angel, nor in miſt, (the common gloſs
Of theologians) but with keen diſpatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To tranſubſtantiate: what redounds, tranſpires
Through ſpirits with eaſe; nor wonder; if by fire
Of ſooty coal, the empiric alchymiſt
Can turn, or holds it poſſible to turn,
Metals of droſſieſt ore to perfect gold,
As from the Mine. Mean-while at table EVE
Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleaſant liquors crown'd. O innocence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the ſons of GOD excuſe t'have been
Enamor'd at that ſight: but, in thoſe hearts
Love un-libidinous reign'd, nor jealouſie
Was underſtood, the injur'd lover's hell.

Thus when with meats, and drinks, they had [ſuffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In ADAM, not to let th' occaſion paſs,
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above this world, and of their Being
Who dwell in heav'n: whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far; whoſe radiant forms,

Divine

Divine effulgence! whose high pow'r, so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd.

Inhabitant with GOD! now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to man;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste;
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou could'st not seem
At heav'n's high feasts t'have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O ADAM! One Almighty is, from Whom
All things proceed, and up to Him return,
If not deprav'd from good; created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life:
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
As nearer to Him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign'd:
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So, from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk; from thence, the leaves
More aery; last, the bright consummate flow'r
Spirits odorous breathes; flow'rs, and their fruit,
(Man's nourishment) by gradual scale sublim'd,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life, and sense,
Fancy, and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives; and reason is her Being,
Discoursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours;
Diff'ring but in degree, of kind the same.

Wonder not then, what GOD for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you,
To proper ſubſtance. Time may come, when men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare:
And from theſe corporal nutriments, perhaps,
Your bodies may at laſt turn all to ſpirit,
Improv'd by tract of time; and wing'd aſcend
Ethereal, as we; or may at choice,
Here, or in heav'nly Paradiſes, dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm His love entire,
Whoſe progeny you are. Mean-while, enjoy
Your fill what happineſs this happy ſtate
Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd:
O favorable ſpirit, propitious gueſt!
Well haſt thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the ſcale of nature ſet
From centre to circumference; whereon,
In contemplation of created things,
By ſteps we may aſcend to GOD. But ſay,
What meant that caution join'd, IF YE BE FOUND
OBEDIENT? Can we want obedience then
To Him? or poſſibly His love deſert
Who form'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here,
Full to the utmoſt meaſure of what bliſs
Human deſires can ſeek, or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of heav'n, and earth,
Attend! That thou art happy, owe to GOD:
That thou continu'ſt ſuch, owe to thy ſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be adviſ'd!

GOD

GOD made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good He made thee; but to perſevere
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity.
Our voluntary ſervice He requires,
Not our neceſſitated; ſuch with Him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find: for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they ſerve
Willing or no, who will but what they muſt
By deſtiny, and can no other chuſe?
My ſelf, and all th' angelic hoſt, that ſtand
In ſight of GOD in-thron'd, our happy ſtate
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other ſurety none: freely we ſerve,
Becauſe we freely love; as in our will
To love, or not, in this we ſtand, or fall.
And ſome are fall'n, to diſobedience fall'n;
And ſo, from heav'n to deepeſt hell: O fall
From what high ſtate of bliſs, into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine inſtructor! I have heard, than when
Cherubic ſongs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal muſic ſend. Nor knew I not
To be both will, and deed, created free:
Yet, that we never ſhall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey Him, whoſe command
Single, is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
Aſſur'd me, and ſtill aſſure; though what thou tell'ſt
Hath paſt in heav'n, ſome doubt within me move,
But more deſire to hear (if thou conſent)
The full relation: which muſt needs be ſtrange,
Worthy of ſacred ſilence to be heard:

And we have yet large day; for, ſcarce the ſun
Hath finiſh'd half his journey, and ſcarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heav'n.

Thus ADAM made requeſt; and RAPHAEL,
After ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'ſt me, O prime of men!
Sad task, and hard! For how ſhall I relate
To human ſenſe th' inviſible exploits
Of warring ſpirits? How, without remorſe,
The ruin of ſo many, glorious once,
And perfect, while they ſtood? how, laſt, unfold
The ſecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? Yet, for thy good,
This is diſpens'd; and what ſurmounts the reach
Of human ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By lik'ning ſpiritual to corporeal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt: though, what if earth
Be but the ſhadow of heav'n; and things therein
Each t'other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and CHAOS wild
Reign'd where theſe heav'ns now rowl, where earth [now reſts
Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd
To motion, meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt, and future) on ſuch day
As heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal hoſt
Of Angels, by imperial ſummons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith, from all the ends of heav'n, appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thouſand thouſand enſigns high advanc'd,
(Standards, and gonfalons, 'twixt van, and rear)

Stream

Stream in the air, and for diſtinction ſerve
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees:
Or in their glittering tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal, and love,
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit in-expreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within orb, the FATHER Infinite,
By whom in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the SON,
Amidſt (as from a flaming mount, whoſe top
Brightneſs had made inviſible) thus ſpake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!
Hear My decree, which unrevok'd ſhall ſtand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only SON, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I Him appoint:
And by My ſelf have ſworn, to Him ſhall bow
All knees in heav'n, and ſhall confeſs Him Lord.
Under His great Vice-gerent reign abide
United, as one individual ſoul,
For ever happy: Him who diſobeys,
Me diſobeys, breaks union, and that day
Caſt out from GOD, and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into utter darkneſs, deep in-gulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with His words
All ſeem'd well pleas'd: all ſeem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other ſolemn days, they ſpent
In ſong, and dance, about the ſacred hill;
Myſtical dance! (which yonder ſtarry ſphere
Of Planets, and of Fix'd, in all her wheels
Reſembles neareſt; mazes intricate,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular,
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem,)
And in their motions harmony divine
So ſmooths her charming tones, that GOD's own ear
Liſtens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd
(For we have alſo our ev'ning, and our morn;
We ours for change delectable, not need).
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous: all in circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With Angels food, and rubied Nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and maſſy gold;
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n!
On flow'rs repos'd, and with rich flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality, and joy, (ſecure
Of ſurfeit, where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs) before th' all-bounteous King, who ſhowr'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial night, with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of GOD, whence light and ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight; (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roſeate dews diſpos'd
All but th' un-ſleeping eyes of GOD to reſt;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globoſe earth in plain out-ſpread,
(Such are the courts of GOD!) th' angelic throng,
Diſpers'd in bands, and files, their camp extend
By living ſtreams, among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberleſs! and ſudden rear'd,
Cœleſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds; ſave thoſe who, in their courſe,
Melodious hymns about the ſov'reign throne
Alternate all night long. But, not ſo wak'd

SATAN

SATAN: (ſo call him now; his former name
Is heard no more in heaven) He of the firſt,
If not the firſt Arch-Angel, great in pow'r,
In favor, and pre-eminence; yet fraught
With envy againſt the SON of GOD, that day
Honor'd by his great FATHER, and proclaim'd
MESSIAH, King anointed, could not bear
Thro' pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving, and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
Friendlieſt to ſleep, and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Un-worſhip'd, un-obey'd, the throne ſupreme,
Contemptuous; and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.

Sleep'ſt thou, companion dear! what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eye-lids, and remember'ſt what decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſs'd the lips
Of heav'n's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
Waſt wont, I mine to thee was wont t'impart:
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? New laws thou ſeeſt impos'd:
New laws from Him who reigns, new minds may raiſe
In us who ſerve; new counſels; to debate
What doubtful may enſue: more in this place
To utter is not ſafe.—— Aſſemble thou
Of all thoſe myriads which we lead the chief:
Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim night
Her ſhadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haſte
(And all who under me their banners wave)
Homeward, with flying march, where we poſſeſs
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The great MESSIAH, and his new commands;

Who

Who ſpeedily through all their hierarchies
Intends to paſs triumphant, and give laws.

So ſpake the falſe Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breaſt
Of his aſſociate: he together calls,
Or ſeveral one by one, the regent Pow'rs,
(Under him regent) tells, as he was taught,
That the Moſt High commanding, now e'er night,
Now e'er dim night had diſ-incumber'd heav'n,
The great hierarchal ſtandard was to move:
Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
Ambiguous words, and jealouſies; to ſound,
Or taint, integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted ſignal, and ſuperior voice
Of their great Potentate: (for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heav'n:)
His count'nance, as the morning-ſtar that guides
The ſtarry flock, allur'd them; and with lies
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's hoſt.

Mean-while th' Eternal Eye, whoſe ſight diſcerns
Abſtruſeſt thoughts, from forth His holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before Him, ſaw, without their light,
Rebellion riſing; ſaw, in whom, how ſpread
Among the Sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppoſe His high decree;
And ſmiling, to His only SON thus ſaid.

SON! Thou in whom My glory I behold
In full reſplendence, Heir of all My might!
Nearly is now concerns Us to be ſure
Of our Omnipotence; and with what arms
We mean to hold, what anciently We claim

Of

Of Deity, or empire: such a foe
Is rising, who intends t' erect his throne
Equal to Ours, throughout the spacious north.
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what Our pow'r is, or Our right.
Let Us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defense: lest unawares we lose
This Our high place, Our sanctuary, Our hill.

To whom the SON, with calm aspect, and clear,
(Light'ning divine, ineffable, serene!)
Made answer. Mighty FATHER! Thou Thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs, and tumults vain:
Matter to Me of glory! Whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r
Giv'n Me to quell their pride; and in event
Know whether I be dext'rous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heav'n.

So spake the SON: but SATAN, with his Pow'rs,
Far was advanc'd on winged speed; an host
Innumerable! as the stars of night,
Or (stars of morning) dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls! on every leaf, and every flow'r.
Regions they pass'd, and mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their triple degrees: (regions, to which
All thy dominion, ADAM, is no more,
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea; from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude;) which having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north
They came; and SATAN to his royal seat

High on a hill, far blazing (as a mount
Rais'd on a mount) with pyramids, and tow'rs,
From diamond quarries hew'n, and rocks of gold,
The Palace of great LUCIFER; (ſo call
That ſtructure, in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after he,
Affecting all equality with GOD,
In imitation of that mount whereon
MESSIAH was declar'd in ſight of heav'n,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd:
For thither he aſſembled all his train;
Pretending ſo commanded, to conſult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come: and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!
If theſe magnific titles yet remain,
Not merely titular! ſince by decree
Another now hath to Himſelf ingroſs'd
All pow'r, and us eclips'd, under the name
Of King anointed: for Whom all this haſte
Of midnight-march, and hurry'd meeting here;
This only to conſult, how we may beſt,
With what may be devis'd of honors new,
Receive Him, coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute, yet un-paid: proſtration vile!
Too much to One! but double, how indur'd!
To One, and to His image now proclaim'd!
But, what if better counſels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to caſt off this yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chuſe to bend
The ſupple knee? Ye will not, if I truſt
To know ye right; or if ye know your ſelves
Natives, and ſons of heav'n; poſſeſt before

By none; and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free: for orders, and degrees,
Jar not with liberty, but well conſiſt.
Who can in reaſon then, or right, aſſume
Monarchy over ſuch as live by right
His equals? if in pow'r and ſplendor leſs,
In freedom equal. Or, can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? Much leſs, for This to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to th' abuſe
Of thoſe imperial titles, which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve!—

Thus far his bold diſcourſe without controul
Had audience; when among the Seraphim,
ABDIEL, (than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd)
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal ſevere,
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blaſphemous, falſe, and proud!
Words! which no ear ever to hear in heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from Thee, ingrate!
In place thy ſelf ſo high above thy peers.
Canſt thou with impious obloquy condemn
The juſt decree of GOD, pronounc'd, and ſworn;
That to His only SON, by right indu'd
With regal ſceptre, every ſoul in heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confeſs him rightful King? Unjuſt, thou ſay'ſt,
Flatly unjuſt, to bind with laws the free,
And, equal over equals, to let reign
One over all, with unſucceeded pow'r—
Shalt *Thou* give law to GOD? ſhalt *Thou* diſpute
With Him the points of liberty, who made

Thee

Thee what thou art? and form'd the Pow'rs of heav'n
Such as He pleas'd, and circumſcrib'd their Being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignity
How provident He is; how far from thought
To make us leſs: bent rather to exalt
Our happy ſtate, under one Head more near
United.—But, to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thy ſelf (though great and glorious) doſt thou count,
Or all Angelic Nature join'd in one,
Equal to Him begotten SON? By Whom,
As by His WORD, the mighty FATHER made
All things, ev'n *Thee*, and all the ſpirits of heav'n,
By Him created in their bright degrees:
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs;
Eſſential Pow'rs! nor by his reign obſcur'd,
But more illuſtrious made; ſince He the Head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to Him done
Returns our own.—Ceaſe then this impious rage,
And tempt not theſe; but haſten to appeaſe
Th'incenſed FATHER, and th'incenſed SON,
While pardon may be found, in time beſought.

So ſpake the fervent Angel: but his zeal
None ſeconded, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
Or ſingular, and raſh: whereat rejoic'd
Th' apoſtate, and more haughty thus reply'd.

That we were form'd then, ſay'ſt thou? and the work
Of ſecondary hands, by task transfer'd
From FATHER to His SON? Strange point, and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who

When this creation was? Remember'ſt *Thou*
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee Being?
We know no time when *We* were not as now;
Know none before us; ſelf-begot, ſelf-rais'd
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal courſe
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heav'n, ethereal ſons.
Our puiſſance is our own; our own right hand
Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then! thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begird th' Almighty throne
Beſeeching, or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings, carry to th' anointed King;
And fly, e'er evil intercept thy flight!

He ſaid, and, as the ſound of waters deep,
Hoarſe murmur echo'd to his words applauſe,
Through the infinite hoſt: nor leſs for that
The flaming Seraph fearleſs, though alone
Incompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwer'd bold.

O alienate from GOD, O ſpirit accurſt,
Forſaken of all good! I ſee thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpread
Both of thy crime, and puniſhment. Henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of GOD'S MESSIAH: thoſe indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchſaf'd; other decrees
Againſt thee are gone forth, without recall.
That golden ſceptre which thou didſt reject,
Is now an iron rod, to bruiſe, and break
Thy diſobedience. Well thou didſt adviſe;
Yet not for thy advice, or threats, I fly

Theſe wicked tents devoted; leſt the wrath
Impendent, raging into ſudden flame
Diſtinguiſh not: for ſoon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire!
Then! who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can un-create thee thou ſhalt know.

So ſpake the Seraph ABDIEL, faithful found
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he:
Among innumerable falſe, un-mov'd,
Un-ſhaken, un-ſeduc'd, un-terrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn; which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought:
And, with retorted ſcorn, his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud tow'rs, to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

*The end of the fifth Book.*

THE

# THE SIXTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

Raphael *continues to relate how* Michael *and* Gabriel *were ſent forth to battel againſt* Satan *and his Angels. The firſt fight deſcrib'd:* Satan *and his Powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents deviliſh engines, which in the ſecond day's fight put* Michael *and his Angels to ſome diſorder; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelm'd both the force and machines of* Satan: *yet the tumult not ſo ending,* GOD *on the third day ſends* MESSIAH *His* SON, *for whom He had reſerv'd the glory of that victory: He in the power of His* FATHER *coming to the place, and cauſing all His legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide, with His chariot and thunder driving into the midſt of His enemies, purſues them, unable to reſiſt, towards the wall of heav'n; which opening, they leap down with horror and confuſion into the place of puniſhment prepared for them in the Deep:* MESSIAH *returns with triumph to His* FATHER.

P. Fourdrinier. Sculp. Lib. VI.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VI.

LL night the dread-leſs Angel, un-perſu'd,
Thro' heav'n's wide champain held his way; till Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with roſy hand
Un-barr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of GOD, faſt by His throne
Where light, and darkneſs, in perpetual round
Lodge, and diſ-lodge, by turns; which makes thro' heav'n
Grateful viciſſitude, like day, and night:
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the heav'n, (tho' darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here) and now went forth the Morn,
Such as in higheſt heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vaniſh'd night,
Shot thro' with orient beams: when all the plain
Cover'd with thick imbattled ſquadrons bright,
Chariots,

Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view.
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct; and found
Already known, what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among thoſe friendly Pow'rs, who him receiv'd
With joy, and acclamations loud, that One,
That of ſo many myriads fall'n, yet One
Return'd, not loſt. On to the ſacred hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupreme; from whence a voice,
From midſt a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

Servant of GOD, well done! well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintain'd,
Againſt revolted multitudes, the cauſe
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms:
And for the teſtimony of truth haſt born
Univerſal reproach; far worſe to bear
Than violence: for this was all thy care,
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of GOD, tho' worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe. The eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than ſcorn'd thou didſt depart; and to ſubdue
By force, who reaſon for their law refuſe,
Right reaſon for their law; and for their King
MESSIAH, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, MICHAEL! of cœleſtial armies Prince;
And thou, in military proweſs next,
GABRIEL! lead forth to battel theſe my ſons
Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints,
By thouſands, and by millions, rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that Godleſs crew,
Rebellious: them with fire, and hoſtile arms,

Fearleſs

Fearleſs aſſault; and to the brow of heav'n
Perſuing, drive them out from GOD, and bliſs,
Into their place of puniſhment, the gulph
Of TARTARUS; which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.

So ſpake the Sovereign Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and ſmoke to rowl
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames; the ſign
Of wrath awak'd! Nor with leſs dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command, the Powers militant
That ſtood for heav'n, (in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irreſiſtable) mov'd on
In ſilence their bright legions, to the ſound
Of inſtrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds,
Under their God-like Leaders, in the cauſe
Of GOD, and His MESSIAH. On they move
Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor ſtreit'ning vale, nor wood, nor ſtream divides
Their perfect ranks, for, high above the ground
Their march was, and the paſſive air up-bore
Their nimble tread: as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came ſummon'd over EDEN, to receive
Their names of thee: ſo, over many a tract
Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At laſt,
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, ſtretch'd
In battailous aſpect, and nearer view
Briſtled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid ſpears, and helmets throng'd, and ſhields
Various, with boaſtful argument portraid,

The

The banded Pow'rs of SATAN, haſting on
With furious expedition: for they ween'd
That ſelf-ſame day, by fight, or by ſurprize,
To win the mount of GOD; and on His throne
To ſet the envier of His ſtate, the proud
Aſpirer: but their thoughts prov'd fond, and vain,
In the mid-way. Though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
At firſt, that Angel ſhould with Angel war,
And in fierce hoſting meet; who went to meet
So oft in feſtivals of joy, and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one Great Sire,
Hymning th' Eternal FATHER: but, the ſhout
Of battel now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of on-ſet, ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt, exalted as a God,
Th' apoſtate in his ſun-bright chariot ſat,
Idol of majeſty divine! inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim, and golden ſhields:
Then, lighted from his gorgeous throne, (for now
'Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval! and, front to front
Preſented, ſtood in terrible array,
Of hideous length) before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battel e'er it join'd,
SATAN, with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant, and gold:
ABDIEL that ſight indur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds;
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O heav'n! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
Should yet remain; where faith, and realty,
Remain not: wherefore ſhould not ſtrength, and might,
There fail, where virtue fails; or weakeſt prove,
Where boldeſt? Though to ſight unconquerable,

His

His puiſſance (truſting in th' Almighty's aid!)
I mean to try; whoſe reaſon I have try'd,
Unſound, and falſe: nor is it ought but juſt,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms; in both diſputes alike
Victor: though brutiſh that conteſt, and foul,
When reaſon hath to deal with force; yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that reaſon overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth-ſtepping oppoſite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him defy'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aſpiring un-oppos'd,
The throne of GOD unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd, at the terror of thy pow'r,
Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in arms:
Who out of ſmalleſt things, could, without end,
Have rais'd inceſſant armies, to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand,
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Un-aided, could have finiſh'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs: but, thou ſeeſt
All are not of thy train; there be, who faith
Prefer, and piety to GOD; though then
To thee not viſible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to diſſent
From all: my Sect thou ſeeſt; now learn too late
How few ſometimes may know, when thouſands err.

Whom the grand foe, with ſcornful eye askance,
Thus anſwer'd. Ill for thee, but in wiſh'd hour

Of my revenge, firſt ſought for, thou return'ſt
From flight, ſeditious Angel! to receive
Thy merited reward, the firſt aſſay
Of this right hand provok'd, ſince firſt that tongue,
Inſpir'd with contradiction, durſt oppoſe
A third part of the Gods, in ſynod met
Their Deities t'aſſert: who, while they feel
Vigor divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But, well thou com'ſt
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me ſome plume; that thy ſucceſs may ſhow
Deſtruction to the reſt: this pauſe between,
(Un-anſwer'd leſt thou boaſt) to let thee know,
At firſt I thought that liberty, and heav'n,
To heav'nly ſouls had been all one; but now
I ſee that moſt through ſloth had rather *ſerve*,
Miniſtring ſpirits, train'd up in feaſt, and ſong!
Such haſt thou arm'd, the minſtrelſy of heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.

To whom in brief thus ABDIEL ſtern reply'd.
Apoſtate! ſtill thou err'ſt, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou deprav'ſt it with the name
Of *Servitude*, to ſerve whom GOD ordains,
Or Nature; GOD, and Nature, bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him who hath rebell'd
Againſt his worthier, as Thine now ſerve Thee,
Thy ſelf not free, but to thy ſelf inthrall'd;
Yet leudly dar'ſt our miniſtring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me ſerve
In heav'n GOD ever bleſt, and his divine

Beheſts

Beheſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd!
Yet chains in hell, nor realms, expect: mean-while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.

So ſaying, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of SATAN, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth, on bended knee,
His maſſy ſpear up-ſtaid: as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
Side-long had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat,
Half-ſunk with all his pines. Amazement ſeiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to ſee
Thus foil'd their Mightieſt: ours joy fill'd, and ſhout,
Preſage of victory, and fierce deſire
Of battel: whereat MICHAEL bid ſound
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; thro' the Vaſt of heav'n
It ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hoſanna to the Higheſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd
The horrid ſhock. Now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamor, ſuch as heard in heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armor claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noiſe
Of conflict! over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew;
And flying, vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So, under fiery Cope together ruſh'd
Both battels main, with ruinous aſſault,
And in-extinguiſhable rage: all heav'n
Reſounded; and had earth been then, all earth

Had to her centre ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
Theſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
Army againſt army, numberleſs, to raiſe
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happy native ſeat!
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent,
From His ſtrong hold of heav'n, high over-rul'd
And limited their might: though number'd ſuch,
As each divided legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous hoſt; in ſtrength, each armed hand,
A legion; led in fight, yet Leader ſeem'd
Each warrior, ſingle, as in chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battel, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear: each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
That war, and various: ſometimes on firm ground,
A ſtanding fight; then, ſoaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air ſeem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even ſcale
The battel hung; till SATAN, (who that day
Prodigious pow'r had ſhewn, and met in arms
No equal) ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the ſword of MICHAEL ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſh'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-waſting! ſuch deſtruction to withſtand

He

He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of ten-fold adamant, his ample ſhield,
A vaſt circumference! At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd; and glad, as hoping here to end
Inteſtine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe ſubdu'd,
Or captive drag'd in chains, with hoſtile frown,
And viſage all inflam'd, firſt thus began.

Author of evil! un-known 'till thy revolt,
Un-nam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, (as thou ſeeſt)
Theſe acts of hateful ſtrife; hateful to all,
Though heavieſt (by juſt meaſure) on thy ſelf,
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'n's bleſſed peace, and into nature brought
Miſery, un-created 'till the crime
Of thy rebellion! how haſt thou inſtill'd
Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd falſe! But think not here
To trouble holy reſt: heav'n caſts thee out
From all her confines: heav'n, the ſeat of bliſs,
Brooks not the works of violence, and war.
Hence then! and evil go with thee along,
Thy offſpring, to the place of evil, hell;
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils;
E'er this avenging ſword begin thy doom;
Or ſome more ſudden vengeance, wing'd from GOD,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So ſpake the Prince of Angels: to whom thus
The Adverſary. Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe, whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of theſe
To flight? or if to fall, but that they riſe
Un-vanquiſh'd; eaſier to tranſact with me

That thou ſhouldſt hope, imperious! and with threats
To chaſe me hence? Err not that ſo ſhall end
That ſtrife which thou call'ſt evil, but we ſtyle
The ſtrife of glory: which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav'n itſelf into the hell
Thou fableſt; here, however, to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean-while thy utmoſt force
(And join Him nam'd ALMIGHTY to thy aid,)
I fly not; but have ſought thee far, and nigh.

They ended parle, and both addreſt for fight
Un-ſpeakable: for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate? or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch height
Of God-like pow'r? For likeſt Gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they, or mov'd; in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n!
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while expectation ſtood
In horror: from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng;
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion: ſuch as (to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall) if nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets, ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition, in mid-ſky,
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.
Together both, with next t' Almighty arm
Up-lifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
(As not of pow'r, at once) nor odds appear'd
In might, or ſwift prevention: but the ſword

Of

Of MICHAEL, from the armory of GOD
Was giv'n him temper'd ſo, that neither keen,
Nor ſolid, might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of SATAN, with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer; nor ſtaid,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep entring, ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then SATAN firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd thro' him! But th' ethereal ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nectarous humor iſſuing flow'd,
Sanguin (ſuch as cœleſtial ſpirits may bleed,)
And all his armor ſtain'd, e'er-while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By Angels many, and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defenſe; while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot; where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh, and deſpite, and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal GOD in pow'r.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for, ſpirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, (not, as frail man,
In entrails, heart, or head, liver, or reins)
Cannot but by annihilating die:
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe; and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and color, ſhape, and ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe, or rare.

Mean-while in other parts like deeds deſerv'd

Memorial, where the might of GABRIEL fought,
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of MOLOC, furious King! who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the HOLY ONE of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous: but anon
Down cloven to the waiſt, with ſhatter'd arms,
And uncouth pain, fled bellowing. On each wing
URIEL, and RAPHAEL, his vaunting foe
(Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd)
Vanquiſh'd ADRAMELEC, and ASMADAI,
Two potent Thrones! that to be leſs than Gods
Diſdain'd; but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghaſtly wounds thro' plate, and mail.
Nor ſtood unmindful ABDIEL, to annoy
The atheiſt-crew; but with redoubled blow,
ARIEL, and ARIOC, and the violence
Of RAMIEL ſcorch'd, and blaſted, overthrew.—

I might relate of thouſands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but thoſe elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,
Seek not the praiſe of men: the other ſort,
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown leſs eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from heav'n, and ſacred memory,
Nameleſs in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For ſtrength from truth divided, and from juſt,
Illaudable, nought merits but diſpraiſe,
And ignominy; yet to glory aſpires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy ſeeks fame:
Therefore eternal ſilence be their doom!

And now, their mightieſt quell'd, the battel ſwerv'd,
With many an in-rode gor'd; deformed rout

En-

Enter'd, and foul diſorder: all the ground
With ſhiver'd armor ſtrown, and on a heap
Chariot, and charioteer, lay over-turn'd,
And fiery foaming ſteeds: what ſtood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, thro' the faint Satanic hoſt
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale fear ſurpriz'd;
Then firſt with fear ſurpriz'd, and ſenſe of pain,
Fled ignominious: to ſuch evil brought
By ſin of diſobedience; till that hour,
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwiſe th' inviolable Saints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have ſinn'd,
Not to have diſobey'd! in fight they ſtood
Un-wearied, un-obnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.

Now night her courſe began, and over heav'n
Inducing darkneſs, grateful truce impos'd,
And ſilence, on the odious din of war.
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor, and vanquiſh'd. On the foughten field,
MICHAEL, and his Angels, prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part,
SATAN, with his rebellious, diſappear'd,
Far in the dark diſlodg'd; and void of reſt,
His Potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midſt thus un-diſmay'd began.

O! now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be over-power'd, companions dear!
Found worthy not of liberty alone,

(Too mean pretenſe!) but, what we more affect,
Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have ſuſtain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heaven's LORD hath powerfulleſt to ſend
Againſt us from about His throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to ſubdue us to His will.
But proves not ſo!— then fallible, it ſeems,
Of future we may deem Him, though till now
Omniſcient thought. True 'tis, loſs firmly arm'd,
Some diſadvantage we indur'd, and pain,
'Till now not known; but known, as ſoon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperiſhable; and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon cloſing, and by native vigor heal'd.
Of evil then ſo ſmall, as eaſy think
The remedy: perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May ſerve to better us, and worſe our foes:
Or equal what between us made the odds;
In nature none: if other hidden cauſe
Left them ſuperior, while we can preſerve
Unhurt our minds, and underſtanding ſound,
Due ſearch, and conſultation, will diſcloſe.

He ſat: and in th' aſſembly next up-ſtood
NISROC, of Principalities the prime;
As one he ſtood eſcap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn;
And, cloudy in aſpect, thus anſwering ſpake.

Deliverer from new Lords! Leader to free
Enjoyment of our right, as Gods! yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find,

Againſt

Againſt unequal arms to fight in pain,
Againſt un-pain'd, impaſſive; from which evil
Ruin muſt needs enſue! for, what avails
Valor, or ſtrength, tho' matchleſs, quell'd with pain
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmeſt life.
But, pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils; and exceſſive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet-unwounded enemies, or arm
Our ſelves with like defenſe, to me deſerves
No leſs than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto, with look compos'd, SATAN reply'd.
Not un-invented that, which thou aright
Believ'ſt ſo main to our ſucceſs, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright ſurface
Of this ethereous mould, whereon we ſtand;
This continent of ſpatious heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambroſial, gems, and gold;
Whoſe eye ſo ſuperficially ſurveys
Theſe things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground; materials dark, and crude,
Of ſpiritous, and fiery ſpume, till touch'd
With heaven's ray, and temper'd, they ſhoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
Theſe, in their dark nativity, the Deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame:
Which into hollow engins, long, and round,
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated, and infuriate, ſhall ſend forth
From far, with thund'ring noiſe, among our foes

Such

Such implements of miſchief, as ſhall daſh
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever ſtands
Adverſe: that they ſhall fear we have diſarm'd
The Thunderer of His only dreaded bolt.
Nor long ſhall be our labor; yet e'er dawn,
Effect ſhall end our wiſh. Mean-while revive;
Abandon fear; to ſtrength, and counſel join'd,
Think nothing hard, much leſs to be deſpair'd.

He ended, and his words their drooping chear
Inlighten'd, and their languiſh'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miſs'd, ſo eaſy it ſeem'd
Once found, which yet un-found moſt would have thought
Impoſſible. Yet haply of thy race
In future days (if malice ſhould abound)
Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With dev'liſh machination, might deviſe
Like inſtrument, to plague the ſons of men
For ſin; on war, and mutual ſlaughter, bent.
Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
None arguing ſtood: innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the cœleſtial ſoil; and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of nature, in their crude
Conception: ſulphurous, and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with ſubtile art,
Concocted, and aduſted, they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd.
Part, hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral, and ſtone;
Whereof to found their engins, and their balls
Of miſſive ruin: part, incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all e'er day-ſpring, under conſcious night,

Secret

Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection, un-eſpy'd.

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,
Up roſe the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet ſung: in arms they ſtood
Of golden panoply, refulgent hoſt!
Soon banded: others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and ſcouts each coaſt light-armed ſcour,
Each quarter, to deſcry the diſtant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight
In motion, or in halt: him ſoon they met
Under ſpread enſigns moving nigh, in ſlow
But firm battalion: back with ſpeedieſt ſail
ZOPHIEL, of Cherubim the ſwifteſt wing,
Came flying, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, warriors, arm for fight! the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will ſave us long perſuit
This day; fear not his flight; ſo thick a cloud
He comes, and ſettled in his face I ſee
Sad reſolution, and ſecure. Let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbed ſhield,
Born ev'n, or high; for, this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizling ſhow'r,
But rattling ſtorm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them, aware themſelves; and ſoon
In order, quit of all impediment,
Inſtant, without diſturb, they took alarm;
And onward move embattell'd: when behold!
Not diſtant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching groſs, and huge; in hollow cube
Training his deviliſh enginry, im-pal'd

On

On every ſide with ſhadowing ſquadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both ſtood
A-while; but ſuddenly at head appear'd
SATAN; and thus was heard commanding loud.

Van-guard! to right, and left, the Front unfold;
That all may ſee, who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace, and compoſure; and with open breaſt
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe.
But, that I doubt: however witneſs heav'n!
Heav'n witneſs thou anon! while we diſcharge
Freely our part: ye who appointed ſtand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound; and loud, that all may hear.

So ſcoffing in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended; when to right, and left, the Front
Divided, and to either Flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes diſcover'd (new, and ſtrange!)
A triple mounted row of pillars, laid
On wheels (for like to pillars moſt they ſeem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak, or fir,
With branches lop'd, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Braſs, iron, ſtony mold; had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tip'd with fire; while we ſuſpenſe,
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd:
Not long! for ſudden all at once their reeds,
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With niceſt touch, immediate in a flame,
(But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke) all heav'n appear'd,
From thoſe deep-throated engins belch'd, whoſe roar

Em-

Embowel'd with outragious noiſe the air,
And all her entrails tore; diſgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd thunder-bolts, and hail
Of iron globes, which on the victor hoſt
Levell'd, with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,
Though ſtanding elſe as rocks; but down they fell
By thouſands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
The ſooner for their arms; (un-arm'd they might
Have eaſily, as ſpirits, evaded ſwift
By quick contraction, or remove:) but now
Foul diſſipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
Nor ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files.
What ſhould they do? if on they ruſh'd, repulſe
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more deſpis'd,
And to their foes a laughter: for, in view,
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In poſture to diſplode their ſecond Tire
Of thunder; back defeated to return
They worſe abhorr'd. SATAN beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.

O friends! why come not on theſe victors proud?
E'er-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front,
And breaſt, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance: yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe,
If our propoſals once again were heard,
We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.

To whom thus BELIAL, in like gameſome mood:
Leader! the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force, urg'd home;
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory: Eternal Might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſy, and of His thunder made a ſcorn,
And all His hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A-while in trouble: but, they ſtood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit t' oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r
Which GOD hath in his mighty Angels plac'd!)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heav'n,
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill, and dale)
Light as the light'ning glimpſe they ran, they flew,
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be ſure, and terror, ſeiz'd the rebel hoſt,
When coming towards them, ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on thoſe curſed engins' triple-row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains bury'd deep:
Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads

Main

Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſt whole legions arm'd:
Their armor help'd their harm, cruſh'd in, and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan;
Long ſtrugling underneath, e'er they could wind
Out of ſuch priſon, though ſpirits of pureſt light:
(Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.)
The reſt, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills up tore:
So, hills a-mid the air en-counter'd hills,
Hurl'd to, and fro, with jaculation dire;
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe! war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heap'd
Upon confuſion roſe. And now all heav'n
Had gone to wreck, with ruin over-ſpread,
Had not th' Almighty FATHER, where He ſits
Shrin'd in His ſanctuary of heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, fore-ſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, adviſ'd:
That His great purpoſe He might ſo fulfil,
To honour His Anointed SON, aveng'd
Upon His enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on Him transferr'd: whence to His SON,
(Th' Aſſeſſor of His Throne) He thus began.

Effulgence of My Glory, SON belov'd!
SON! in Whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by Deity I am;
And in Whoſe hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence! two days are paſt,
(Two days, as We compute the days of heav'n)
Since MICHAEL, and his Pow'rs, went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient: ſore hath been their fight,

As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd:
For to themſelves I left them; and Thou know'ſt,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend their doom:
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found.
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reins,
With mountains, as with weapons, arm'd; which makes
Wild work in heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore paſt, the third is Thine;
For Thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far
Have ſuffer'd, that the glory may be Thine
Of ending this great war, ſince none but Thou
Can end it. Into Thee ſuch virtue, and grace
Immenſe, I have transfus'd, that all may know
In heav'n, and hell, Thy pow'r above compare:
And this perverſe commotion govern'd thus,
To manifeſt Thee worthieſt to be Heir
Of all things; to be Heir, and to be King
By ſacred unction, Thy deſerved right.
Go then, Thou Mightieſt, in Thy FATHER's Might!
Aſcend My chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake heav'n's baſis, bring forth all My war,
My bow, and thunder; My Almighty arms
Gird on, and ſword upon Thy puiſſant thigh.
Perſue theſe ſons of darkneſs; drive them out
From all heav'n's bounds, into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
GOD, and MESSIAH His anointed King.

He ſaid, and on His SON with rays direct
Shone full, He all His FATHER full expreſt,
Ineffably into His face receiv'd:

And

And thus the Filial Godhead anſw'ring ſpake.

O FATHER! O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones!
Firſt, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt! Thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorifie Thy SON, I always Thee,
As is moſt juſt: this I My glory account,
My exaltation, and My whole delight,
That Thou in Me well-pleas'd, declar'ſt Thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all My bliſs.
Sceptre, and pow'r, Thy giving, I aſſume;
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be all in all, and I in Thee
For ever; and in Me all whom Thou lov'ſt:
But whom Thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put Thy mildneſs on,
Image of Thee in all things: and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with Thy might, rid heav'n of theſe rebell'd;
To their prepar'd ill manſion driven down
To chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm;
That from Thy juſt obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall Thy Saints un-mix'd, and from th' impure
Far ſeparate, circling Thy holy mount
Un-fained hallelujahs to Thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them Chief.

So ſaid, He o'er His ſceptre bowing, roſe
From the right hand of glory where He ſat;
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine,
Dawning through heav'n. Forth ruſh'd with whirl-wind ſound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-drawn,
It ſelf inſtinct with ſpirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic ſhapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with ſtars, their bodies all,

And

And wings, were ſet with eyes; with eyes, the wheels
Of beril; and careering fires between:
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament;
Where, on a ſaphir throne, (in-laid with pure
Amber, and colors of the ſhow'ry arch)
He, in cœleſtial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought!
Aſcended: at His right hand, VICTORY
Sat eagle-wing'd; beſide Him hung his bow,
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd:
And from about Him fierce effuſion rowl'd
Of ſmoke, and bick'ring flame, and ſparkles dire.
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand Saints,
He onward came; far off his coming ſhone,
And twenty thouſand (I their number heard)
Chariots of GOD, half on each hand, were ſeen.
He on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime
On the cryſtallin ſky, in ſaphir thron'd,
Illuſtrious far, and wide: but by His own
Firſt ſeen, them un-expected joy ſurpriz'd,
When the great enſign of MESSIAH blaz'd,
Aloft by Angels born, His ſign in heav'n:
Under whoſe conduct MICHAEL ſoon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head imbodied all in one.
Before Him Pow'r Divine His way prepar'd;
At His command th' up-rooted hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard His voice, and went
Obſequious; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with freſh flow'rets hill and valley ſmil'd.

This ſaw His hapleſs foes, but ſtood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs,
Infenſate! hope conceiving from deſpair:
In heav'nly ſpirits could ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?

But,

But, (to convince the proud what ſigns avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent!)
They harden'd more, by what might moſt reclaim,
Grieving to ſee His glory, at the ſight
Took envy; and aſpiring to His height,
Stood re-embattell'd fierce; by force, or fraud,
Weening to proſper, and at length prevail
Againſt GOD, and MESSIAH; or to fall
In univerſal ruin laſt: and now
To final battel drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the Great SON of GOD,
To all His hoſts on either hand, thus ſpake.

Stand ſtill in bright array, ye Saints! here ſtand,
Ye Angels arm'd! this day from battel reſt:
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of GOD
Accepted, fearleſs in His righteous cauſe:
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done,
Invincibly. But, of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs:
Vengeance is His, or whoſe He ſole appoints.
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude: ſtand only, and behold
GOD's indignation on theſe godleſs pour'd
By Me; not you, but Me, they have deſpis'd;
Yet envied: againſt Me is all their rage;
Becauſe the FATHER, (t' Whom in heav'n ſupreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains,)
Hath honor'd Me, according to His will.
Therefore to Me their doom He hath aſſign'd:
That they may have their wiſh, to try with Me
In battel which the ſtronger proves; they all,
Or I alone againſt them: ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;

Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.

So ſpake the SON, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance, too ſevere to be beheld!
And full of wrath bent on His enemies.
At once the Four ſpread out their ſtarry wings,
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs
Of His fierce chariot rowl'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on His impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night: under His burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyrean ſhook throughout;
All but the throne it ſelf of GOD. Full ſoon
Among them He arriv'd; in His right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which He ſent
Before Him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues: they aſtoniſh'd, all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd:
O'er ſhields, and helms, and helmed heads He rode
Of Thrones, and mighty Seraphim proſtrate;
That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a ſhelter from His ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the four-fold-viſag'd Four,
Diſtinct with eyes; and from the living wheels,
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One ſpirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd light'ning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurſt, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet, half His ſtrength He put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid-volly; for He meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of heav'n.
The overthrown He rais'd, and as a herd

Of

Of goats, or tim'rous flock, together throng'd,
Drove them before Him thunder-ſtruck, perſu'd
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds
And cryſtal wall of heav'n; which op'ning wide
Rowl'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful Deep: the monſtrous ſight
Struck them with horror backward; but, far worſe
Urg'd them behind: headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath
Burn'd after them, to the bottomleſs pit.
Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe: hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict Fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded CHAOS roar'd,
And felt ten-fold confuſion in their fall,
Through his wild anarchy; ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin! hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd:
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Un-quenchable, the houſe of woe, and pain.
Diſ-burden'd heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowl'd.

Sole victor, from th' expulſion of His foes,
MESSIAH His triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet Him all His Saints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye-witneſſes of His almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each Order bright
Sung triumph, and Him ſung Victorious King,
SON, Heir, and Lord: to Him dominion giv'n,
Worthieſt to reign. He celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid-heav'n, into the courts,
And temple, of His Mighty FATHER, thron'd

On high: who into glory Him receiv'd,
Where now He ſits at the right hand of bliſs.

Thus (meaſuring things in heav'n by things on earth)
At thy requeſt, and that thou may'ſt beware
By what is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have elſe to human race been hid;
The diſcord which befel, and war in heav'n
Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall
Of thoſe too high aſpiring, who rebell'd
With SATAN: he who envies now thy ſtate;
Who now is plotting how he may ſeduce
Thee alſo from obedience, that with him
(Bereav'd of happineſs) thou may'ſt partake
His puniſhment, eternal miſery:
Which would be all his ſolace, and revenge,
As a deſpite done againſt the Moſt High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But, liſten not to his temptations: warn
Thy weaker: let it profit thee to have heard,
By terrible example, the reward
Of diſobedience: firm they might have ſtood,
Yet fell. Remember! and fear to tranſgreſs!

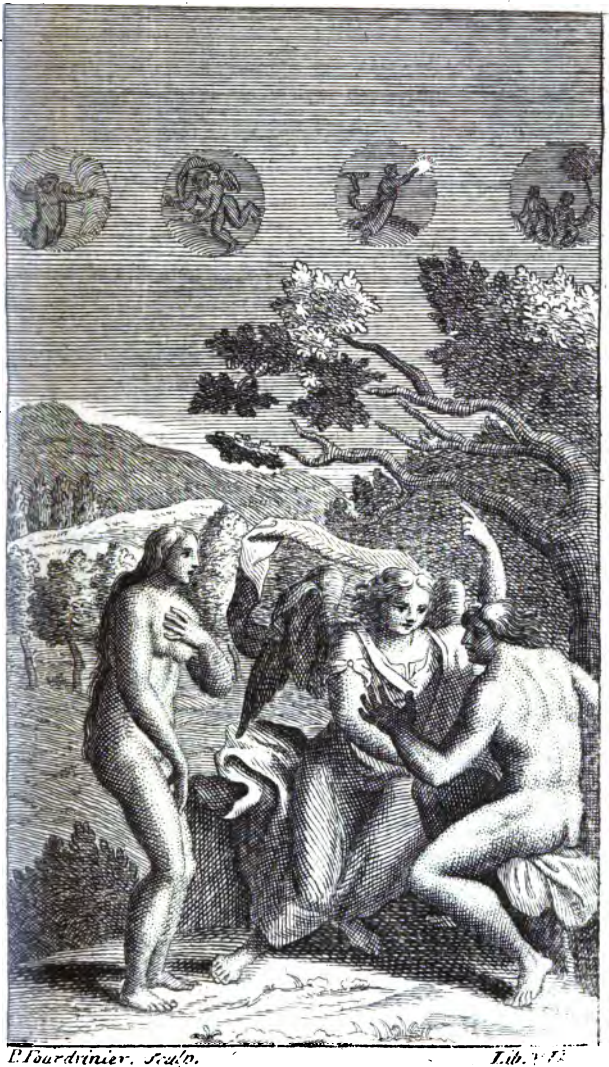
*The end of the ſixth Book.*

THE

# THE SEVENTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

Raphael, *at the requeſt of* Adam, *relates how, and wherefore, this world was firſt created; that* GOD, *after the expelling of* Satan, *and his Angels, out of heaven, declared His pleaſure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein: ſends His* SON *with glory, and attendance of Angels, to perform the work of Creation in ſix days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and His re-aſcenſion into heaven.*



P. Fourdrinier. Sculp. Lib.

BIBLIOTHECA

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VII.

DEscend from heav'n, URANIA! (by that name
If rightly thou art call'd) whoſe voice divine
Following, above th' OLYMPIAN hill I ſoar,
Above the flight of PEGASEAN wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou,
Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old OLYMPUS dwell'ſt; but, heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal WISDOM didſt converſe,
WISDOM thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play
In preſence of th' Almighty FATHER, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial ſong. Up-led by thee,
Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have preſum'd,
(An earthly gueſt) and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring. With like ſafety guided down,
Return me to my native element:

Left from this flying ſteed unrein'd (as once
BELLEROPHON, though from a lower clime)
Diſmounted, on th' ALEIAN field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung; but, narrower bound,
Within the viſible diurnal ſphere:
Standing on earth, not rap'd above the Pole,
More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice; un-chang'd
To hoarſe, or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude! Yet, not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly; or, when morn
Purples the eaſt. Still govern thou my ſong,
URANIA! and fit audience find, though few.
But, drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
Of BACCHUS, and his revellers; the race
Of that wild rout that tore the THRACIAN bard
In RHODOPE, where woods, and rocks, had ears
To rapture, 'till the ſavage clamor drown'd
Both harp, and voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For, thou art heav'nly; ſhe, an empty dream.

Say, Goddeſs, what enſu'd when RAPHAEL,
The affable Arch-Angel, had fore-warn'd
ADAM, by dire example, to beware
Apoſtaſy, by what befel in heav'n
To thoſe apoſtates; leſt the like befall
In Paradiſe to ADAM, or his race,
(Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree)
If they tranſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole command;
So eaſily obey'd, amid the choice
Of all taſtes elſe to pleaſe their appetite,
Though wand'ring.—He, with his conſorted EVE,

The ſtory heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration, and deep muſe, to hear
Of things ſo high, and ſtrange; things, to their thought,
So un-imaginable, as hate in heav'n,
And war ſo near the peace of GOD in bliſs,
With ſuch confuſion: but, the evil, ſoon
Driv'n back, redounded (as a flood) on thoſe
From whom it ſprung; impoſſible to mix
With bleſſedneſs. Whence ADAM ſoon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart aroſe: and now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know
(What nearer might concern him) how this world
Of heav'n, and earth conſpicuous, firſt began;
When, and whereof created; for what cauſe;
What within EDEN, or without, was done
Before his memory (as one whoſe drouth
Yet ſcarce allay'd, ſtill eyes the current ſtream,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard, new thirſt excites)
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly gueſt.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far diff'ring from this world, thou haſt reveal'd,
Divine interpreter! by favor ſent
Down from the empyrean, to fore-warn
Us timely of what might elſe have been our loſs
Unknown; which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to th' Infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and His admoniſhment
Receive, with ſolemn purpoſe to obſerve
Immutably His ſovereign will, the end
Of what we are. But, ſince thou haſt vouchſaf'd
Gently, for our inſtruction, to impart
Things above earthly thought (which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to Higheſt Wiſdom ſeem'd)
Deign to deſcend now lower, and relate

(What may no leſs, perhaps, avail us known)
How firſt began this heav'n, which we behold
Diſtant ſo high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable; and this which yields, or fills,
All ſpace, the ambient air wide interfus'd,
Embracing round this florid earth: what cauſe
Mov'd the Creator, in His holy reſt
Through all eternity, ſo late to build
In CHAOS; and the work begun, how ſoon
Abſolv'd: if un-forbid thou may'ſt unfold
What we, not to explore the ſecrets ask
Of His eternal empire, but the more
To magnify His works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though ſteep, ſuſpenſe in heav'n
Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
His generation, and the riſing birth
Of nature from the un-apparent Deep:
Or, if the ſtar of ev'ning, and the moon
Haſte to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence; and Sleep, liſt'ning to thee, will watch;
Or, we can bid his abſence, 'till thy ſong
End, and diſmiſs thee e'er the morning ſhine.

Thus ADAM his illuſtrious gueſt beſought;
And thus the God-like Angel anſwer'd mild.

This alſo thy requeſt, with caution ask'd,
Obtain: though to recount almighty works,
What words, or tongue of Seraph, can ſuffice!
Or, heart of man ſuffice to comprehend!
Yet, what thou can'ſt attain, (which beſt may ſerve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee alſo happier) ſhall not be with-held

Thy hearing: ſuch commiſſion from above
I have receiv'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds: beyond, abſtain
To ask; nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King,
Only Omniſcient, hath ſuppreſs'd in night;
To none communicable in earth, or heav'n:
Enough is left beſides to ſearch, and know.
But, knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In meaſure what the mind may well contain:
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to folly, as nouriſhment to wind.

Know then, that after LUCIFER from heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidſt the hoſt
Of Angels, than that ſtar the ſtars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the Great SON return'd
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal FATHER from His throne beheld
Their multitude, and to His SON thus ſpake.

At leaſt our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This in-acceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of Deity ſupreme, US diſ-poſſeſt,
He truſted to have ſeiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:
Yet, far the greater part have kept, I ſee,
Their ſtation; heav'n, yet populous, retains
Number ſufficient to poſſeſs her realms,
Though wide; and this high temple to frequent
With miniſteries due, and ſolemn rites.
But, leſt his heart exalt him, in the harm

Already done, to have diſpeopled heav'n,
(My damage fondly deem'd!) I can repair
That detriment, if ſuch it be, to loſe
Self-loſt; and in a moment will create
Another world; out of one man, a race
Of men in-numerable, there to dwell,
Not here; 'till by degrees of merit rais'd,
They open to themſelves at length the way
Up hither; under long obedience try'd:
And earth be chang'd to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
One kingdom, joy, and union without end.
Mean-while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of heav'n!
And Thou My WORD, begotten SON! by Thee
This I perform; ſpeak Thou, and be it done.
My over-ſhadowing SPIRIT, and Might, with Thee
I ſend along: ride forth, and bid the Deep,
Within appointed bounds, be heav'n and earth:
Boundleſs the Deep, becauſe I AM who fill
Infinitude: nor vacuous the ſpace;
Though I, un-circumſcrib'd My ſelf, retire,
And put not forth my goodneſs; which is free
To act, or not: Neceſſity, and Chance,
Approach not Me; and what I will is Fate.

So ſpake th' Almighty, and to what He ſpake
His WORD, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of GOD, more ſwift
Than time, or motion; but, to human ears
Cannot without proceſs of ſpeech be told;
So told, as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph, and rejoicing, was in heav'n,
When ſuch was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;
Glory they ſung to the Moſt High! good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace!
Glory to Him! Whoſe juſt avenging ire

Had

Had driven out th' ungodly from His ſight,
And th' habitations of the juſt: to Him
Glory and praiſe! Whoſe wiſdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create; inſtead
Of ſpirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuſe
His good to worlds, and ages, infinite.

So ſang the Hierarchies. Mean-while the SON
On His great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of Majeſty Divine: ſapience, and love
Immenſe, and all His FATHER in Him ſhon.
About His chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub, and Seraph, Potentates, and Thrones,
And Virtues: winged ſpirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armory of GOD; where ſtand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Cœleſtial equipage! and now came forth
Spontaneous (for within them ſpirit liv'd)
Attendant on their Lord: heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound!
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in His pow'rful WORD,
And SPIRIT, coming to create new Worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs,
Outragious as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild;
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the Pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou Deep, peace!
Said then th' Omnific WORD, your Diſcord end——

Nor ſtaid; but, on the wings of Cherubim
Up-lifted, in Paternal Glory rode
Far into CHAOS, and the world unborn;
For CHAOS heard His voice. Him all His train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of His might.
Then ſtaid the fervid Wheels, and in His hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In GOD's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things.
One foot He center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure;
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world!

Thus GOD the heav'n created, thus the earth;
Matter un-form'd, and void! Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs; but, on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the SPIRIT of GOD out-ſpread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs; but, downward purg'd
The black, Tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like; the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſ-parted; and between, ſpun out the air:
And earth ſelf-ballanc'd on her centre hung.

Let there be light! ſaid GOD: and forthwith light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure,
Sprung from the Deep: and from her native eaſt,
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Sphear'd in a radiant cloud; (for yet the Sun
Was not) ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. GOD ſaw the light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the hemiſphere
Divided:

Divided: light the day, and darkneſs night
He nam'd. Thus was the Firſt Day ev'n and morn:
Nor paſt un-celebrated, nor un-ſung
By the cœleſtial choires, when orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of heav'n and earth! with joy, and ſhout,
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd;
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
GOD, and His works; Creator Him they ſung,
Both when Firſt Ev'ning was, and when Firſt Morn.

Again, GOD ſaid, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters! And GOD made
The firmament expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great Round: partition firm, and ſure,
The waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing: for as earth, ſo He the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Cryſtalline ocean, and the loud miſ-rule
Of CHAOS far remov'd; leſt fierce extremes
Contiguous, might diſtemper the whole frame:
And heav'n He nam'd the firmament: ſo ev'n
And morning chorus ſung the Second Day.

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters (embryon immature) involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolific humor ſoftning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moiſture: when GOD ſaid,
Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n

Into one place, and let dry land appear!——
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the sky.
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom, broad, and deep,
Capacious bed of waters! Thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, up-rowl'd,
As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry:
Part riſe in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of our armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to their ſtandard; ſo the wat'ry throng,
Wave rowling after wave, where way they found;
If ſteep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withſtood them rock, or hill;
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With ſerpent-error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the waſhy ooſe deep channels wore;
Eaſy, e'er GOD had bid the ground be dry,
All but within thoſe banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters, He call'd ſeas;
And ſaw that it was good: and ſaid, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant graſs, herb yielding ſeed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind;
Whoſe ſeed is in her ſelf upon the earth!——
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare earth ('till then
Deſert, and bare, un-ſightly, un-adorn'd)
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her univerſal face with pleaſant green:
Then, herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flow'r'd
Op'ning their various colors, and made gay

Her

Her bosom, smelling sweet. And, these scarce blown,
Forth-flourish'd thick the clustring vine, forth crept
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattel'd in her field; and th' humble shrub,
And bush, with frizled hair implicit. Last,
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit; or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd;
With tufts the vallies; and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers: that, earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n; a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though GOD had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was: but, from the earth a dewy mist
Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field; which, e'er it was in th' earth
GOD made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew
On the green stem: GOD saw that it was good.
So, ev'n, and morn, recorded the Third Day.

Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of heaven, to divide
The day from night: and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heav'n,
To give light on the earth!—— and it was so.
And GOD-made two great lights; (great for their use
To man) the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, alterne: and made the stars;
And set them in the firmament of heav'n,
T' illuminate the earth, and rule the day,
In their vicissitude, and rule the night;
And light from darkness to divide. GOD saw,

Surveying

Surveying His great work, that it was good:
For, of cœleſtial bodies firſt, the ſun
(A mighty ſphere!) He fram'd; un-lightſome firſt,
Tho' of ethereal mold: then form'd the moon
Globoſe; and ev'ry magnitude of ſtars;
And ſow'd with ſtars the heav'n, thick as a field.
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
In the ſun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light; firm, to retain
Her gather'd beams; great palace now of light:
Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light:
And hence the morning planet gilds his horns:
By tincture, or reflection, they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though (from human ſight
So far remote) with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heav'n's high road: the gray
Dawn, and the PLEIADES, before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet influence. Leſs bright the moon,
But oppoſite in level'd weſt was ſet,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect: and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night; then, in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars! that then appear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere; then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries, that ſet and roſe,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the Fourth Day.

And GOD ſaid, Let the waters generate
Reptil, with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul!
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on th' open firmament of heav'n!
And GOD created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds:
And every bird, of wing after his kind:
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas,
And lakes, and running ſtreams, the waters fill!
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth!
Forthwith the ſounds, and ſeas, each creek, and bay,
With fry innumerable ſwarm, and ſhoals
Of fiſh, that with their fins, and ſhining ſcales,
Glide under the green wave in ſculls, that oft
Bank the mid-ſea: part ſingle, or with mate,
Graze the ſea-weed their paſture; and thro' groves
Of coral ſtray; or, ſporting with quick glance,
Shew to the ſun their wav'd coats, dropt with gold;
Or, in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moiſt nutriment; or under rocks their food,
In jointed armor, watch: on ſmooth, the ſeal,
And bended dolphins play: part, huge of bulk!
Wallowing unweildly, enormous in their gait,
Tempeſt the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugheſt of living creatures, on the Deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, ſleeps, or ſwims;
And ſeems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out a ſea.
Mean-while the tepid caves, and fens, and ſhoars,
Their brood as numerous hatch from th' egg, that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture, forth-diſclos'd
Their callow young; but feather'd ſoon, and fledge,
They ſumm'd their pens; and ſoaring th' air ſublime,

With-

With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect: there, the eagle, and the ſtork,
On cliffs, and cedar tops, their eyries build:
Part, looſly wing the region; part, more wiſe
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way;
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their aery caravan, high over ſeas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Eaſing their flight; (ſo ſteers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage) born on winds, the air
Floats, as they paſs, fann'd with un-number'd plumes.
From branch to branch the ſmaller birds with ſong
Solac'd the woods, and ſpread their painted wings
'Till ev'n; nor then, the ſolemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays.
Others, on ſilver lakes, and rivers, bath'd
Their downy breaſt; the ſwan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rowes
Her ſtate with oary feet: yet oft they quit
The dank, and riſing on ſtiff pennons, tour
The mid aereal sky. Others, on ground
Walk'd firm; the creſted cock, whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours; and th' other, whoſe gay train
Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
Of rain-bows, and ſtarry eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh repleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn ſolemniz'd the Fifth Day.

The Sixth, and of creation laſt, aroſe
With ev'ning harps, and matin; when GOD ſaid,
Let th' earth bring forth fowl living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beaſts of th' earth,
Each in their kind!—— The earth obey'd; and ſtrait
Op'ning her fertil womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd

Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up-roſe,
As from his laire, the wild beaſt, where he wons
In foreſt wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they roſe, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields, and meadows green:
Thoſe rare, and ſolitary; theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad herds up-ſprung.
The graſſy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts; then ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, (as the mole
Riſing) the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mould
Behemoth (biggeſt born of earth) up-heav'd
His vaſtneſs: fleec'd the flocks, and bleating, roſe,
As plants: ambiguous between ſea and land,
The river-horſe, and ſcaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect, or worm: thoſe wav'd their limber fans,
For wings; and ſmalleſt lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of ſummer's pride,
With ſpots of gold, and purple, azure, and green:
Theſe, as a line, their long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace: not all
Minims of nature; ſome of ſerpent-kind,
Wondrous in length, and corpulence, involv'd
Their ſnaky folds, and added wings. Firſt crept
The parſimonious emmet, provident
Of future; in ſmall room large heart inclos'd!
(Pattern of juſt equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty.) Swarming next, appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone

Delici-

Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd. The rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
Needless to thee repeated: nor unknown [names,
The serpent (subtleſt beast of all the field)
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now heav'n in all her glory shon, and rowl'd
Her motions, as the great First-Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course: earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the Sixth Day yet remain'd.
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone,
And brute as other creatures, but indu'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous, to correspond with heav'n:
But, grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship GOD Supreme, Who made him chief
Of all His works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal FATHER (for where is not He
Present?) thus to His SON audibly spake.

Let Us make now MAN in Our image, MAN
In Our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish, and fowl, of sea, and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And ev'ry creeping thing that creeps the ground!

This

This said, He form'd thee, ADAM, thee O Man!
Dust of the ground; and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life: in His own image He
Created thee; in the image of GOD
Express; and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male He created thee; but thy consort
Female, for race: then bless'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
And ev'ry living thing that moves on th' earth,
Where-ever thus created; for no place
Is yet distinct by name. Thence (as thou know'st)
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden; planted with the trees of GOD;
Delectable, both to behold, and taste!
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee (all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end!) But, of the tree,
Which tasted works knowledge of good, and evil,
Thou may'st not: in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st:
Death is the penalty impos'd: beware!
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd He, and all that He had made
View'd, and behold! all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the Sixth Day.
Yet not, 'till the Creator from His work
Desisting, though un-wearied, up return'd;
Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, His high abode:
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of His empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from His throne, how good, how fair,
Answering His great idea! Up He rode,

Follow'd

Follow'd with acclamation, and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps, that tun'd
Angelick harmonies: the earth, the air
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt)
The heav'ns, and all the conſtellations, rung:
The planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting gates! they ſung,
Open, ye heav'ns! your living doors; let in
The Great Creator, from His work return'd
Magnificent, His ſix days work, a world:
Open, and henceforth oft; for GOD will deign
To viſit oft the dwellings of juſt men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourſe
Thither will ſend His winged meſſengers,
On errands of ſupernal grace. So ſung
The glorious train aſcending. He through heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To GOD's eternal houſe direct the way:
A broad, and ample road, whoſe duſt is gold,
And pavement ſtars, as ſtars to thee appear
Seen in the galaxy: (that milky way
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou ſeeſt
Pouder'd with ſtars.) And now on earth the Seventh
Ev'ning aroſe in EDEN; for the ſun
Was ſet, and twilight from the earth came on,
Fore-running night: when, at the holy mount
Of heav'n's high-ſeated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm, and ſure,
The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and ſat Him down
With His Great FATHER: for, He alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtaid (ſuch privilege
Hath Omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd,
Author, and end, of all things; and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd, and hallow'd the Sev'nth Day;

As

As resting on that day from all His work:
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string, or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral, or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount:
Creation, and the Six Days acts, they sung.

Great are Thy works, JEHOVAH! infinite
Thy pow'r! what thought can measure Thee, or tongue
Relate Thee? Greater now in Thy return
Than from the giant-angels: Thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but, to create
Is greater, than created to destroy.
Who can impair Thee, Mighty King! or bound
Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
Thou hast repell'd; while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from Thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen Thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more Thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another heav'n!
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and ev'ry star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation; but, Thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men!
And sons of men, whom GOD hath thus advanc'd!

Created

Created in His image, there to dwell,
And worſhip Him; and in reward to rule
Over His works, on earth, in ſea, or air;
And multiply a race of worſhippers,
Holy, and juſt: thrice happy, if they know
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright!

So ſung they; and the empyrean rung
With Hallelujahs: thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy requeſt think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How firſt this world, and face of things, began,
And what, before thy memory, was done
From the beginning; that poſterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know. If elſe thou ſeek'ſt
Ought, not ſurpaſſing human meaſure, ſay.

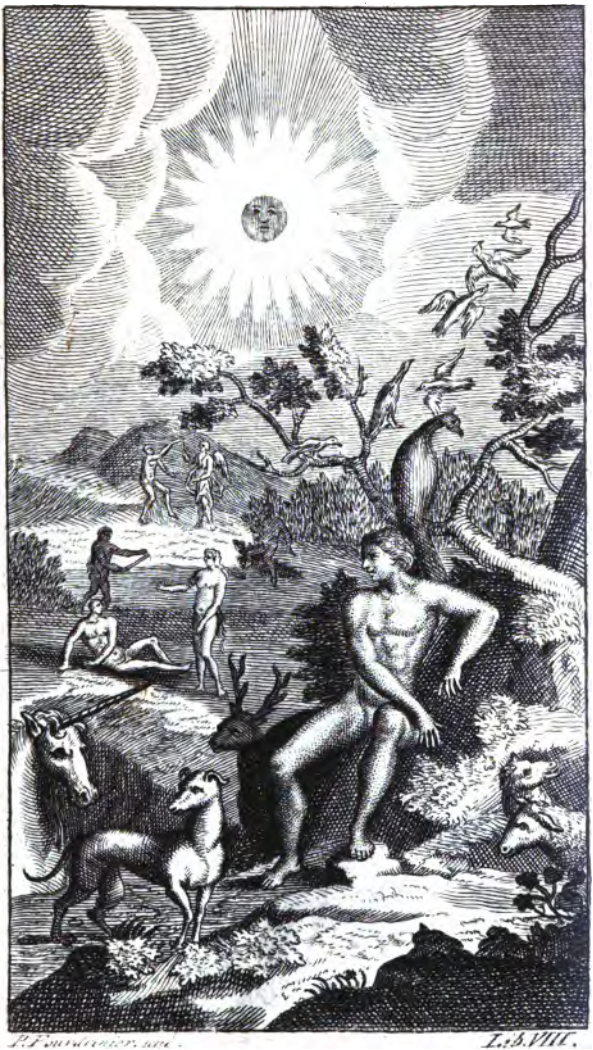
*The end of the ſeventh Book.*

THE

# THE EIGHTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

Adam *inquires concerning cœleſtial motions; is doubtfully anſwer'd, and exhorted to ſearch rather things more worthy of knowledge.* Adam *aſſents: and ſtill deſirous to detain* Raphael, *relates to him what he remember'd ſince his own creation; his placing in* Paradiſe; *his talk with* God *concerning ſolitude, and fit ſociety; his firſt meeting and nuptials with* Eve; *his diſcourſe with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.*



P. Fourdrinier. sculp. Lib. VIII.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VIII.

THE Angel ended, and in ADAM's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a-while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood
fix'd to hear:
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully re-
ply'd.

What thanks ſufficient, or what recompenſe
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Hiſtorian? who thus largely haſt allay'd
The thirſt I had of knowledge, and vouchſaf'd
This friendly condeſcenſion to relate
Things, elſe by me un-ſearchable; now heard
With wonder, but delight; and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the High
Creator. Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy ſolution can reſolve.

When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of heav'n, and earth conſiſting; and compute

Their magnitudes; this earth a ſpot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd,
And all her number'd ſtars; that ſeem to rowl
Spaces incomprehenſible, (for ſuch
Their diſtance argues, and their ſwift return
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day, and night; in all their vaſt ſurvey
Uſeleſs beſides: reaſoning I oft admire,
How nature, wiſe, and frugal, could commit
Such diſproportions; with ſuperfluous hand,
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold, to this one uſe;
(For ought appears) and on their orbs impoſe
Such reſtleſs revolution, day by day
Repeated: while the ſedentary earth,
(That better might with far leſs compaſs move)
Serv'd by more noble than her ſelf, attains
Her end without leaſt motion; and receives
As tribute, ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed, her warmth, and light;
Speed! to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs number fails.

So ſpake our ſire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Ent'ring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe: which EVE
Perceiving, where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat,
And grace, that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe; and went forth among her fruits, and flow'rs,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud, and bloom,
Her nurſery: they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,

ADAM relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs:
Her husband the relater ſhe prefer'd
Before the Angel; and of him to ask
Choſe rather: he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes: from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. (O! when meet now
Such pairs, in love, and mutual honor join'd?)
With Goddeſs-like demeanor forth ſhe went;
Not un-attended! for, on her, as Queen,
A pomp of winning Graces waited ſtill;
And from about her ſhot darts of deſire
Into all eyes, to wiſh her ſtill in ſight.
And RAPHAEL now, to ADAM's doubt propos'd,
Benevolent, and facil, thus reply'd.

To ask, or ſearch, I blame thee not; for heav'n
Is as the book of GOD before thee ſet;
Wherein to read His wond'rous works, and learn
His ſeaſons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
This to attain, whether heav'n move, or earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right: the reſt,
From man, or Angel, the Great Architect
Did wiſely to conceal; and not divulge
His ſecrets to be ſcan'd by them, who ought
Rather admire. Or, if they liſt to try
Conjecture, He His fabric of the heav'ns
Hath left to their diſputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter; when they come to model heav'n,
And calculate the ſtars, how they will wield
The mighty frame; how build, un-build, contrive,
To ſave appearances; how gird the ſphere
With centric, and eccentric, ſcribl'd o'er,
Cycle, and epicycle, orb in orb.

Already by thy reaſoning this I gueſs,
Who art to lead thy off-ſpring; and ſuppoſeſt,
That bodies bright, and greater, ſhould not ſerve
The leſs not bright, nor heav'n ſuch journies run,
Earth ſitting ſtill, when ſhe alone receives
The benefit. Conſider firſt, that Great,
Or Bright, infers not excellence: the earth
(Though, in compariſon of heav'n, ſo ſmall,
Nor gliſtering,) may of ſolid good contain
More plenty than the ſun, that barren ſhines;
Whoſe virtue on it ſelf works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth: there firſt receiv'd,
His beams (unactive elſe) their vigor find.
Yet, not to earth are thoſe bright luminaries
Officious; but to Thee, earth's habitant.
And for the heav'ns wide circuit, let it ſpeak
The Maker's high magnificence; who built
So ſpatious, and his line ſtretch'd out ſo far;
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition; and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.
The ſwiftneſs of thoſe circles attribute,
(Though numberleſs) to His Omnipotence;
That to corporeal ſubſtances could add
Speed almoſt ſpiritual. Me thou think'ſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the morning-hour ſet out from heav'n,
Where GOD reſides; and e'er mid-day arriv'd
In EDEN: diſtance inexpreſſible
By numbers that have name! But, this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heav'ns; to ſhew
Invalid, that which thee to doubt it mov'd:
Not that I ſo affirm, though ſo it ſeem
To thee who haſt thy dwelling here on earth.
GOD, to remove His ways from human ſenſe,

Plac'd

Plac'd heav'n from earth ſo far, that earthly ſight,
If it preſume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the ſun
Be centre to the world; and other ſtars
(By his attractive virtue, and their own,
Incited) dance about him various rounds?
Their wand'ring courſe now high, now low, then hid,
Progreſſive, retrograde, or ſtanding ſtill,
In ſix thou ſeeſt: and what if ſev'nth to theſe
The planet Earth (ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem)
Inſenſibly three different motions move?
Which elſe to ſeveral ſpheres thou muſt aſcribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;
Or ſave the ſun his labor, and that ſwift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb ſuppos'd,
Inviſible elſe above all ſtars, the wheel
Of day, and night: which needs not thy belief,
If earth, induſtrious of her ſelf, fetch day
Travelling eaſt; and with her part averſe
From the ſun's beam, meet night; her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
(Sent from her through the wide tranſpicuous air)
To the terreſtrial moon be as a ſtar,
Inlightning her by day, as ſhe by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields, and inhabitants. Her ſpots thou ſeeſt
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her ſoften'd ſoil, for ſome to eat
Allotted there: and other ſuns perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt deſcry,
Communicating male and female light:
Which two great ſexes animate the world;
Stor'd in each orb, perhaps, with ſome that live.
For, ſuch vaſt room in nature un-poſſeſs'd
By living ſoul, deſert, and deſolate,

Only to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpſe of light, convey'd ſo far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
But, whether thus theſe things, or whether not;
Whether the ſun, predominant in heav'n,
Riſe on the earth; or earth riſe on the ſun:
He, from the eaſt his flaming rode begin;
Or ſhe, from weſt her ſilent courſe advance,
With inoffenſive pace (that ſpinning ſleeps
On her ſoft axle, while ſhe paces ev'n,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth air along)
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to GOD above; Him ſerve, and fear!
Of other creatures, as Him pleaſes beſt,
Where-ever plac'd, let Him diſpoſe: joy thou
In what He gives to thee, this Paradiſe,
And thy fair EVE: heav'n is for thee too high
To know what paſſes there; be lowly wiſe:
Think only what concerns thee, and thy Being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what ſtate, condition, or degree;
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of earth only, but of higheſt heav'n.

To whom thus ADAM, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
How fully haſt thou ſatisfy'd me, pure
Intelligence of heav'n, Angel ſerene!
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The eaſieſt way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the ſweet of life; from which
GOD hath bid dwell far-off all anxious cares,
And not moleſt us; unleſs we our ſelves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But, apt the mind, or fancy, is to rove

Un-

Un-check'd, and of her roving is no end:
'Till warn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learn,
That, not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure, and ſubtle; but, to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wiſdom: what is more, is fume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence;
And renders us, in things that moſt concern,
Un-practis'd, un-prepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us deſcend
A lower flight; and ſpeak of things at hand
Uſeful; whence happy mention may ariſe
Of ſomething not unſeaſonable to ask,
By ſuff'rance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.

Thee I have heard relating what was done
E'er my remembrance; now, hear me relate
My ſtory, which perhaps thou haſt not heard:
And day is yet not ſpent: 'till then thou ſeeſt
How ſubtly to detain thee I deviſe;
Inviting thee to hear, while I relate:
Fond! were it not in hope of thy reply.
For, while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in heav'n:
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree (pleaſanteſt to thirſt,
And hunger both, from labor) at the hour
Of ſweet repaſt: they ſatiate, and ſoon fill,
Tho' pleaſant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.

To whom thus RAPHAEL anſwer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungrateful, ſire of men!
Nor tongue in-eloquent: for GOD on thee
Abundantly His gifts hath alſo pour'd;
Inward, and outward both, His image fair.

Speaking, or mute, all comelineſs, and grace
Attends thee; and, each word, each motion, forms.
Nor leſs think we in heav'n of thee on earth,
Than of our fellow-ſervant; and inquire
Gladly into the ways of GOD with man:
For, GOD we ſee hath honor'd thee, and ſet
On man His equal love. Say therefore on;
For, I that day was abſent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth, and obſcure,
Far on excurſion toward the gates of hell,
Squar'd in full legion, (ſuch command we had)
To ſee that none thence iſſu'd forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while GOD was in His work;
Leſt He (incens'd at ſuch eruption bold)
Deſtruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durſt without His leave attempt;
But, us He ſends upon His high beheſts
For ſtate, as Sov'reign King; and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal gates, and barricado'd ſtrong!
But, long e'er our approaching, heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance, or ſong!
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coaſts of light
E'er ſabbath-ev'ning: ſo we had in charge.
But, thy relation now! for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words, no leſs than thou with mine.

So ſpake the God-like Pow'r, and thus our ſire.
For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for, who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me.— As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,
In balmy ſweat; which with his beams the ſun

Soon

Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moiſture fed.
Strait toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a-while the ample ſky: 'till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion, up I ſprung,
As thitherward indeavouring; and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams: by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling: all things ſmil'd
With fragrance: and with joy my heart o'er-flow'd.
My ſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigor led.
But, who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not: to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou ſun, ſaid I, fair light!
And thou in-lighten'd earth, ſo freſh, and gay!
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains!
And ye that live, and move, fair creatures! tell,
Tell (if ye ſaw) how came I thus, how here.——
Not of my ſelf—— By ſome Great Maker then,
In goodneſs, and in pow'r, præ-eminent.
Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,
From Whom I have that thus I move, and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light; when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank, profuſe of flow'rs,
Penſive I ſat me down. There gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubl'd, (though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate

Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve)
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had Being,
And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, " Thy mansion wants thee, ADAM, rise
" First man, of men in-numerable ordain'd
" First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
" To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd. "
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd;
And over fields, and waters, as in air,
Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain;
A circuit wide-inclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs; that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stir'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck, and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not He, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence Divine! Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at His feet I fell
Submiss: He rear'd me, and " Whom thou sought'st I am,
Said mildly, " Author of all this thou seest
" Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
" This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
" To till, and keep, and of the fruits to eat:
" Of every tree that in the garden grows
" Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
" But, of the Tree whose operation brings
" Knowledge of Good and Ill, which I have set
" The pledge of thy obedience, and thy faith,

" Amid

" Amid the garden by the Tree of Life,
" (Remember what I warn thee!) ſhun to taſte,
" And ſhun the bitter conſequence: for know,
" The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
" Tranſgreſt, inevitably thou ſhalt dye;
" From that day mortal: and this happy ſtate
" Shalt loſe, expell'd from hence into a world
" Of woe, and ſorrow."—Sternly He pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur: but ſoon His clear aſpect
Return'd, and gracious purpoſe thus renew'd.
" Not only theſe fair bounds, but all the earth
" To thee, and to thy race, I give: as lords
" Poſſeſs it, and all things that therein live,
" Or live in ſea, or air, beaſt, fiſh, and fowl:
" In ſign whereof, each bird, and beaſt, behold
" After their kinds: I bring them to receive
" From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
" With low ſubjection: underſtand the ſame
" Of fiſh within their wat'ry reſidence;
" Not hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
" Their element, to draw the thinner air."
As thus He ſpake, each bird, and beaſt, behold
Approaching, two and two; theſe, cow'ring low
With blandiſhment; each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their nature (with ſuch knowledge GOD indu'd
My ſudden apprehenſion!) But, in theſe
I found not what me-thought I wanted ſtill;
And to the heav'nly Viſion thus preſum'd.

O, by what name (for Thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming!) how may I

Adore

Adore Thee, Author of this univerſe,
And all this good to man? For whoſe well-being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal,
Thou haſt provided all things. But, with me
I ſee not who partakes: in ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone?
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?

Thus I preſumptuous; and the Viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'ſt thou ſolitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air,
Repleniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come, and play before thee? Know'ſt thou not
Their language, and their ways? They alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly: with theſe
Find paſtime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.

So ſpake the Univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring: I, with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend Thee, heav'nly Pow'r!
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak!
Haſt Thou not made me here Thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n, and receiv'd: but, in diſparity
(The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs)
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
(Such as I ſeek,) fit to participate

All rational delight; wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort: they rejoyce
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs Thou haſt combin'd:
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape:
Worſe, then, can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.

Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd.
A nice, and ſubtle happineſs, I ſee
Thou to thy ſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, ADAM! and wilt taſte
No pleaſure (though in pleaſure) ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of Me, and this My ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſt
Of happineſs, or not, who am alone
From all eternity? for none I know
Second to Me, or like; equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe,
Save with the creatures which I made, and thoſe
To Me inferior, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd; I lowly anſwer'd. To attain
The height, and depth of Thy eternal ways,
All human thoughts come ſhort, Supreme of things!
Thou in Thy ſelf art perfect, and in Thee
Is no deficience found. Not ſo is Man,
But in degree; the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help;
Or ſolace his defects. No need that Thou
Shouldſt propagate, already Infinite;
And through all numbers abſolute, though ONE.
But, man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection; and beget

Like

Like of his like, his image multiply'd:
In unity defective; which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity.
Thou in Thy ſecreſy although alone,
Beſt with Thy ſelf accompany'd, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication: yet, ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe Thy creature, to what height Thou wilt
Of union, or communion, Deify'd:
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone; nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I imbolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found; which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious Voice Divine.

Thus far to try thee, ADAM! I was pleas'd;
And find thee knowing, not of beaſts alone,
(Which thou haſt rightly nam'd) but, of thy ſelf:
Expreſſing well the ſpirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute:
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore un-meet for thee,
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike;
And be ſo minded ſtill: I, e'er thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for man to be alone;
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for tryal only brought,
To ſee how thou couldſt judge of fit, and meet.
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh, exactly to thy heart's deſire.

He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by His heav'nly over-power'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to th' height
In that cœleſtial colloquy ſublime,

(As with an object that excels the ſenſe,
Dazled, and ſpent) ſunk down; and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes He clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal ſight; by which
(Abſtract as in a tranſe) methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before Whom awake I ſtood:
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-blood ſtreaming freſh: wide was the wound!
But, ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up, and heal'd.
The rib He form'd, and faſhion'd with His hands:
Under his forming hands a creature grew
Man-like, but different ſex: ſo lovely fair!
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, un-felt before:
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love, and amorous delight.
She diſ-appear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure.
When out of hope, behold her! not far off;
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could beſtow,
To make her amiable: on ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker (though un-ſeen)
And guided by His voice; nor un-inform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity, and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity, and love!
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This

This turn hath made amends! Thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous, and benign!
Giver of all things fair! but faireſt this
Of all Thy gifts! nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, my ſelf
Before me: woman is her name; of man
Extracted: for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father, and mother, and t' his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.

She heard me thus; and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not un-ſought be won;
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable: or, to ſay all,
Nature her ſelf (though pure of ſinful thought)
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd.
I follow'd her; ſhe what was honor knew,
And, with obſequious majeſty, approv'd
My pleaded reaſon.—— To the nuptial bow'r
I led her, bluſhing like the morn: all heav'n,
And happy conſtellations, on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence: the earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill:
Joyous the birds; freſh gales, and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odors from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting! 'till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the ev'ning ſtar,
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.

Thus I have told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs,
Which I enjoy: and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed; but, ſuch

As, us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but, here
Far otherwise! transported I behold,
Transported touch: here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superior, and un-mov'd: here only weak,
Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.
Or, nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain;
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough: at least, on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament; in outward shew,
Elaborate; of inward, less exact.
For, well I understand in the prime end
Of nature, her th' inferior; in the mind,
And inward faculties, which most excel:
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both; and less expressing
The character of that dominion giv'n
O'er other creatures. Yet, when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in her self complete, so well to know
Her own; that what she wills to do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shews:
Authority, and reason, on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally: and (to consummate all)
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To

To whom the Angel with contracted brow.

Accuſe not nature, ſhe hath done her part;
Do thou but thine: and be not diffident
Of wiſdom: ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nigh;
By attributing over-much to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thy ſelf perceiv'ſt.
For, what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo?
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honoring, and thy love;
Not thy ſubjection. Weigh with her thy ſelf;
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
Than ſelf-eſteem; grounded on juſt, and right,
Well manag'd: of that skill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her ſhews:
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more;
So awful, that with honor thou may'ſt love
Thy mate; who ſees, when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
But if the ſenſe of Touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other; think the ſame vouchſaf'd
To cattel, and each beaſt; which would not be
To them made common, and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue
The ſoul of man, or paſſion in him move.
What higher in her ſociety thou find'ſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill:
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not;
Wherein true love conſiſts not. Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his ſeat
In reaſon, and is judicious; is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'ſt aſcend;
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure: for which cauſe,

Among

Among the beaſts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus, half abaſh'd, ADAM reply'd.
Neither her out-ſide form'd ſo fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words, and actions, mix'd with love,
And ſweet compliance, which declare un-feign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!
More grateful than harmonious ſound to th' ear.
Yet theſe ſubject not: I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel; not therefore foil'd:
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet, ſtill free,
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
To love, thou blam'ſt me not; for love, thou ſay'ſt,
Leads up to heav'n; is both the way, and guide:
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:
Love not the heav'nly ſpirits? And how their love
Expreſs they? By looks only? Or, do they mix
Irradiance? Virtual, or immediate, touch?

To whom the Angel, (with a ſmile that glow'd
Cœleſtial roſy-red, love's proper hue)
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt
Us happy, and without love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'ſt,
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence: and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, excluſive bars:
Eaſier than air with air, if ſpirits embrace,

Total

Total they mix; union of pure with pure
Desiring: nor restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But, I can now no more: the parting sun
Beyond the earth's green Cape, and verdant isles,
HESPEREAN sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love! But, first of all,
HIM, Whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command: take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,
The weal, or woe, in thee is plac'd; beware!
I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,
And all the Blest. Stand fast! to stand, or fall,
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies:
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose: whom ADAM thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part!
Go heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from Whose sov'reign goodness I adore!
Gentle to me, and affable, hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good, and friendly still, and oft return!

So parted they; the Angel up to heav'n
From the thick shade, and ADAM to his bow'r.

*The end of the eighth Book.*

THE

# THE NINTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

Satan *having compaſs'd the earth, with meditated guile returns, as a miſt, by night into Paradiſe, and enters into the ſerpent ſleeping.* Adam *and* Eve *in the morning go forth to their labors, which* Eve *propoſes to divide in ſeveral places, each laboring apart:* Adam *conſents not, alledging the danger, leſt that enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, ſhould attempt her found alone:* Eve (*loth to be thought not circumſpect, or firm enough*) *urges her going apart, the rather deſirous to make tryal of her ſtrength;* Adam *at laſt yields: the ſerpent finds her alone; his ſubtile approach, firſt gazing, then ſpeaking, with much flattery extolling* Eve *above all other Creatures.* Eve, *wond'ring to hear the Serpent ſpeak, asks how he attain'd to human ſpeech, and ſuch underſtanding, not till now; the ſerpent anſwers, that by taſting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to ſpeech and reaſon, 'till then void of both:* Eve *requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: the ſerpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles, and arguments, induces her at length to eat: ſhe, pleas'd with the taſte, deliberates a-while whether to impart thereof to* Adam, *or not: at laſt brings him of the fruit, relates what perſuaded her to eat thereof:* Adam, *at firſt amaz'd, but perceiving her loſt, reſolves (through vehemence of love) to periſh with her; and, extenuating the treſpaſs, eats alſo of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both: they ſeek to cover their nakedneſs: then fall to variance, and accuſation of one another.*

P. Fourdrinier. sculp. Lib. IX.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK IX.

NO more of talk where God, or Angel-
gueſt,
With man, as with his friend, familiar
us'd
To ſit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repaſt; permitting him the while
Venial diſcourſe un-blam'd. I now muſt change
Thoſe notes to tragic! Foul diſtruſt, and breach
Diſloyal on the part of man; revolt,
And diſobedience: on the part of heav'n
(Now alienated!) diſtance, and diſtaſte,
Anger, and juſt rebuke, and judgment giv'n,
That brought into this world a world of woe;
Sin, and her ſhadow Death, and Miſery
Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argument
Not leſs, but more heroic than the wrath
Of ſtern Achilles on his foe, perſu'd
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall: or rage
Of Turnus, for Lavinia diſ-eſpous'd:
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that ſo long
Perplex'd

Perplex'd the GREEK, and CYTHEREA's ſon:
If anſwerable ſtyle I can obtain
Of my cœleſtial patroneſs, who deigns
Her nightly viſitation un-implor'd,
And dictates to me ſlumbring; or inſpires
Eaſy my un-premeditated verſe:
Since firſt this ſubject for Heroic Song
Pleas'd me, long chuſing, and beginning late;
Not ſedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd; chief maſt'ry to diſſect
With long, and tedious havoc fabled knights
In battels feign'd: (the better fortitude
Of patience, and Heroic Martyrdom,
Un-ſung) or, to deſcribe races, and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd ſhields,
Impreſſes quaint, capariſons, and ſteeds;
Baſes, and tinſel trappings, gorgeous knights
At jouſt, and tornament; then, marſhal'd feaſt,
Serv'd up in hall with ſewers, and ſeneſchals:
The skill of artifice, or office, mean!
Not that which juſtly gives Heroic name
To perſon, or to poem. Me (of theſe
Nor skill'd, nor ſtudious) higher argument
Remains; ſufficient of itſelf to raiſe
That name, unleſs an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depreſs'd: and much they may, if all be mine,
Not her's, who brings it nightly to my ear.

The ſun was ſunk, and after him the ſtar
Of HESPERUS, whoſe office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth (ſhort arbiter
'Twixt day, and night,) and now, from end to end,
Night's hemiſphere had veil'd th' horizon round:

When

When SATAN, who late fled before the threats
Of GABRIEL out of EDEN, now improv'd
In meditated fraud, and malice, bent
On man's deſtruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himſelf, fearleſs return'd.
By night he fled, and at mid-night return'd
From compaſſing the earth; cautious of day,
Since URIEL, regent of the ſun, deſcry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim,
That keep their watch: thence full of anguiſh driv'n,
The ſpace of ſev'n continu'd nights he rode
With darkneſs; thrice the equinoctial line
He circled; four times croſs'd the car of night
From pole to pole, traverſing each colure:
On th' eighth return'd; and, on the coaſt averſe
From entrance, or Cherubic watch, by ſtealth
Found un-ſuſpected way. There was a place,
Now not (tho' ſin, not time, firſt wrought the change)
Where TIGRIS, at the foot of Paradiſe,
Into a gulph ſhot under-ground, 'till part
Roſe up a fountain by the Tree of Life.
In with the river ſunk, and with it roſe
SATAN, involv'd in riſing miſt; then ſought
Where to lie hid: ſea he had ſearch'd, and land,
From EDEN over PONTUS, and the pool
MÆOTIS, up beyond the river OB:
Downward as far antartic: and in length,
Weſt from ORONTES, to the ocean barr'd
At DARIEN: thence, to the land where flows
GANGES, and INDUS. Thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow ſearch; and with inſpection deep
Conſider'd every creature, which of all
Moſt opportune might ſerve his wiles; and found
The ſerpent ſubt'leſt beaſt of all the field.
Him after long debate (irreſolute

Of thoughts revolv'd) his final ſentence choſe
Fit veſſel, fitteſt imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
From ſharpeſt ſight: for, in the wily ſnake
Whatever ſleights, none would ſuſpicious mark,
As from his wit, and native ſubtilty
Proceeding; which in other beaſts obſerv'd
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r,
Active within, beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd, but firſt from inward grief
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd.

O earth, how like to heav'n! if not prefer'd
More juſtly, ſeat worthier of gods, as built
With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For, what God after better, worſe would build?
Terreſtrial heav'n! danc'd round by other heav'ns
That ſhine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concentring all their pretious beams
Of ſacred influence! As GOD in heav'n
Is centre, yet extends to all; ſo thou
Centring, receiv'ſt from all thoſe orbs: in thee,
Not in themſelves, all their known virtue appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life,
Of growth, ſenſe, reaſon, all ſumm'd up in Man!
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought: ſweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains!
Now land, now ſea, and ſhores with foreſt crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! But, I in none of theſe
Find place, or refuge: and the more I ſee
Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful ſiege

Of

Of contraries: all good to me becomes
Bane; and in heav'n much worſe would be my ſtate.
But neither here ſeek I, no nor in heaven
To dwell, unleſs by maſt'ring heav'n's Supreme:
Nor hope to be my ſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I, though thereby worſe to me redound.
For only in deſtroying I find eaſe
To my relentleſs thoughts: and him deſtroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made; all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe:
In woe then! that deſtruction wide may range.
To me ſhall be the glory ſole among
Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
What He ALMIGHTY ſtyl'd, ſix nights, and days,
Continu'd making; and, who knows how long
Before had been contriving? though perhaps
Not longer than ſince I, in one night, freed
From ſervitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers. He, to be aveng'd,
And to repair His numbers thus impair'd;
Whether ſuch virtue ſpent of old now fail'd
More Angels to create (if they at leaſt
Are His created) or, to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
(Exalted from ſo baſe original!)
With heav'nly ſpoils; our ſpoils. What He decreed,
He effected; Man He made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his ſeat,
Him lord pronounc'd; and, O indignity!
Subjected to his ſervice angel-wings,
And flaming miniſters, to watch, and tend

Their earthly charge. Of these the vigilance
I dread; and to elude, thus wrap'd in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
In every bush, and brake, where hap may find
The serpent sleeping; in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast; and, mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate, and im-brute,
That to the height of Deity aspir'd!
But, what will not ambition, and revenge,
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low,
As high he soar'd; obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter e'er long, back on it self recoiles:
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd!
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy (this new favorite
Of heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker rais'd
From dust) spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
His midnight-search, where soonest he might find
The serpent. Him fast-sleeping soón he found,
In labyrinth of many a round self-rowl'd;
His head the midst, well-stor'd with subtile wiles:
Not yet in horrid shade, or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,
Fearless unfear'd he slept. In at his mouth
The Devil enter'd; and his brutal sense,
(In heart, or head) possessing, soon inspir'd
With act intelligential: but, his sleep

Disturb'd

Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In EDEN on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and His nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice: that done, partake
The season, prime of sweetest scents, and airs:
Then commune, how that day they best may ply
Their growing work (for much their work out-grew
The hands' dispatch of two, gard'ning so wide)
And EVE first to her husband thus began.

ADAM! well may we labor still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,
Our pleasant task injoin'd; but 'till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labor grows
Luxurious by restraint: what we by day
Lop over-grown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present:
Let us divide our labors: thou, where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb: while I,
In yonder spring of roses, intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress 'till noon.
For, while so near each other thus all day
Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on; which intermits

Our day's work; brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of ſupper comes un-earn'd.

To whom mild anſwer ADAM thus return'd.
Sole EVE, aſſociate ſole, to me beyond
Compare, above all living creatures dear!
Well haſt thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might beſt fulfil the work, which here
GOD hath aſſign'd us; nor of me ſhalt paſs
Unprais'd: (for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good;
And good works in her husband to promote.)
Yet not ſo ſtrictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labor, as to debar us when we need
Refreſhment, whether food, or talk between,
(Food of the mind) or this ſweet intercourſe
Of looks, and ſmiles: for, ſmiles from reaſon flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food;
Love, not the loweſt end of human life.
For, not to irkſome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reaſon join'd.
The paths, and bow'rs, doubt not but our joint-hands
Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
As we need walk; 'till younger hands e'er-long
Aſſiſt us. But, if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yield:
(For ſolitude ſometimes is beſt ſociety,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet return.)
But, other doubt poſſeſſes me; leſt harm
Befall thee, ſever'd from me: for, thou know'ſt
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe, and ſhame,
By ſly aſſault: and ſomewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find

His

His wiſh, and beſt advantage, us aſunder:
Hopeleſs to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other ſpeedy aid might lend at need.
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our fealty from GOD; or to diſturb
Conjugal love; (than which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more:)
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee Being, ſtill ſhades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger, or diſhonor lurks,
Safeſt, and ſeemlieſt by her husband ſtays,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt indures.

To whom the virgin-majeſty of EVE,
As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſtere compoſure thus reply'd.

Off-ſpring of heav'n, and earth, and all earth's Lord!
That ſuch an enemy we have, who ſeeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting Angel over-heard;
As in a ſhady nook I ſtood behind,
Juſt then return'd at ſhut of ev'ning flow'rs.
But, that thou ſhould'ſt my firmneſs therefore doubt
To GOD, or thee, becauſe we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'ſt not, being ſuch
As we (not capable of death, or pain)
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith, and love,
Can by his fraud be ſhaken, or ſeduc'd:
Thoughts! which how found they harbor in thy breaſt,
ADAM! miſ-thought of her to thee ſo dear?

To whom with healing words ADAM reply'd.
Daughter of GOD, and man, immortal EVE!
For ſuch thou art; from ſin, and blame, entire:
Not diffident of thee do I diſſuade
Thy abſence from my ſight; but, to avoid
Th' attempt it ſelf, intended by our foe.
For, he who tempts, though in vain, at leaſt aſperſes
The tempted with diſhonour foul; ſuppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Againſt temptation. Thou thy ſelf with ſcorn,
And anger would'ſt reſent the offer'd wrong,
Though in-effectual found: miſ-deem not then,
If ſuch affront I labor to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
Or daring, firſt on me th' aſſault ſhall light.
Nor thou his malice, and falſe guile, contemn:
Subtle he needs muſt be, who could ſeduce
Angels: nor think ſuperfluous other aid.
I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
Acceſs in every virtue; in thy ſight
More wiſe, more watchful, ſtronger (if need were
Of outward ſtrength) while ſhame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,
Would utmoſt vigor raiſe, and rais'd unite.
Why ſhould'ſt not thou like ſenſe within thee feel
When I am preſent, and the tryal chuſe
With me, beſt witneſs of thy virtue try'd?

So ſpake domeſtic ADAM in his care,
And matrimonial love: but EVE, who thought
Leſs attributed to her faith ſincere,
Thus her reply with accent ſweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell

In

In narrow circuit, ſtraiten'd by a foe,
Subtile, or violent, we not indu'd
Single with like defence, where-ever met;
How are we happy, ſtill in fear of harm?
But, harm precedes not ſin: only our foe
Tempting, affronts us with his foul eſteem
Of our integrity: —— his foul eſteem
Sticks no diſhonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himſelf: then wherefore ſhunn'd, or fear'd,
By us? who rather double honor gain
From his ſurmiſe prov'd falſe; find peace within,
Favor from heav'n, our witneſs, from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue un-aſſay'd
Alone, without exterior help ſuſtain'd?
Let us not then ſuſpect our happy ſtate
Left ſo imperfect by the Maker wiſe,
As not ſecure to ſingle, or combin'd:
Frail is our happineſs, if this be ſo,
And EDEN were no EDEN, thus expos'd.

To whom thus ADAM fervently reply'd.
O woman! beſt are all things as the will
Of GOD ordain'd them: His creating hand
Nothing imperfect, or deficient, left
Of all that He created; much leſs man,
Or ought that might his happy ſtate ſecure.
Secure from outward force, within himſelf
The danger lyes, yet lyes within his pow'r;
Againſt his will he can receive no harm:
But, GOD left free the will; for, what obeys
Reaſon, is free; and reaſon He made right:
But, bid her well beware, and ſtill erect;
Left by ſome fair appearing good ſurpriz'd,
She dictate falſe; and miſ-inform the will
To do what GOD expreſly hath forbid,

Not then miſtruſt, but tender love, injoins
That I ſhould mind thee oft; and mind thou me!
Firm we ſubſiſt, yet poſſible to ſwerve;
Since reaſon not impoſſible may meet
Some ſpecious object, by the foe ſuborn'd;
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping ſtricteſt watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better; and moſt likely, if from me
Thou ſever not; tryal will come un-ſought.
Would'ſt thou approve thy conſtancy? Approve
Firſt thy obedience: th' other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted? who attеſt?
But, if thou think tryal un-ſought may find
Us both ſecurer, than thus warn'd thou ſeem'ſt—
Go!— for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more:
Go in thy native innocence! rely
On what thou haſt of virtue, ſummon all!
For GOD tow'rds thee hath done His part, do thine.

So ſpake the patriarch of mankind; but EVE
Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, reply'd.

With thy permiſſion then, and thus forewarn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
Touch'd only; that our tryal, when leaſt ſought,
May find us both perhaps far leſs prepar'd,
The willinger I go: nor much expect
A foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.

Thus ſaying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew; and like a Wood-Nymph light
OREAD, or DRYAD, or of DELIA's train,
Betook her to the groves: but DELIA's ſelf

In gait ſurpaſs'd, and Goddeſs-like deport:
Though not, as ſhe, with bow and quiver arm'd;
But with ſuch gard'ning-tools as art, yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.
To PALES, or POMONA, thus adorn'd,
Likelieſt ſhe ſeem'd, (POMONA, when ſhe fled
VERTUMNUS) or to CERES in her prime,
Yet virgin of PROSERPINA from JOVE.
Her long with ardent look his eye perſu'd
Delighted! but deſired more her ſtay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; ſhe to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r;
And all things in beſt order, to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, (hapleſs EVE!)
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that hour in Paradiſe
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe!
Such ambuſh, laid among ſweet flow'rs and ſhades,
Waited with helliſh rancor imminent
To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back
Deſpoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliſs!——
For now, and ſince firſt break of dawn, the fiend
(Mere ſerpent in appearance) forth was come;
And on his queſt, where likelieſt he might find
The only two of mankind; but, in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bow'r, and field he ſought, where any tuft
Of grove, or garden-plot more pleaſant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight,
By fountain, or by ſhady rivulet.
He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
EVE ſeparate: he wiſh'd, but not with hope
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd: when to his wiſh,

Beyond

Beyond his hope, EVE ſeparate he ſpies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half-ſpy'd, ſo thick the roſes buſhing round
About her glow'd; half-ſtooping to ſupport
Each flow'r of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or ſpeck'd with gold,
Hung drooping un-ſuſtain'd: them ſhe up-ſtays
Gently with myrtle-band; mindleſs the while
Her ſelf, though faireſt un-ſupported flow'r,
From her beſt prop ſo far, and ſtorm ſo nigh!
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of ſtatelieſt covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble, and bold; now hid, now ſeen,
Among thick-woven arborets, and flow'rs,
Im-border'd on each bank, the hand of EVE:
(Spot more delicious! than thoſe gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd ADONIS; or renown'd
ALCINOUS, hoſt of old LAERTES' ſon;
Or that, not myſtic, where the ſapient King
Held dalliance with his fair ÆGYPTIAN ſpouſe.)
Much he the place admir'd, the perſon more:
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick, and ſewers, annoy the air,
Forth-iſſuing on a ſummer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages, and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural ſight, each rural ſound:
If chance, with Nymph-like ſtep, fair virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, for her now pleaſes more;
She moſt, and in her looks ſums all delight:
Such pleaſure took the ſerpent to behold
This flow'ry plat, the ſweet receſs of EVE
Thus early, thus alone. Her heav'nly form
Angelic, (but more ſoft, and feminine)

Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture, or least action, over-aw'd
His malice, and, with rapine sweet, bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
That space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But, the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid-heav'n, soon ended his delight;
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd: then, soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported, to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love; nor hope
Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure; but, all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost! Then, let me not let pass
Occasion, which now smiles. Behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts!
Her husband (for I view far round) not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mold;
Foe not informidable! exempt from wound:
I not: (so much hath hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in heav'n!)
She fair, divinely fair! fit love for Gods!
Not terrible: though terror be in love,
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate;
Hate, stronger under shew of love well feign'd;

The

The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So ſpake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd
In ſerpent, inmate bad! and toward EVE
Addreſs'd his way: not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as ſince; but on his rear,
Circular baſe of riſing folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a ſurging maze! His head
Creſted aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burniſh'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidſt his circling ſpires, that on the graſs
Floated redundant: pleaſing was his ſhape,
And lovely! Never ſince of ſerpent-kind
Lovelier; not thoſe that in ILLYRIA chang'd
HERMIONE, and CADMUS; or the God
In EPIDAURUS: nor, to which transform'd
AMMONIAN JOVE, or CAPITOLINE was ſeen;
He, with OLYMPIAS; this, with her who bore
SCIPIO, the height of ROME. With tract oblique
At firſt, (as one who ſought acceſs, but fear'd
To interrupt) ſide-long he works his way:
As when a ſhip, by ſkilful ſteers-man wrought
Nigh river's mouth, or fore-land, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her ſail:
So vary'd he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath, in ſight of EVE,
To lure her eye. She buſied, heard the ſound
Of ruſling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To ſuch diſport before her through the Field,
From every beaſt; more duteous at her call,
Than at CIRCEAN call the herd diſguis'd.
He, bolder now, un-call'd before her ſtood;
But, as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret creſt, and ſleek-enamel'd neck,
Fawning; and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.

His

His gentle dumb expreſſion turn'd at length
The eye of EVE, to mark his play: he, glad
Of her attention gain'd, (with ſerpent-tongue
Organic, or impulſe of vocal air)
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, ſov'reign miſtreſs! if perhaps
Thou canſt, who art ſole wonder; much leſs arm
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate; I thus ſingle; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker fair!
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy cœleſtial beauty adore,
With raviſhment beheld! there beſt beheld,
Where univerſally admir'd: but, here
In this incloſure wild, theſe beaſts among,
(Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcern
Half what in thee is fair) one man except,
Who ſees thee? and, what is one! who ſhouldſt be
A Goddeſs among Gods, ador'd, and ſerv'd
By Angels numberleſs, thy daily train.

So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd:
Into the heart of EVE his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling: at length,
Not un-amaz'd, ſhe thus in anſwer ſpake.

What may this mean? Language of man pronounc'd
By tongue of brute, and human ſenſe expreſs'd!
The firſt, at leaſt, of theſe I thought deny'd
To beaſts; whom GOD, on their creation-day,
Created mute to all articulate ſound:
The latter I demur; for, in their looks

Much

Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
Thee, serpent, subtil'st beast of all the field
I knew; but not with human voice indu'd.
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable, of mute; and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say! for, such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd:
Empress of this fair world, resplendent EVE!
Easy to me it is to tell thee all [obey'd.
What thou command'st; and right thou shouldst be
I was at first as other beasts, that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts, and low,
As was my food; nor ought, but food, discern'd
Or sex; and apprehended nothing high.
'Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly tree far-distant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,
Ruddy, and gold: I nearer drew, to gaze;
When from the boughs a savory odor blown,
Grateful to appetite! more pleas'd my sense
Than smell of sweetest fenel, or the teats
Of ewe, or goat, dropping with milk at ev'n,
Unsuck'd of lamb, or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd
Not to defer: hunger, and thirst, at once,
Pow'rful persuaders! quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
(For, high from ground, the branches would require
Thy utmost reach, or ADAM's) round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire

Longing,

Longing, and envying ſtood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting ſo nigh, to pluck, and eat my fill
I ſpar'd not; for, ſuch pleaſure 'till that hour,
At feed, or fountain, never had I found!
Sated at length, e'er-long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reaſon in my inward pow'rs; and ſpeech
Wanted not long; though to this ſhape retain'd.
Thenceforth to ſpeculations high, or deep,
I turn'd my thoughts; and, with capacious mind,
Conſider'd all things viſible in heav'n,
Or earth, or middle; all things fair, and good:
But, all that fair, and good, in Thy divine
Semblance, and in Thy beauty's heav'nly ray,
United I beheld: no Fair to Thine
Equivalent, or ſecond! which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worſhip Thee, of right declar'd
Sov'reign of creatures, univerſal dame!

So talk'd the ſpirited ſly ſnake: and EVE,
Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus reply'd.

Serpent! thy over-praiſing leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee firſt prov'd.
But ſay, where grows the tree? from hence how far?
For many are the trees of GOD that grow
In Paradiſe, and various, yet unknown
To us; in ſuch abundance lyes our choice,
As leaves a greater ſtore of fruit untouch'd:
Still hanging in-corruptible, till men
Grow up to their proviſion, and more hands
Help to diſ-burden nature of her birth.

To whom the wily adder, blithe, and glad.
Empreſs! the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Faſt by a fountain, one ſmall thicket paſt
Of blowing myrrh, and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither ſoon.

Lead then, ſaid EVE. He leading ſwiftly rowl'd
In tangles, and made intricate ſeem ſtrait,
To miſchief ſwift: hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his creſt: as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night
Condenſes, and the cold invirons round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil ſpirit attends)
Hovering, and blazing with deluſive light,
Miſ-leads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way,
Through bogs, and mires, and oft thro' pond, or pool;
There ſwallow'd up, and loſt, from ſuccor far!
So gliſter'd the dire ſnake, and into fraud
Led EVE, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe!
Which when ſhe ſaw, thus to her guide ſhe ſpake.

Serpent! we might have ſpar'd our coming hither,
Fruitleſs to me, though fruit be here to exceſs:
The credit of whoſe virtue reſt with thee;
Wond'rous indeed, if cauſe of ſuch effects!
But, of this tree we may not taſte, nor touch;
GOD ſo commanded; and left that command
Sole daughter of His voice: the reſt, we live
Law to our ſelves; our reaſon is our law.

To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd.
Indeed! Hath GOD then ſaid that of the fruit

Of

Of all theſe garden-trees ye ſhall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in earth, or air?

To whom thus EVE, yet ſinleſs. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But, of the fruit of this fair tree, amidſt
The garden, GOD hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat
Thereof, nor ſhall ye touch it, leſt ye die.

She ſcarce had ſaid, tho' brief, when now more bold
The tempter (but, with ſhew of zeal, and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong)
New part puts on; and, as to paſſion mov'd,
Fluctuates diſturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Rais'd, as of ſome great matter to begin.
As when of old ſome orator renown'd,
In ATHENS, or free ROME, where eloquence
Flouriſh'd (ſince mute!) to ſome great cauſe addreſs'd,
Stood in himſelf collected; while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience, e'er the tongue;
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:
So, ſtanding, moving, or to height up-grown,
The tempter all im-paſſion'd, thus began.

O ſacred, wiſe, and wiſdom-giving plant,
Mother of ſcience! now I feel thy pow'r
Within me clear; not only to diſcern
Things in their cauſes, but to trace the ways
Of higheſt agents, deem'd however wiſe.
Queen of this univerſe! do not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of death: ye ſhall not die:
How ſhould ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge: by the threatner? Look on me,
Me! who have touch'd, and taſted; yet both live,

And

And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? Or will GOD incense his ire
For such a petty trespass? and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc'd (whatever thing death be)
Deter'd not from atchieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good, and evil?
Of good, how just? of evil, (if what is evil
Be real) why not known, since easier shun'd?
GOD therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just:
Not just, not GOD; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear it self of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
Why, but to keep ye low, and ignorant,
His worshippers: He knows that in the day
You eat thereof, your eyes (that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim) shall perfectly be then
Open'd, and clear'd: and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both good, and evil, as they know.
That ye shall be as Gods, since I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet:
I of brute, human; ye of human, Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd,
Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring!
And what are Gods, that man may not become
As they, participating god-like food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I question it! for this fair earth I see,
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind;
Them, nothing: if they all things, who in-clos'd
Knowledge of good, and evil, in this tree,

That

That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offenſe, that man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt Him, or this tree
Impart againſt His will, if all be His?
Or is it envy? And can envy dwell
In heav'nly breaſts?— Theſe, theſe, and many more
Cauſes, import your need of this fair fruit:
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte!

He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too eaſy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone: and in her ears the ſound
Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd
With reaſon, (to her ſeeming) and with truth:
Mean-while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell
So ſavory of that fruit; which with deſire,
(Inclinable now grown to touch, or taſte)
Sollicited her longing eye: yet firſt
Pauſing a-while, thus to her ſelf ſhe mus'd.

Great are thy virtues, doubtleſs, beſt-of fruits!
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd;
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for ſpeech, to ſpeak thy praiſe.
Thy praiſe He alſo, who forbids thy uſe,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of knowledge; knowledge both of good, and evil:
Forbids us then to taſte! But, His forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For, good un-known, ſure is not had; or had,

And

And yet un-known, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids He but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not.— But, if Death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our in-ward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.—
How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n, and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns;
Irrational 'till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or, to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
For beasts it seems! yet, that one beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not; but, brings with joy
The good befall'n him; author un-suspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit, or guile.
What fear I then? rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good, and evil,
Of GOD, or Death, of law, or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine!
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise! What hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body, and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth-reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave sign of woe
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent: and well might: for, EVE
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
Regarded; such delight 'till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true,
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was God-head from her thought.

Greedily

Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint;
And knew not eating Death! Satiate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund, and boon,
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O sov'reign, virtuous, pretious of all trees
In Paradise! of operation blest
To sapience! hitherto obscur'd, in-fam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created: but, henceforth my early care
(Not without song, each morning, and due praise)
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all:
'Till dieted by thee, I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods, who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give:
For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe,
Best guide! not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret: heav'n is high,
High, and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth; and other care, perhaps,
May have diverted from continual watch
Our Great Forbidder, safe with all His spies
About Him.—But, to ADAM in what sort
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me? or rather not;
But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r
Without co-partner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal; and perhaps,
(A thing not un-desirable) sometime

Superior;

Superior: for inferior, who is free?
This may be well— But, what if GOD have seen,
And Death ensue? Then I shall be no more!
And ADAM, wedded to another EVE,
Shall live with her injoying, I extinct;
A death to think! Confirm'd then I resolve,
ADAM shall share with me in bliss, or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him, all deaths
I could endure; without him, live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd;
But first low reverence done, as to the Pow'r
That dwelt within; whose presence had in-fus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. ADAM the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labors crown:
As reapers oft are wont their Harvest-Queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd:
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the fault'ring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn, when first they parted. By the tree
Of knowledge he must pass; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning: in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt;
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd.

Hast thou not wonder'd, ADAM, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy

Thy preſence; agony of love! 'till now
Not felt, nor ſhall be twice; for, never more
Mean I to try, (what raſh un-try'd I ſought)
The pain of abſence from thy ſight. But ſtrange
Hath been the cauſe, and wonderful to hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger, taſted; nor to evil un-known
Op'ning the way; but, of divine effect,
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taſte;
And hath been taſted ſuch. The ſerpent wiſe,
(Or not reſtrain'd as we, or not obeying)
Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become
Not dead, as we are threaten'd; but, thenceforth
Indu'd with human voice, and human ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration! and with me
Perſuaſively hath ſo prevail'd, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond: opener mine eyes,
Dim erſt; dilated ſpirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead: which for thee
Chiefly I ſought: without thee can deſpiſe:
For, bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs;
Tedious, un-ſhar'd with thee, and odious ſoon.
Thou therefore alſo taſte, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love:
Leſt thou not taſting, different degree
Dis-join us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.

Thus EVE with count'nance blithe her ſtory told;
But, in her cheek diſtemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other ſide, ADAM, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by EVE, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood, and blank! while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd.

From his ſlack hand the garland wreath'd for EVE
Down drop'd, and all the faded roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood, and pale! 'till thus at length
Firſt to himſelf he inward ſilence broke.

O faireſt of creation! laſt, and beſt
Of all GOD's works! Creature, in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight, or thought, be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt! how on a ſudden loſt,
Defac'd, deflow'r'd, and now to death devote!
Rather, how haſt thou yielded to tranſgreſs
The ſtrict forbiddance! how, to violate
The ſacred fruit forbidd'n! Some curſed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet un-known;
And me with thee hath ruin'd: for, with thee
Certain my reſolution is to die!
How can I live without thee! how forego
Thy ſweet converſe, and love, ſo dearly join'd,
To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn!
Should GOD create another EVE, and I
Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart! no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: fleſh of fleſh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe!

So having ſaid, as one from ſad diſmay
Re-comforted, and, after thoughts diſturb'd,
Submitting to what ſeem'd remedileſs,
Thus in calm mood his words to EVE he turn'd.

Bold deed thou haſt preſum'd, adventrous EVE!
And peril great provok'd, who thus haſt dar'd,
Had it been only coveting to eye

That

That ſacred fruit: ſacred to abſtinence;
Much more to taſte it, under bann to touch.
But, paſt who can re-call, or done un-do?
Not GOD Omnipotent, nor fate! Yet ſo
Perhaps thou ſhalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not ſo heinous now, fore-taſted fruit,
Profan'd firſt by the ſerpent, by him firſt
Made common, and un-hallow'd, e'er our taſte:
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives;
Lives, as thou ſaid'ſt; and gains to live, as man,
Higher degree of life: inducement ſtrong
To us, as likely taſting to attain
Proportional aſcent; which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels, Demi-gods.
Nor can I think that GOD, Creator wiſe,
Though threatning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us, His prime creatures; dignify'd ſo high,
Set over all His works; which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt fail,
Dependent made: ſo GOD ſhall un-create,
Be fruſtrate, do, un-do, and labor loſe;
Not well conceiv'd of GOD: Who (tho' His pow'r
Creation could repeat) yet would be loth
Us to aboliſh; left the adverſary
Triumph, and ſay; "Fickle their ſtate whom GOD
"Moſt favors! who can pleaſe Him long? Me firſt
"He ruin'd; now mankind: whom will He next?"
Matter of ſcorn, not to be giv'n the foe.
However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom: if death
Conſort with thee, death is to me as life:
So forcible within my heart, I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own;
My own in thee! for, what thou art is mine:
Our ſtate cannot be ſever'd, we are one,

One fleſh; to loſe thee were to loſe my ſelf.

So ADAM; and thus EVE to him reply'd.
O glorious tryal of exceeding love,
Illuſtrious evidence, example high,
Engaging me to emulate! but, ſhort!
Of thy perfection, how ſhall I attain,
ADAM? from whoſe dear ſide I boaſt me ſprung;
And gladly of our union hear thee ſpeak,
One heart, one ſoul in both! whereof good proof
This day affords; declaring thee reſolv'd,
Rather than death, or ought than death more dread,
Shall ſeparate us (link'd in love ſo dear!)
To undergo with me one guilt, one-crime,
(If any be) of taſting this fair fruit:
Whoſe virtue (for of good ſtill good proceeds,
Direct, or by occaſion) hath preſented
This happy tryal of thy love; which elſe
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac'd would enſue
This my attempt, I would ſuſtain alone
The worſt, and not perſuade thee; rather die
Deſerted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace; chiefly, aſſur'd
Remarkably ſo late of thy ſo true,
So faithful love un-equal'd. But, I feel
Far otherwiſe th' event, not death, but life
Augmented; open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys.
Taſte ſo divine! that what of ſweet before
Hath touch'd my ſenſe, flat ſeems to this, and harſh.
On my experience, ADAM! freely taſte,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So ſaying, ſhe embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love

Had

Had ſo en-nobled, as of choice t' incur
Divine diſpleaſure for her ſake, or death.
In recompenſe (for ſuch compliance bad
Such recompenſe beſt merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair-inticing fruit,
With liberal hand: he ſcrupled not to eat,
Againſt his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs; and nature gave a ſecond groan:
Sky low'r'd, and mutt'ring thunder, ſome ſad drops
Wept, at compleating of the mortal ſin
Original! while ADAM took no thought,
Eating his fill; nor EVE to iterate
Her former treſpaſs fear'd; the more to ſooth
Him with her lov'd ſociety: that now
(As with new wine intoxicated both)
They ſwim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to ſcorn the earth. But, that falſe fruit
Far other operation firſt diſplay'd!
Carnal deſire inflaming, he on EVE
Began to caſt laſcivious eyes; ſhe him
As wantonly repaid; in luſt they burn:
'Till ADAM thus 'gan EVE to dalliance move.

EVE! now I ſee thou art exact of taſte,
And elegant, of ſapience no ſmall part;
Since to each meaning ſavor we apply,
And palate call judicious: I the praiſe
Yield thee, ſo well this day thou haſt purvey'd.
Much pleaſure we have loſt, while we abſtain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known 'till now
True reliſh, taſting: if ſuch pleaſure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wiſh'd,

For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come! ſo well refreſh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after ſuch delicious fare:
For, never did thy beauty, ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfection, ſo inflame my ſenſe
With ardor to enjoy thee; fairer now
Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!

So ſaid he, and forbore not glance, or toy
Of amorous intent; well underſtood
Of EVE, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeiz'd; and to a ſhady bank,
Thick over-head with verdant roof imbowr'd,
He led her nothing loth: flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's diſport
Took largely; of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
The ſolace of their ſin: 'till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them, weary'd with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapor bland
About their ſpirits had plaid, and inmoſt pow'rs
Made err, was now exhal'd; and groſſer ſleep,
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conſcious dreams
Incumber'd, now had left them; up they roſe
As from un-reſt: and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd! Innocence, that (as a veil)
Had ſhadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone;
Juſt confidence, and native righteouſneſs,
And honor, from about them: naked left
To guilty ſhame! he cover'd; but his robe

Unco-

Uncover'd more: ſo roſe the DANITE ſtrong,
HERCULEAN SAMSON, from the harlot-lap
Of PHILISTEAN DALILAH; and wak'd
Shorn of his ſtrength: they, deſtitute, and bare
Of all their virtue! Silent, and in face
Confounded, long they ſat, as ſtrucken mute:
'Till ADAM, though no leſs than EVE abaſh'd,
At length gave utterance to theſe words conſtrain'd.

O EVE! in evil hour thou didſt give ear
To that falſe worm, of whomſoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice: true in our fall,
Falſe in our promis'd riſing: ſince our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good, and evil!— good loſt, and evil got!—
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
(Our wonted ornaments,) now ſoil'd, and ſtain'd!
And in our faces evident the ſigns
Of foul concupiſcence; whence evil ſtore;
Ev'n ſhame, the laſt of evils; of the firſt
Be ſure then!— How ſhall I behold the face
Henceforth of GOD, or Angel, erſt with joy
And rapture ſo oft beheld? thoſe heavenly ſhapes
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
Inſufferably bright. O! might I here
In ſolitude live ſavage; in ſome glade
Obſcur'd, where higheſt woods (impenetrable
To ſtar, or ſun-light) ſpread their umbrage broad,
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines!
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never ſee them more!—
But, let us now, as in bad plight, deviſe
What beſt may for the preſent ſerve to hide

The parts of each from other, that ſeem moſt
To ſhame obnoxious, and unſeemlieſt ſeen.
Some tree, whoſe broad ſmooth leaves together ſow'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Thoſe middle parts; that this new-comer, ſhame,
There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counſel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickeſt wood: there ſoon they choſe
The fig-tree: not that kind for fruit renown'd;
But, ſuch as at this day (to INDIANS known
In MALABAR, or DECAN) ſpreads her arms
Branching ſo broad, and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree; a pillar'd ſhade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:
There oft the INDIAN herdſman ſhunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his paſturing herds
At loop-holes cut thro' thickeſt ſhade. Thoſe leaves
They gather'd, broad as AMAZONIAN targe:
And, with what skill they had, together ſow'd,
To gird their waiſt: vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt, and dreaded ſhame! O! how unlike
To that firſt naked glory! (ſuch of late
COLUMBUS found th' AMERICAN, ſo girt
With feather'd cincture; naked elſe, and wild
Among the trees, on iſles, and woody ſhores.)
Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their ſhame in part
Cover'd, but not at reſt, or eaſe of mind,
They ſat them down to weep. Nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes; but high winds worſe within
Began to riſe, high paſſions, anger, hate,
Miſtruſt, ſuſpicion, diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Their inward ſtate of mind; calm region once,
And full of peace; now toſt, and turbulent!

For,

For, underſtanding rul'd not; and the will
Heard not her lore! but, in ſubjection now
To ſenſual appetite, who from beneath
Uſurping, over ſov'reign reaſon claim'd
Superior ſway: from thus diſtemper'd breaſt,
ADAM, eſtrang'd in look, and alter'd ſtyle,
Speech intermitted thus to EVE renew'd.

[ſtay'd

Would thou hadſt hearken'd to my words, and
With me, as I beſought thee, when that ſtrange
Deſire of wand'ring, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence poſſeſs'd thee! We had then
Remain'd ſtill happy; not, as now, deſpoil'd
Of all our good; ſham'd, naked, miſerable—
Let none henceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe t' approve
The faith they owe: when earneſtly they ſeek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

[thus EVE.

To whom, ſoon mov'd with touch of blame,
What words have paſs'd thy lips, ADAM ſevere!
Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will
Of wandring (as thou call'ſt it) which, who knows
But might as ill have happen'd, thou being by;
Or to thy ſelf perhaps: hadſt thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou could'ſt not have diſcern'd
Fraud in the ſerpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy ſide?
As good have grown there ſtill a lifeleſs rib!
Being as I am, why didſt not thou, the head,
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger, as thou ſaid'ſt?
Too facil then, thou didſt not much gain-ſay;
Nay, didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.

Hadſt thou been firm, and fix'd, in thy diſſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with me.

To whom, then firſt incens'd, ADAM reply'd:
Is this the love, is this the recompenſe
Of mine to thee, ingrateful EVE! expreſt
Immutable, when thou wert loſt, not I;
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliſs:
Yet willingly choſe rather death with thee.
And am I now upbraided, as the cauſe
Of thy tranſgreſſing?—Not enough ſevere,
It ſeems, in my reſtraint!—What could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee; fore-told
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait: beyond this, had been force;
And force upon free-will hath here no place.
But, confidence then bore thee on; ſecure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious tryal. And perhaps
I alſo err'd, in over-much admiring
What ſeem'd in thee ſo perfect, that I thought
No evil durſt attempt thee: but, I rue
That error now, which is become my crime;
And thou th' accuſer!—Thus it ſhall befall
Him, who to worth in women over-truſting,
Lets her will rule: reſtraint ſhe will not brook;
And left to herſelf, if evil thence enſue,
She firſt his weak indulgence will accuſe.—

Thus they in mutual accuſation ſpent
The fruitleſs hours; but neither ſelf-condemning:
And of their vain conteſt appear'd no end.

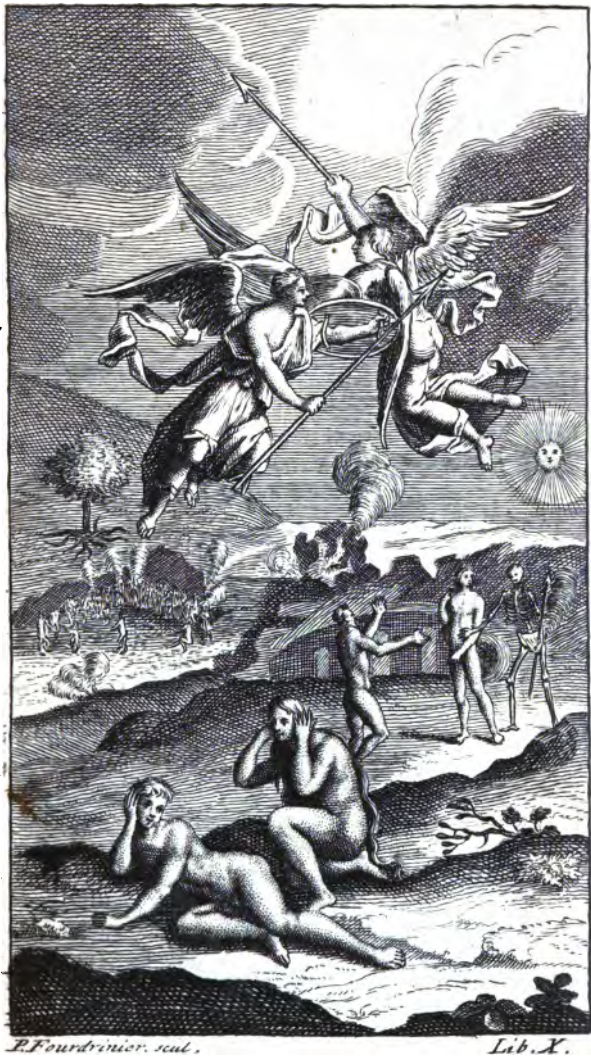
*The end of the ninth Book.*

THE

# THE TENTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

*Man's tranſgreſſion known, the Guardian-Angels forſake Paradiſe, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance; and are approv'd,* God *declaring that the entrance of* Satan *could not be by them prevented. He ſends His* Son *to judge the tranſgreſſors; who deſcends, and gives ſentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and re-aſcends.* Sin *and* Death, *ſitting 'till then at the gates of hell, by wond'rous ſympathy feeling the ſucceſs of* Satan *in this new world, and the ſin by man there committed, reſolve to ſit no longer confin'd in hell, but to follow* Satan *their ſire up to the place of man: to make the way eaſier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way, or bridge, over* Chaos, *according to the track that* Satan *firſt made; then, preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his ſucceſs, returning to hell: their mutual gratulation:* Satan *arrives at* Pandæmonium, *in full aſſembly relates with boaſting his ſucceſs againſt man: inſtead of applauſe, is entertain'd with a general hiſs by all his audience, tranſform'd, with himſelf alſo, ſuddenly into ſerpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradiſe: then, deluded with a ſhew of the forbidden tree ſpringing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew duſt and bitter aſhes. The proceedings of* Sin *and* Death; God *foretels the final victory of His* Son *over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the preſent commands His Angels to make ſeveral alterations in the heavens, and elements.* Adam, *more and more perceiving his fall'n condition, heavily bewails: rejects the condolement of* Eve; *ſhe perſiſts, and at length appeaſes him: then, to evade the curſe likely to fall on their off-ſpring, propoſes to* Adam *violent ways, which he approves not; but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promiſe made them, that her ſeed ſhould be reveng'd on the ſerpent; and exhorts her with him to ſeek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and ſupplication.*



P. Fourdrinier. scul. Lib. X.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK X.

Mean-while the hainous and deſpiteful act
Of SATAN, done in Paradiſe, and how
He, in the ſerpent, had perverted EVE,
Her husband ſhe, to taſte the fatal fruit,
Was known in heav'n: for, what can 'ſcape the eye
Of GOD all-ſeeing, or deceive His heart
Omniſcient? Who, in all things wiſe, and juſt,
Hinder'd not SATAN to attempt the mind
Of man; with ſtrength entire, and free-will, arm'd;
Complete to have diſcover'd, and repuls'd
Whatever wiles of foe, or ſeeming friend.
For, ſtill they knew, (and ought t' have ſtill remember'd)
The high injunction, not to taſte that fruit,
Whoever tempted: which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they leſs?) the penalty;
And, manifold in ſin, deſerv'd to fall.

Up

Up into heav'n, from Paradiſe, in haſte
Th' angelic guards aſcended, mute, and ſad,
For man; for, of his ſtate by this they knew:
Much wond'ring how the ſubtil fiend had ſtol'n
Entrance unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at heaven-gate, diſpleas'd
All were who heard: dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time cœleſtial viſages; yet, mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' æthereal people ran, to hear, and know,
How all befel: they tow'rds the Throne Supreme,
Accountable, made haſte, to make appear,
With righteous plea, their utmoſt vigilance;
And eaſily approv'd: when the Moſt High
Eternal FATHER, from His ſecret cloud
Amidſt, in thunder utter'd thus His voice.

Aſſembled Angels, and ye Pow'rs return'd
From un-ſucceſsful charge! be not diſmay'd,
Nor troubled at theſe tidings from the earth,
Which your ſincereſt care could not prevent;
Fore-told ſo lately what would come to paſs,
When firſt this tempter croſs'd the gulf from hell.
I told ye then he ſhould prevail, and ſpeed
On his bad errand; man ſhould be ſeduc'd,
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Againſt his Maker: no decree of Mine
Concurring to neceſſitate his fall;
Or touch with lighteſt moment of impulſe
His free-will, to her own inclining left
In even ſcale. But, fall'n he is: and now
What reſts, but that the mortal ſentence paſs
On his tranſgreſſion, — death denounc'd that day;
Which he preſumes already vain, and void,

Becauſe

Becauſe not yet inflicted, (as he fear'd)
By ſome immediate ſtroke: but, ſoon ſhall find
Forbearance no acquittance, e'er day end.
Juſtice ſhall not return, as bounty, ſcorn'd.
But, whom ſend I to judge them? whom, but Thee
Vicegerent SON? To Thee I have transfer'd
All judgment, whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.
Eaſy it might be ſeen that I intend
Mercy collegue with juſtice, ſending Thee,
Man's friend, his Mediator, his deſign'd
Both Ranſom, and Redeemer, voluntary;
And deſtin'd man Himſelf, to judge man fall'n.

So ſpake the FATHER, and unfolding bright
Tow'rd the right hand His glory, on the SON
Blaz'd forth un-clouded Deity: He full
Reſplendent all His FATHER manifeſt
Expreſs'd, and thus divinely anſwer'd mild.

FATHER eternal! Thine is to decree;
Mine, both in heav'n, and earth, to do Thy will
Supreme; that Thou in Me, Thy SON belov'd,
May'ſt ever reſt well pleas'd. I go to judge
On earth theſe Thy tranſgreſſors; but Thou know'ſt,
Whoever judg'd, the worſt on Me muſt light,
When time ſhall be; for, ſo I undertook
Before Thee: and, not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom,
On Me deriv'd. Yet, I ſhall temper ſo
Juſtice with mercy, as may illuſtrate moſt
Them fully ſatisfy'd, and Thee appeaſe.
Attendance none ſhall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
Thoſe Two: the Third beſt abſent is condemn'd;
Convict by flight, and rebel to all laws.

Con-

Conviction to the ſerpent none belongs.

Thus ſaying, from His radiant ſeat He roſe
Of high collateral glory: Him Thrones, and Pow'rs,
Princedoms, and Dominations miniſtrant,
Accompany'd to heaven-gate: from whence
EDEN, and all the coaſt, in proſpect lay.
Down he deſcended ſtrait: (the ſpeed of Gods
Time counts not, tho' with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.)
Now was the ſun in weſtern cadence low
From noon; and gentle airs, due at their hour,
To fan the earth now wak'd, and uſher in
The ev'ning cool; when He, from wrath more cool,
Came, the mild judge, and interceſſor both,
To ſentence man. The voice of GOD they heard,
Now walking in the garden, by ſoft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd: they heard,
And from His preſence hid themſelves, among
The thickeſt trees, both man, and wife: 'till GOD
Approaching, thus to ADAM call'd aloud.

Where art thou, ADAM! wont with joy to meet
My coming, ſeen far-off? I miſs thee here,
Not pleas'd; thus entertain'd with ſolitude,
Where obvious duty e'er-while appear'd un-ſought:
Or, come I leſs conſpicuous? Or, what change
Abſents thee? Or, what chance detains?—Come forth!

He came; and with him EVE, more loth, tho' firſt
To offend; diſcountenanc'd both, and diſcompos'd!
Love was not in their looks, either to GOD,
Or to each other; but, apparent guilt,
And ſhame, and perturbation, and deſpair,
Anger, and obſtinacy, and hate, and guile:
Whence ADAM, fault'ring long, thus anſwer'd brief.

I heard

I heard Thee in the garden, and of Thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid my ſelf. — To whom
The gracious Judge, without revile, reply'd.

My voice thou oft haſt heard, and haſt not fear'd,
But ſtill rejoyc'd: how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? Haſt thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou ſhould'ſt not eat?

To whom thus ADAM, ſore beſet, reply'd.
O heav'n! in evil ſtraight this day I ſtand
Before my Judge; either to undergo
My ſelf the total crime; or to accuſe
My other ſelf, the partner of my life:
Whoſe failing, while her faith to me remains,
I ſhould conceal, and not expoſe to blame
By my complaint. But, ſtrict neceſſity
Subdues me, and calamitous conſtraint!
Left on my head both ſin, and puniſhment,
However inſupportable, be all
Devolv'd. Tho' ſhould I hold my peace, yet Thou
Would'ſt eaſily detect what I conceal. —
This woman, whom Thou mad'ſt to be my help,
And gav'ſt me as Thy perfect gift, ſo good,
So fit, ſo acceptable, ſo divine,
That from her hand I could ſuſpect no ill;
And what ſhe did, whatever in it ſelf,
Her doing ſeem'd to juſtifie the deed;
She gave me of the tree, — and I did eat!

To whom the Sov'reign Preſence thus reply'd.
Was ſhe thy GOD, that her thou didſt obey,
Before His voice? Or was ſhe made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal? that to her

Thou

Thou did'ſt reſign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein GOD ſet thee above her, made of thee,
And for thee: whoſe perfection far excell'd
Hers, in all real dignity. Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
Thy love; not thy ſubjection: and her gifts
Were ſuch, as under government well-ſeem'd;
Unſeemly to bear rule: which was thy part,
And perſon, had'ſt thou known thy ſelf aright.

So having ſaid, he thus to EVE in few:
Say, woman, what is this which thou haſt done?

To whom ſad EVE, with ſhame nigh over-whelm'd,
Confeſſing ſoon; yet not before her Judge
Bold, or loquacious, thus abaſh'd reply'd.——
The ſerpent me beguil'd, and I did eat!

Which when the Lord GOD heard, without delay
To judgment He proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent, though brute; un-able to transfer
The guilt on him, who made him inſtrument
Of miſchief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; juſtly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature. More to know
Concern'd not man, (ſince he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offenſe: yet GOD at laſt
To SATAN, (firſt in ſin,) his doom apply'd,
Though in myſterious terms; judg'd as then beſt:
And on the Serpent thus his curſe let fall.

Becauſe thou haſt done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beaſt of the field:
Upon thy belly groveling thou ſhalt go;
And duſt ſhalt eat, all the days of thy life:

Between

Between thee, and the woman, I will put
Enmity; and between thine, and her ſeed:
Her ſeed ſhall bruiſe thy head, thou bruiſe his heel.

So ſpake this oracle, then verify'd
When JESUS, Son of MARY (ſecond EVE)
Saw SATAN fall, like lightning, down from heav'n,
Prince of the air: then, riſing from his grave,
Spoil'd Principalities, and Pow'rs, triumph'd
In open ſhew; and, with aſcenſion bright,
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm it ſelf of SATAN, long uſurp'd;
Whom He ſhall tread at laſt under our feet:
Ev'n HE, who now foretold his fatal bruiſe;
And to the woman thus His ſentence turn'd.

Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou ſhalt bring
In ſorrow forth; and, to thy husband's will
Thine ſhall ſubmit; he over thee ſhall rule.

On ADAM laſt thus judgment he pronounc'd:
Becauſe thou haſt hearken'd to th' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſaying, thou ſhalt not eat thereof:
Curs'd is the ground for thy ſake: thou in ſorrow
Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life:
Thorns alſo, and thiſtles, it ſhall bring thee forth
Un-bid; and thou ſhalt eat th' herb of the field.
In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread,
'Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground waſt taken, (know thy birth)
For duſt thou art, and ſhalt to duſt return.

So judg'd He man, both Judge, and Savior ſent;
And

And th' inſtant ſtroke of death, denounc'd that day,
Remov'd far off: then, pitying how they ſtood
Before Him naked to the air, (that now
Muſt ſuffer change) diſdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of ſervant to aſſume:
As when He waſh'd His ſervants' feet; ſo now,
As father of His family, He clad
Their nakedneſs with ſkins of beaſts; or ſlain,
Or (as the ſnake) with youthful coat re-paid:
And thought not much to cloath His enemies.
Nor He their outward only, with the ſkins
Of beaſts; but inward nakedneſs (much more
Opprobrious!) with His robe of righteouſneſs
Arraying, cover'd from His FATHER's ſight.
To Him with ſwift aſcent He up return'd,
(Into His bliſsful boſom re-aſſum'd
In glory, as of old) to Him appeas'd,
All (tho' all-knowing) what had paſt with man
Recounted, mixing interceſſion ſweet.

Mean-while, e'er thus was ſin'd, and judg'd, on earth,
Within the gates of hell ſat SIN, and DEATH,
In counter-view within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outragious flame
Far into Chaos, ſince the fiend paſs'd through,
SIN op'ning: who thus now to DEATH began.

O ſon! why ſit we here, each other viewing
Idly, while SATAN, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier ſeat provides
For us, his off-ſpring dear? It cannot be
But that ſucceſs attends him: if miſ-hap,
E'er this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his avengers; ſince no place like this
Can fit his puniſhment, or their revenge.

Methinks

Methinks I feel new ſtrength within me riſe,
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large,
Beyond this Deep: whatever draws me on,
Or ſympathy, or ſome connat'ral force,
Pow'rful at greateſt diſtance to unite,
With ſecret amity, things of like kind,
By ſecreteſt conveyance. Thou, my ſhade
Inſeparable, muſt with me along;
For, DEATH from SIN no pow'r can ſeparate.
But, leſt the difficulty of paſſing back
Stay his return, perhaps, over this gulf
Impaſſable, impervious; let us try
(Adventrous work! yet to thy pow'r, and mine,
Not un-agreeable) to found a path
Over this Main, from hell to that new world,
Where SATAN now prevails; a monument
Of merit high, to all th' infernal hoſt;
Eaſing their paſſage hence, for intercourſe,
Of tranſmigration, as their lot ſhall lead.
Nor can I miſs the way, ſo ſtrongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction, and inſtinct.

Whom thus the meagre ſhadow anſwer'd ſoon.
Go, whither fate, and inclination ſtrong
Leads thee; I ſhall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading: ſuch a ſcent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable! and taſte
The ſavor of death from all things there that live.
Nor ſhall I to the work thou enterpriſeſt
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So ſaying, with delight he ſnuff'd the ſmell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Againſt the day of battel, to a field

And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd:
And at the brink of CHAOS, near the foot
Of this new wond'rous pontifice, un-hop'd
Met, who to meet him came, his off-ſpring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at ſight
Of that ſtupendous bridge, his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring ſtood, 'till SIN, his fair,
Inchanting daughter, thus the ſilence broke.

O parent! theſe are thy magnific deeds;
Thy trophies! which thou view'ſt as not thine own;
Thou art their author, and prime architect,
For, I no ſooner in my heart divin'd
(My heart, which by a ſecret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion ſweet!)
That thou on earth hadſt proſper'd, which thy looks
Now alſo evidence, but ſtrait I felt
(Though diſtant from thee worlds between, yet felt)
That I muſt after thee, with this thy ſon:
Such fatal conſequence unites us three!
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds;
Nor this un-voyageable gulf obſcure
Detain, from following thy illuſtrious track.
Thou haſt atchiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within hell-gates 'till now: Thou us impower'd
To fortify thus far, and over-lay,
With this portentous bridge, the dark abyſs.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not: thy wiſdom gain'd,
With odds, what war hath loſt: and fully aveng'd
Our foil in heav'n: here thou ſhalt monarch reign;
There didſt not: there let Him ſtill victor ſway,
As battel hath adjudg'd; from this new world
Retiring, by His own doom alienated:
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide

Of

Of all things, parted by th' empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;
Or try thee, now more dang'rous to His throne.

Whom thus the Prince of darkneſs anſwer'd glad.
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grand-child both!
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race
Of SATAN (for I glory in the name,
Antagoniſt of heav'n's Almighty King)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that, ſo near heav'n's door,
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine, with this glorious work; and made one realm
Hell, and this world (our realm) one continent
Of eaſy thorough-fare. Therefore, while I
Deſcend through darkneſs, on your road with eaſe,
To my aſſociate Pow'rs, them to acquaint
With theſe ſucceſſes, and with them rejoice;
You two this way, among theſe numerous orbs
(All yours!) right down to Paradiſe deſcend:
There dwell, and reign in bliſs; thence on the earth
Dominion exerciſe, and in the air,
Chiefly on Man, ſole lord of all declar'd:
Him firſt make ſure your thrall, and laſtly kill.
My ſubſtitutes I ſend ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchleſs might
Iſſuing from me: on your joint vigor now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends;
Through ſin to death expos'd, by my exploit.
If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of hell
No detriment need fear; go, and be ſtrong!

So ſaying, he diſmiſs'd them: they with ſpeed
Their courſe through thickeſt conſtellations held,
Spreading their bane: the blaſted ſtars look'd wan;

And planets, planet-ſtruck, real eclipſe
Then ſuffer'd. Th' other way, SATAN went down
The cauſey to hell-gate: on either ſide,
Diſparted CHAOS over-built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding ſurge the bars aſſail'd,
That ſcorn'd his indignation. Through the gate,
Wide open, and un-guarded, SATAN paſs'd;
And all about found deſolate: for thoſe
Appointed to ſit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world: the reſt were all
Far to th' in-land retir'd, about the walls
Of PANDÆMONIUM; city, and proud ſeat
Of LUCIFER (ſo by alluſion call'd,
Of that bright ſtar to SATAN paragon'd)
There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand
In council ſat, ſollicitous what chance
Might intercept their Emperor ſent: ſo he
Departing gave command, and they obſerv'd.
As when the TARTAR from his RUSSIAN foe,
By ASTRACAN, over the ſnowy plains,
Retires: or BACTRIAN Sophy from the horns
Of TURKISH Creſcent, leaves all waſte beyond
The realm of ALADULE, in his retreat
To TAURIS, or CASBIN: ſo theſe (the late
Heav'n-baniſh'd hoſt) left deſert utmoſt hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis; and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer, from the ſearch
Of foreign worlds. He through the midſt unmark'd,
In ſhew plebeian Angel militant
Of loweſt order, paſs'd; and from the door
Of that PLUTONIAN hall, inviſible
Aſcended his high throne: which, under ſtate
Of richeſt texture ſpread, at th' upper end
Was plac'd, in regal luſtre. Down a-while

He ſat, and round about him ſaw, un-ſeen.
At laſt, as from a cloud, his fulgent head,
And ſhape ſtar-bright, appear'd, (or brighter; clad
With what permiſſive glory ſince his fall
Was left him, or falſe glitter.) All amaz'd
At that ſo ſudden blaze, the STYGIAN throng
Bent their aſpect; and, whom they wiſh'd, beheld,
Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim!
Forth ruſh'd in haſte the great conſulting Peers,
Rais'd from their dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him; who with hand
Silence, and with theſe words, attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!
For, in poſſeſſion ſuch, not only of right
I call ye, and declare ye now; return'd
Succeſsful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the houſe of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant! Now poſſeſs,
As lords, a ſpatious world; t' our native heav'n
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done; what ſuffer'd; with what pain
Voyag'd th' un-real, vaſt, un-bounded Deep
Of horrible confuſion! Over which,
By SIN, and DEATH, a broad way now is pav'd,
To expedite your glorious march: but, I
Toil'd out my uncouth paſſage, forc'd to ride
Th' untractable abyſs, plung'd in the womb
Of un-original NIGHT, and CHAOS wild:
That, jealous of their ſecrets, fiercely oppos'd
My journey ſtrange, with clamorous uproar
Proteſting fate ſupreme: thence, how I found
The new-created world, which fame in heav'n

Long had fore-told: a fabric wonderful!
Of abſolute perfection! therein Man,
Plac'd in a Paradiſe, by our exile
Made happy. Him by fraud I have ſeduc'd
From his Creator; and, (the more t' increaſe
Your wonder) with an apple. He thereat
Offended, (worth your laughter!) hath giv'n up
Both His beloved Man, and all His world,
To SIN, and DEATH, a prey; and ſo, to Us;
Without our hazard, labor, or alarm;
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he ſhould have rul'd.
True is, me alſo He hath judg'd (or rather
Me not, but the brute ſerpent, in whoſe ſhape
Man I deceiv'd.) That which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which He will put between
Me, and mankind; I am to bruiſe his heel;
His ſeed, (when is not ſet,) ſhall bruiſe my head.
A world who would not purchaſe with a bruiſe,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods!
But up, and enter now into full bliſs?——

So having ſaid, a-while he ſtood, expecting
Their univerſal ſhout, and high applauſe,
To fill his ear: when, contrary, he hears
On all ſides, from innumerable tongues,
A diſmal univerſal hiſs, the ſound
Of public ſcorn! He wonder'd, but not long
Had leiſure, wond'ring at himſelf now more:
His viſage drawn he felt to ſharp, and ſpare;
His arms clung to his ribs; his legs intwining
Each other, 'till ſupplanted down he fell;
A monſtrous ſerpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant; but in vain! a greater pow'r

Now

Now rul'd him, puniſh'd in the ſhape he ſin'd,
According to his doom. He would have ſpoke;
But, hiſs for hiſs return'd, with forked tongue,
To forked tongue: for, now were all transform'd
Alike, to ſerpents all, as accеſſories
To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
Of hiſſing through the hall! thick ſwarming now
With complicated monſters, head, and tail;
Scorpion, and aſp, and amphisbæna dire,
Cerаſtes horn'd, hydrus, and ellops drear,
And dipſas. (Not ſo thick ſwarm'd once the ſoil
Bedrop'd with blood of GORGON; or, the iſle
OPHIUSA.) But, ſtill greateſt he the midſt,
Now dragon grown; larger than whom the ſun
Ingender'd in the PYTHIAN vale on ſlime,
Huge PYTHON! and his pow'r no leſs he ſeem'd
Above the reſt ſtill to remain. They all
Him follow'd, iſſuing forth to th' open field;
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood, or juſt array;
Sublime with expectation, when to ſee
In triumph iſſuing forth their glorious Chief.
They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead! a crowd
Of ugly ſerpents: horror on them fell,
And horrid ſympathy: for, what they ſaw,
They felt themſelves, now changing: down their arms,
Down fell both ſpear and ſhield; down they as faſt:
And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd, by contagion; like in puniſhment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame,
Caſt on themſelves from their own mouths. There ſtood
A grove hard by, ſprung up with this their change,
(His will, who reigns above!) to aggravate
Their patience, laden with fruit, like that

Which grew in Paradiſe, the bait of EVE
Us'd by the tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
Their earneſt eyes they fix'd, imagining,
For one forbidden tree, a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe, or ſhame:
Yet, parch'd with ſcalding thirſt, and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them ſent, could not abſtain:
But, on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, ſat thicker than the ſnaky locks
That curl'd MEGÆRA: greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage, fair to ſight (like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where SODOM flam'd:
This, more deluſive, not the touch, but taſte
Deceiv'd) they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with guſt, inſtead of fruit
Chew'd bitter aſhes, which th' offended taſte
With ſpattering noiſe rejected: oft they aſſay'd,
Hunger and thirſt conſtraining: drug'd as oft
With hatefulleſt diſreliſh, writh'd their jaws,
With foot, and cinders fill'd: ſo, oft they fell
Into the ſame illuſion; not as man,
Whom they triumph'd, once laps'd, Thus were they plagu'd
And worn with famine, long, and ceaſeleſs hiſs,
'Till their loſt ſhape, permitted, they reſum'd:
Yearly injoin'd, ſome ſay, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To daſh their pride, and joy, for man ſeduc'd.
However, ſome tradition they diſpers'd
Among the heathen, of their purchaſe got,
And fabled how the ſerpent, whom they call'd
OPHION, with EURYNOME (the wide-
Encroaching EVE perhaps) had firſt the rule
Of high OLYMPUS; thence by SATURN driv'n,
And OPS, e'er yet DICTÆAN JOVE was born.

Mean-

Mean-while, in Paradiſe the helliſh pair
Too ſoon arriv'd; SIN, there in pow'r before,
Once actual; now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her DEATH,
Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horſe: to whom SIN thus began.

Second of SATAN ſprung, all-conqu'ring DEATH!
What think'ſt thou of our empire now? Tho' earn'd
With travel difficult, not better far,
Than ſtill at hell's dark threſhold t' have ſat watch,
Un-nam'd, un-dreaded, and thy ſelf half ſtarv'd?

Whom thus the ſin-born monſter anſwer'd ſoon:
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is hell, or paradiſe, or heav'n;
There beſt, where moſt with ravin I may meet:
Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little ſeems
To ſtuff this maw, this vaſt un-hide-bound corps.

To whom th' inceſtuous mother thus reply'd:
Thou therefore on theſe herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs
Feed firſt; on each beaſt next, and fiſh, and fowl;
No homely morſels! and, whatever thing
The ſcythe of TIME mowes down, devour unſpar'd:
'Till I in man reſiding, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect;
And ſeaſon him thy laſt, and ſweeteſt prey.

This ſaid, they both betook them ſeveral ways,
Both to deſtroy, or un-immortal make
All kinds; and for deſtruction to mature,
Sooner or later: which th' Almighty ſeeing,
From His tranſcendent ſeat the Saints among,
To thoſe bright Orders utter'd thus His voice.

See! with what heat theſe dogs of hell advance,
To waſte, and havock yonder world; which I
So fair, and good created: and had ſtill
Kept in that ſtate, had not the folly of man
Let in theſe waſteful furies; who impute
Folly to me: ſo doth the Prince of hell,
And his adherents, that with ſo much eaſe
I ſuffer them to enter, and poſſeſs,
A place ſo heav'nly; and conniving, ſeem
To gratify my ſcornful enemies;
That laugh, as if (tranſported with ſome fit
Of paſſion) I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their miſ-rule:
And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff, and filth,
Which man's polluting ſin with taint had ſhed
On what was pure: 'till cram'd, and gorg'd, nigh burſt,
With ſuck'd and glutted offal, at one ſling
Of Thy victorious arm, well-pleaſing SON!
Both SIN, and DEATH, and yawning GRAVE, at laſt,
Through Chaos hurl'd, obſtruct the mouth of hell
For ever, and ſeal up his ravenous jaws.
Then, heav'n, and earth renew'd, ſhall be made pure
To ſanctity, that ſhall receive no ſtain:
'Till then, the curſe pronounc'd on both precedes.

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the ſound of ſeas,
Through multitude that ſung! "Juſt are Thy ways,
"Righteous are Thy decrees on all Thy works;
"Who can extenuate Thee? Next, to the SON,
"Deſtin'd reſtorer of mankind, by whom
"New heav'n, and earth, ſhall to the ages riſe [ſong,
"Or down from heav'n deſcend." Such was their
While the Creator calling forth by name

His

His mighty Angels, gave them ſeveral charge,
As ſorted beſt with preſent things. The ſun
Had firſt his precept ſo to move, ſo ſhine,
As might affect the earth with cold, and heat,
Scarce tolerable: and from the north to call
Decrepit winter: from the ſouth to bring
Solſtitial ſummer's heat. To the blanc moon
Her office they preſcrib'd: to th' other Five,
Their planetary motions, and aſpects,
In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Oppoſite,
Of noxious efficacy; and when to join
In ſynod un-benign: and taught the Fix'd
Their influence malignant when to ſhow'r;
Which of them, riſing with the ſun, or falling,
Should prove tempeſtuous. To the winds they ſet
Their corners; when with bluſter to confound
Sea, air, and ſhore: the thunder, when to roll
With terror through the dark aëreal hall.
Some ſay, He bid His Angels turn aſcanſe
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees, and more,
From the ſun's axle; they with labor puſh'd
Oblique the centric globe: ſome ſay, the ſun
Was bid turn reins from th' æquinoctial road
Like diſtant breadth to Taurus, with the ſev'n
ATLANTIC ſiſters, and the SPARTAN twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence, down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change
Of ſeaſons to each clime: elſe had the ſpring
Perpetual ſmil'd on earth, with vernant flow'rs,
Equal in days, and nights, except to thoſe
Beyond the polar circles: to them day
Had un-benighted ſhon, while the low ſun
To recompenſe his diſtance, in their ſight
Had rounded ſtill th' horizon, and not known

Or eaſt, or weſt; which had forbid the ſnow
From cold ESTOTILAND; and ſouth as far
Beneath MAGELLAN. At that taſted fruit,
The ſun, as from THYESTEAN banquet, turn'd
His courſe intended: elſe, how had the world
Inhabited, though ſinleſs, more than now
Avoided pinching cold, and ſcorching heat?
Theſe changes in the heav'ns (tho' ſlow) produc'd
Like change on ſea, and land; ſidereal blaſt,
Vapor, and miſt, and exhalation hot;
Corrupt, and peſtilent! Now, from the north
Of NORUMBEQUE, and the SAMOED ſhore,
Burſting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
And ſnow, and hail, and ſtormy guſt, and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argeſtes loud,
And Thraſcias, rend the woods, and ſeas up-turn:
With adverſe blaſt up-turns them from the ſouth
Notus, and Afer, black with thund'rous clouds
From SIERRA LIONA: thwart of theſe, as fierce,
Forth ruſh the Levant, and the Ponent winds,
Eurus, and Zephyr; with their lateral noiſe,
Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
Out-rage from life-leſs things: but, Diſcord firſt
(Daughter of SIN) among th' irrational
DEATH introduc'd, through fierce antipathy:
Beaſt now with beaſt 'gan war, and fowl with fowl;
And fiſh with fiſh: to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other: nor ſtood much in awe
Of man, but fled him; or, with count'nance grim,
Glar'd on him paſſing. Theſe were from without
The growing miſeries, which ADAM ſaw
Already in part, though hid in gloomieſt ſhade,
To ſorrow abandon'd: but, worſe felt within!
And, in a troubled ſea of paſſion toſt,
Thus to diſburden ſought with ſad complaint.

O

O miſerable of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me ſo late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd, of bleſſed? Hide me from the face
Of GOD, Whom to behold was then my height
Of happineſs!—— Yet well, if here would end
The miſery; I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings: but, this will not ſerve!
All that I eat, or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice! once heard
Delightfully, *Increaſe, and multiply*;
Now death to hear! For, what can I increaſe,
Or multiply, but curſes on my head?
Who of all ages to ſucceed, but, feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My head? ill fare our anceſtor impure!
For this we may thank ADAM! but, his thanks
Shall be the execration! So, beſides
Mine own that 'bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound:
On me, as on their natural centre, light:
Heavy, though in their place! O fleeting joys
Of Paradiſe, dear-bought with laſting woes!
Did I requeſt Thee, Maker! from my clay,
To mold me man? Did I ſollicite Thee
From darkneſs to promote me? Or, here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concur'd not to my Being, it were but right,
And equal, to reduce me to my duſt;
Deſirous to reſign, and render back
All I receiv'd; un-able to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I ſought not. To the loſs of that,
(Sufficient penalty!) why haſt thou added
The ſenſe of endleſs woes? In-explicable

Thy

Thy juſtice ſeems.— Yet, to ſay truth, too late
I thus conteſt: then ſhould have been refus'd
Theſe terms, whatever, when they were propos'd.
Thou didſt accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? And, though GOD
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy ſon
Prove diſobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didſt thou beget me? I ſought it not!
Would'ſt thou admit, for his contempt of thee,
That proud excuſe? Yet him, not thy election,
But natural neceſſity, begot.
GOD made thee of choice His own, and of His own
To ſerve Him; thy reward was of His grace;
Thy puniſhment then juſtly is at His Will.
Be it ſo! for I ſubmit; His doom is fair,
That duſt I am, and ſhall to duſt return.
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute, what His decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I over-live?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible! How glad would lay me down,
As in my mother's lap! There I ſhould reſt,
And ſleep ſecure: His dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worſe
To me, and to my off-ſpring, would torment me
With cruel expectation!— Yet one doubt
Perſues me ſtill, leſt All I cannot die;
Leſt that pure breath of life, the ſpirit of man,
Which GOD inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal clod: then, in the grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath

Of life that sin'd: what dies, but what had life,
And sin? The body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For, though the LORD of All be infinite,
Is His wrath also? Be it! Man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can He exercise
Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?
Can He make deathless death? That were to make
Strange contradiction, which to GOD Himself
Impossible is held; as argument
Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will He draw out,
For anger sake, finite to infinite,
In punish'd man, to satisfy His rigor,
Satisfy'd never? That were to extend
His sentence beyond dust, and nature's law:
By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act;
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But, say
That Death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense: but, endless misery
From this day onward; which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me; and so last
To perpetuity—— Ah me! that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head: both Death, and I,
Am found eternal, and incorporate both.
Nor I on my part single; in me all
Posterity stands curs'd! fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons! O, were I able
To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!
So dis-inherited, how would ye bless
Me, now your curse! Ah! why should all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,

But all corrupt; both mind, and will, deprav'd;
Not to do only, but to will the ſame
With me? How can they then acquitted ſtand
In ſight of GOD? Him, after all diſputes,
Forc'd I abſolve: all my evaſions vain,
And reaſonings, (tho' thro' mazes) lead me ſtill
But to my own conviction: firſt, and laſt,
On me, me only, (as the ſource, and ſpring
Of all corruption) all the blame lights due:
So might the wrath! Fond wiſh! could'ſt thou ſupport
That burden, heavier than the earth to bear;
Than all the world much heavier; though divided
With that bad woman? Thus, what thou deſir'ſt,
And what thou fear'ſt, alike deſtroys all hope
Of refuge; and concludes thee miſerable,
Beyond all paſt example, and future:
To SATAN only like, both crime, and doom.
O conſcience! into what abyſs of fears,
And horrors, haſt thou driv'n me? Out of which
I find no way; from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus ADAM to himſelf lamented loud,
Through the ſtill night; not now (as e'er man fell)
Wholſom, and cool, and mild; but, with black air
Accompany'd; with damps, and dreadful gloom:
Which to his evil conſcience repreſented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Out-ſtretch'd he lay; on the cold ground! and oft
Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, ſince denounc'd
The day of his offenſe. Why comes not Death,
(Said he) with one thrice-acceptable ſtroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word?
Juſtice Divine not haſten to be juſt?
But, Death comes not at call; Juſtice Divine

Mends

Mends not her ſloweſt pace, for pray'rs, or cries!
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs!
With other echo late I taught your ſhades
To anſwer, and reſound far other ſong!——
Whom thus afflicted when ſad EVE beheld,
Deſolate where ſhe ſat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd:
But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my ſight, thou ſerpent!—— That name beſt
Befits thee, with him leagu'd; thy ſelf as falſe,
And hateful! nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,
Like his, and color ſerpentine, may ſhew
Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; leſt that too-heav'nly form, pretended
To hellish falſhood, ſnare them! But for thee
I had perſiſted happy; had not thy pride,
And wand'ring vanity, when leaſt was ſafe,
Rejected my fore-warning, and diſdain'd
Not to be truſted; longing to be ſeen,
Though by the devil himſelf; him over-weening
To over-reach: but, with the ſerpent meeting,
Fool'd, and beguil'd; by him thou, I by thee
To truſt thee from my ſide; imagin'd wife,
Conſtant, mature, proof againſt all aſſaults;
And underſtood not all was but a ſhew,
Rather than ſolid virtue; all but a rib,
Crooked by nature, bent (as now appears)
More to the part ſiniſter from me drawn;
Well if thrown out, as ſupernumerary
To my juſt number found!—— O! why did GOD,
Creator wiſe! that peopl'd higheſt heav'n
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature? And not fill the world at once

With

With men, as Angels, without feminine?
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? This miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befal: innumerable
Diſturbances on earth through female ſnares,
And ſtraight conjunction with this ſex: for, either
He never ſhall find out fit mate; but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake;
Or, whom he wiſhes moſt, ſhall ſeldom gain
Through her perverſeneſs; but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe: or, if ſhe love, with-held
By parents; or, his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd, and wedlock-bound
To a fell adverſary, his hate, or ſhame:
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſhold peace confound!——

He added not, and from her turn'd —— But EVE,
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and, embracing them, beſought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forſake me not thus, ADAM! Witneſs heav'n
What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and un-weeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees:—— bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel, in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength, and ſtay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me,—where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, (ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be peace! both joining
(As join'd in injuries) one enmity

Againſt a foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,
That cruel ſerpent!— On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred, for this miſery befall'n;
On me, already loſt! Me, than thy ſelf
More miſerable! Both have ſin'd! but, thou
Againſt GOD only; I, againſt GOD, and thee:
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune heav'n; that all
The ſentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
On me; ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe;
Me! me! only juſt object of His ire!

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight
Immoveable, 'till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd, and deplor'd, in ADAM wrought
Commiſeration: ſoon his heart relented
Tow'rds her, his life ſo late, and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs!
Creature ſo fair his reconcilement ſeeking,
His counſel, (whom ſhe had diſpleas'd) his aid!
At once diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt;
And thus with peaceful words up-rais'd her ſoon.

Unwary! and too deſirous (as before,
So now) of what thou know'ſt not, who deſir'ſt
The puniſhment all on thy ſelf! Alas!
Bear thine own firſt; ill able to ſuſtain
His full wrath, whoſe thou feel'ſt as yet leaſt part;
And my diſpleaſure bear'ſt ſo ill. If pray'rs
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would ſpeed before thee: and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be viſited;
Thy frailty, and infirmer ſex, forgiv'n;
To me committed, and by me expos'd.
But, riſe!— let us no more contend, nor blame

Each

Each other; blam'd enough elſewhere! but, ſtrive
In offices of love, how we may light'n
Each other's burden, in our ſhare of woe:
Since this day's death denounc'd (if ought I ſee)
Will prove no ſudden, but a ſlow-pac'd, evil;
A long day's dying, to augment our pain:
And to our ſeed (O hapleſs ſeed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus EVE, recov'ring heart, reply'd.
ADAM! by ſad experiment, I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found ſo erroneous; thence by juſt event
Found ſo unfortunate: nevertheleſs,
Reſtor'd by thee, (vile as I am!) to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to re-gain
Thy love (the ſole contentment of my heart,
Living, or dying) from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my un-quiet breaſt are ris'n:
Tending to ſome relief of our extremes,
Or end; though ſharp, and ſad, yet tolerable
As in our evils, and of eaſier choice.
If care of our deſcent perplex us moſt,
Which muſt be born to certain woe, devour'd
By DEATH at laſt, (and miſerable it is
To be to others cauſe of miſery,
Our own begotten; and of our loins to bring
Into this curſed world a woeful race;
That, after wretched life, muſt be at laſt
Food for ſo foul a monſter!) in thy pow'r
It lies yet, e'er conception, to prevent
The race un-bleſt, to Being yet un-begot.
Childleſs thou art, childleſs remain: ſo DEATH
Shall be deceiv'd his glut; and with us two
Be forc'd to ſatisfy his rav'nous maw.
But, if thou judge it hard, and difficult,

Con-

Converſing, looking, loving, to abſtain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces ſweet;
And with deſire to languiſh without hope,
Before the preſent object languiſhing
With like deſire: (which would be miſery,
And torment, leſs than none of what we dread)
Then, (both our ſelves, and ſeed, at once to free
From what we fear for both) let us make ſhort,—
Let us ſeek DEATH:—or, he not found, ſupply
With our own hands his office on our ſelves.
Why ſtand we longer ſhivering under fears,
That ſhew no end but death; and have the pow'r
Of many ways to die, the ſhorteſt chuſing,
Deſtruction with deſtruction to deſtroy?——

She ended here, or vehement deſpair
Broke off the reſt: ſo much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But ADAM, with ſuch counſel nothing ſway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Lab'ring had rais'd; and thus to EVE reply'd.

EVE! thy contempt of life, and pleaſure, ſeems
To argue in thee ſomething more ſublime,
And excellent, than what thy mind contemns.
But, ſelf-deſtruction therefore ſought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee: and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguiſh, and regret,
For loſs of life, and pleaſure, over-lov'd.
Or, if thou covet death, as utmoſt end
Of miſery; ſo thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd; doubt not but GOD
Hath wiſelier arm'd His vengeful ire, than ſo
To be foreſtall'd: much more I fear, leſt death,
So ſnatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain

We are by doom to pay. Rather, ſuch acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Higheſt,
To make death in us live! Then, let us ſeek
Some ſafer reſolution; which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our ſentence, that "*thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe*
"*The ſerpent's head:*" Piteous amends! unleſs
Be meant (whom I conjecture) our grand foe,
SATAN: who, in the ſerpent, hath contriv'd
Againſt us this deceit. To cruſh his head
Would be revenge indeed! which will be loſt
By death brought on our ſelves; or childleſs days
Reſolv'd, as thou propoſeſt: ſo, our foe
Shall 'ſcape his puniſhment ordain'd; and we
Inſtead ſhall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Againſt our ſelves; and wilful barrenneſs,
That cuts us off from hope; and ſavors only
Rancor, and pride, impatience, and deſpite,
Reluctance againſt GOD, and His juſt yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper He both heard, and judg'd,
Without wrath, or reviling. We expected
Immediate diſſolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day: when lo! to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth; ſoon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb. On me the curſe aſlope
Glanc'd on the ground; with labor I muſt earn
My bread: what harm? Idleneſs had been worſe:
My labor will ſuſtain me. And, leſt cold,
Or heat, ſhould injure us, His timely care
Hath, un-beſought, provided; and His hands
Cloath'd us unworthy; pitying while He judg'd.
How much more, if we pray Him, will His ear

Be

Be open, and His heart to pity incline?
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow;
Which now the sky, with various face, begins
To shew us in this mountain; while the winds
Blow moist, and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair-spreading trees: which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth, to cherish
Our limbs benumb'd; e'er this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter sere foment;
Or, by collision of two bodies, grind
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds
Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock
Tine the slant light'ning; whose thwart flame driv'n down,
Kindles the gummy bark of fir, and pine;
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun. Such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy, or cure
To evils, which our own mis-deeds have wrought;
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching Him. So as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By Him with many comforts, 'till we end
In dust; our final rest, and native home!
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where He judg'd us, prostrate fall
Before Him reverent; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly He will relent, and turn
From His displeasure: in whose look serene,

When

When angry moſt He ſeem'd, and moſt ſevere,
What elſe but favor, grace, and mercy, ſhone?

So ſpake our Father penitent: nor EVE
Felt leſs remorſe. They forthwith to the place
Repairing where He judg'd them, proſtrate fell
Before Him reverent; and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults; and pardon beg'd; with tears
Wat'ring the ground; and with their ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite; in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

*The end of the tenth Book.*

THE

# THE
# ELEVENTH BOOK
# OF
# PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

*The* SON *of* GOD *presents to His* FATHER *the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them:* GOD *accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise: sends* Michael *with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to* Adam *future things:* Michael's *coming down.* Adam *shews to* Eve *certain ominous signs: he discerns* Michael's *approach; goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure.* Eve's *Lamentation.* Adam *pleads, but submits: the Angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen 'till the Flood.*

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# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK XI.

THUS they, in lowlieſt plight, repentant ſtood
Praying; for, from the mercy-ſeat above,
Prevenient grace deſcending, had remov'd
The ſtony from their hearts, and made new fleſh
Regenerate grow inſtead; that ſighs now breath'd
Un-utterable; which the ſpirit of pray'r
Inſpir'd, and wing'd for heav'n with ſpeedier flight
Than loudeſt oratory. Yet, their port
Not of mean ſuitors; nor important leſs
Seem'd their petition, than when th' antient pair
In fables old (leſs antient yet than theſe)
DEUCALION, and chaſte PYRRHA, to reſtore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the ſhrine
Of THEMIS ſtood devout. To heav'n their pray'rs
Flew up, nor miſs'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond, or fruſtrate: in they paſs'd
Dimenſionleſs thro' heav'nly doors; then clad

With incenſe, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their Great Interceſſor, came in ſight
Before the FATHER's throne: them the glad SON
Preſenting, thus to intercede began.

[ſprung
See, FATHER! what firſt-fruits on earth are
From Thy implanted grace in man! theſe ſighs,
And pray'rs, which in this golden cenſer, mix'd
With incenſe, I Thy Prieſt before Thee bring:
Fruits of more pleaſing ſavor, from Thy ſeed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than thoſe
Which (his own hand manuring) all the trees
Of Paradiſe could have produc'd, e'er fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore, bend Thine ear
To ſupplication; hear his ſighs, though mute!
Unskilful with what words to pray, let Me
Interpret for him: Me, his advocate,
And propitiation; all his works on Me,
Good, or not good, ingraft: My merit thoſe
Shall perfect; and for theſe, My death ſhall pay.
Accept Me; and, in Me, from theſe receive
The ſmell of peace tow'rd mankind: let him live
Before Thee reconcil'd, (at leaſt his days
Number'd) tho' ſad; 'till death (his doom, which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverſe)
To better life ſhall yield him: where with Me
All My redeem'd may dwell, in joy, and bliſs;
Made one with Me, as I with Thee am One.

To Whom the FATHER, without cloud, ſerene.
All Thy requeſt for man, accepted SON!
Obtain; all Thy requeſt was My decree.
But, longer in that Paradiſe to dwell,
The law I give to nature him forbids.
Thoſe pure immortal elements, that know

No

No groſs, no un-harmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off,
(As a diſtemper) groſs, to air as groſs,
And mortal food; as may diſpoſe him beſt
For diſſolution wrought by ſin, that firſt
Diſtemper'd all things; and of in-corrupt,
Corrupted. I, at firſt, with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd; with happineſs,
And immortality: that, fondly loſt;
This other, ſerv'd but to eternize woe;
'Till I provided death: ſo death becomes
His final remedy: and, (after life
Try'd in ſharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith, and faithful works;) to ſecond life,
(Wak'd in the renovation of the juſt)
Reſigns him up, with heav'n, and earth renew'd.
But let US call to ſynod all the Bleſt,
Thro' heav'n's wide bounds: from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed;
As how with peccant Angels late they ſaw;
And in their ſtate, tho' firm, ſtood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the SON gave ſignal high
To the bright miniſter that watch'd: he blew
His trumpet (heard in OREB ſince, perhaps,
When GOD deſcended; and, perhaps, once more
To ſound at general doom.) Th' angelic blaſt
Fill'd all the regions: from their bliſsful bow'rs
Of amarantin ſhade, fountain, or ſpring,
By the waters of life, where-e'er they ſat
In fellowſhips of joy, the Sons of Light
Haſted, reſorting to the ſummons high;
And took their ſeats: 'till from His throne ſupreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd His Sov'reign Will.

O Sons! like one of Us man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit: but, let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got:
Happier! had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by it self, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite;
My motions in him: longer than they move,
His heart I know how variable, and vain,
Self-left. Left therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, (dream at least to live
For ever) to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth, to till
The ground whence he was taken; fitter soil!

MICHAEL, this My behest have thou in charge:
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors; lest the fiend,
(Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant possession) some new trouble raise.
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of GOD,
Without remorse, drive out the sinful pair;
From hallow'd ground th' unholy: and denounce
To them, and to their progeny, from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint,
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
(For I behold them soften'd, and with tears
Bewailing their excess) all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate: reveal
To ADAM what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee inlighten: intermix
My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd:
So send them forth, tho' sorrowing, yet in peace.

And

And on the east-side of the garden place
(Where entrance up from EDEN easiest climbs)
Cherubic watch; and of a sword the flame
Wide-waving; all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of life:
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all My trees their prey;
With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th' Arch-Angelic Pow'r prepar'd
For swift descent; with him the cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim: four faces each
Had, like a double JANUS; all their shape
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those
Of ARGUS; and more wakeful than to drouze,
Charm'd with ARCADIAN pipe, the past'ral reed
Of HERMES, or his opiate rod. Mean-while,
To re-salute the world with sacred light
LEUCOTHEA wak'd; and with fresh dews imbalm'd
The earth; when ADAM, and first matron EVE,
Had ended now their orisons; and found
Strength added from above; new hope to spring
Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to EVE his welcome words renew'd.

EVE! easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from heav'n descends:
But, that from us ought should ascend to heav'n,
So prevalent, as to concern the mind
Of GOD High-Blest; or, to incline His Will;
Hard to belief may seem: yet, this will pray'r,
Or one short sigh of human breath, up-born
Ev'n to the seat of GOD. For, since I sought
By pray'r th' offended Deity t' appease;
Kneel'd, and before Him humbl'd all my heart;

Methought I ſaw Him placable, and mild,
Bending His ear: perſuaſion in me grew
That I was heard with favor; peace returna'd
Home to my breaſt; and to my memory
His promiſe, that " thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe our foe:"
Which, then not minded in diſmay, yet now
Aſſures me that the bitterneſs of death
Is paſt, and we ſhall live. Whence, hail to thee!
EVE rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, ſince by thee
Man is to live; and all things live for man!

To whom thus EVE, with ſad demeanor meek:
Ill-worthy I, ſuch title ſhould belong
To me tranſgreſſor! who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy ſnare: to me reproach
Rather belongs, diſtruſt, and all diſpraiſe!
But, infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who firſt brought death on all, am grac'd
The ſource of life: next favorable, thou;
Who highly thus t' intitle me vouchſaf'ſt;
Far other name deſerving! But, the field
To labor calls us, now with ſweat impos'd,
Though after ſleepleſs night: for ſee! the morn,
All un-concern'd with our un-reſt, begins
Her roſy progreſs ſmiling: let us forth;
I never from thy ſide henceforth to ſtray,
Where-e'er our day's work lies; tho' now enjoin'd
Laborious, 'till day droop: while here we dwell,
What can be toilſom in theſe pleaſant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n ſtate, content!

So ſpake, ſo wiſh'd much-humbled EVE; but fate
Subſcrib'd not: nature firſt gave ſigns, impreſs'd
On bird, beaſt, air; air ſuddenly eclips'd,

After

After ſhort bluſh of morn: nigh in her ſight,
The bird of JOVE, ſtoop'd from his aëry tour,
Two birds of gayeſt plume before him drove:
Down from a hill the beaſt that reigns in woods,
(Firſt hunter then) perſu'd a gentle brace,
Goodlieſt of all the foreſt, hart, and hind;
Direct to th' eaſtern gate was bent their flight.
ADAM obſerv'd, and with his eye the chaſe
Perſuing, not unmov'd, to EVE thus ſpake.

O EVE! ſome further change awaits us nigh,
Which heav'n, by theſe mute ſigns in nature, ſhews
Fore-runners of His purpoſe: or to warn
Us, haply too ſecure, of our diſcharge
From penalty, becauſe from death releas'd.
Some days: how long, and what 'till then our life,
Who knows? Or more than this, that we are duſt,
And thither muſt return, and be no more?
Why elſe this double object in our ſight,
Of flight perſu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
One way the ſelf-ſame hour? Why in the eaſt
Darkneſs e'er day's mid-courſe? and morning-light
More orient in yon weſtern cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white;
And ſlow deſcends, with ſomething heavenly fraught?

He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a ſky of jaſper lighted now
In Paradiſe, and on a hill made halt:
A glorious apparition! had not doubt,
And carnal fear, that day dim'd ADAM's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
JACOB, in MAHANAIM; where he ſaw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright:
Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear'd

In DOTHAN, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Againſt the SYRIAN King; who to ſurprize
One man, aſſaſſine like, had levy'd war;
War un-proclaim'd. The Princely Hierarch
In their bright ſtand there left his Pow'rs, to ſeiſe
Poſſeſſion of the garden: he alone,
To find where ADAM ſhelter'd, took his way;
Not un-perceiv'd of ADAM, who to EVE,
While the great viſitant approach'd, thus ſpake.

EVE! now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will ſoon determine; or impoſe
New laws to be obſerv'd: for, I deſcry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heav'nly hoſt; and, by his gait,
None of the meaneſt: ſome great Potentate,
Or of the Thrones above, ſuch majeſty
Inveſts him coming! yet not terrible,
That I ſhould fear; nor ſociably mild,
As RAPHAEL, that I ſhould much confide;
But ſolemn, and ſublime: whom not t'offend,
With reverence I muſt meet, and thou retire.

He ended; and th' Arch-Angel ſoon drew nigh
Not in his ſhape cœleſtial, but as man
Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms
A military veſt of purple flow'd;
Livelier than MELIBOEAN, or the grain
Of SARRA, worn by Kings, and Heroes old,
In time of truce; IRIS had dip'd the wooff;
His ſtarry helm unbuckled, ſhew'd him prime
In manhood, where youth ended: by his ſide
(As in a glift'ring zodiac) hung the ſword,
SATAN's dire dread; and in his hand the ſpear.
ADAM bow'd low: he, kingly, from his ſtate

Inclin'd

Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

ADAM! heav'n's high beheſt no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and death,
(Then due by ſentence when thou didſt tranſgreſs)
Defeated of his ſeiſure many days,
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'ſt repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'ſt cover: well may then thy Lord, appeas'd,
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim.
But, longer in this Paradiſe to dwell
Permits not: to remove thee I am come,
And ſend thee from the garden forth, to till
The ground whence thou waſt taken, fitter ſoil!

He added not; for ADAM at the news
Heart-ſtruck with chilling gripe of ſorrow ſtood,
That all his ſenſes bound! EVE, who un-ſeen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.

O unexpected ſtroke, worſe than of death!
Muſt I thus leave thee, Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee, native ſoil! theſe happy walks, and ſhades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to ſpend,
Quiet, though ſad, the reſpit of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both! O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow;
My early viſitation, and my laſt
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt op'ning bud, and gave ye names!
Who now ſhall rear ye to the ſun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambroſial fount?
Thee laſtly, nuptial bow'r! by me adorn'd
With what to ſight, or ſmell, was ſweet! from thee

How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world; to this obſcure,
And wild? How ſhall we breathe in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:
Lament not, EVE! but patiently reſign
What juſtly thou haſt loſt: nor ſet thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound:
Where he abides, think there thy native ſoil.

ADAM, by this from the cold ſudden damp
Recovering, and his ſcatter'd ſpirits return'd;
To MICHAEL thus his humble words addreſs'd.

Cœleſtial! whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the higheſt; for ſuch of ſhape may ſeem
Prince above Princes! gently haſt thou told
Thy meſſage, which might elſe in telling wound,
And, in performing, end us: what beſides
Of ſorrow, and dejection, and deſpair,
Our frailty can ſuſtain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place (our ſweet
Receſs, and only conſolation left
Familiar to our eyes!) all places elſe
Inhoſpitable appear, and deſolate;
Nor knowing us, nor known. And if by pray'r
Inceſſant, I could hope to change the will
Of Him Who all things can, I would not ceaſe
To weary Him with my aſſiduous cries.
But, pray'r againſt His abſolute decree
No more avails, than breath againſt the wind;
Blown ſtifling back on him that breaths it forth:

There-

Therefore to His great bidding I submit!
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from His face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance! Here I could frequent
With worship, place by place, where He vouchsaf'd
Presence Divine: and to my sons relate;
" On this mount He appear'd; under this tree
" Stood visible; among these pines His voice
" I heard; here with Him at this fountain talk'd."
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf; and pile up every stone
Of lustre, from the brook; in memory,
Or monument of ages: and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?
For though I fled Him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd, and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold, though but His utmost skirts
Of glory; and far-off His steps adore.

To whom thus MICHAEL with regard benign.
ADAM! thou know'st heav'n His, and all the earth;
Not this rock only, His Omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by His virtual pow'r, and warm'd.
All th' earth He gave thee to possess, and rule;
No despicable gift! surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise, or EDEN: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations; and had thither come,
From all the ends of th' earth to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
But, this pre-eminence thou hast lost; brought down

To dwell on even ground now with thy ſons.
Yet, doubt not but in valley, and in plain,
GOD is, as here; and will be found alike
Preſent; and of His preſence many a ſign
Still following thee, ſtill compaſſing thee round
With goodneſs, and paternal love, His face
Expreſs, and of His ſteps the tract divine.
Which that thou may'ſt believe, and be confirm'd
E'er thou from hence depart; know, I am ſent
To ſhew thee what ſhall come in future days
To thee, and to thy off-ſpring: good with bad
Expect to hear; ſupernal grace contending
With ſinfulneſs of men; thereby to learn
True patience; and to temper joy, with fear,
And pious ſorrow; equally inur'd
By moderation either ſtate to bear,
Proſperous, or adverſe: ſo ſhalt thou lead
Safeſt thy life, and beſt prepar'd indure
Thy mortal paſſage when it comes. Aſcend
This hill; let EVE (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here ſleep below; while thou to foreſight wak'ſt;
As once thou ſlept'ſt, whilſt ſhe to life was form'd.

To whom thus ADAM gratefully reply'd:
Aſcend; I follow thee, ſafe guide! the path
Thou lead'ſt me; and to th' hand of heav'n ſubmit,
However chaſt'ning! to the evil turn
My obvious breaſt; arming to overcome
By ſuffering, and earn reſt from labor won;
If ſo I may attain!—So both aſcend
In the viſions of GOD. It was a hill,
Of Paradiſe the higheſt; from whoſe top
The hemiſphere of earth, in cleareſt ken,
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect lay.
Not high'r that hill, nor wider looking round,

Where-

Whereon (for different cauſe) the tempter ſet
Our ſecond ADAM, in the wilderneſs;
To ſhew Him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever ſtood
City, of old or modern fame; the ſeat
Of mightieſt empire: from the deſtin'd walls
Of CAMBALU, ſeat of CATHAIAN CHAM;
And SAMARCAND by OXUS, TEMIR's throne;
To PEKIN, of SINÆAN Kings: and thence
To AGRA, and LAHOR, of great MOGUL;
Down to the golden CHERSONESE: or where
The PERSIAN in ECBATAN ſat; or ſince
In HISPAHAN: or, where the RUSSIAN KZAR
In MOSCOW; or the SULTAN in BIZANCE,
TURCHESTAN-born: nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of NEGUS, to his utmoſt Port
ERCOCO; and the leſs maritim Kings,
MONBAZA, and QUILOA, and MELIND;
And SOFALA (thought OPHIR) to the realm
Of CONGO, and ANGOLA, fartheſt ſouth:
Or thence, from NIGER flood to ATLAS mount,
The kingdoms of ALMANSOR, FEZ, and SUS,
MOROCCO, and ALGIERS, and TREMISEN:
Or EUROPE thence, and where ROME was to ſway
The world: in ſpirit perhaps he alſo ſaw.
Rich MEXICO, the ſeat of MONTEZUME,
And CUSCO in PERU, the richer ſeat
Of ATABALIPA: and yet un-ſpoil'd
GUIANA; whoſe great city GERYON's ſons
Call EL DORADO. But, to nobler ſights,
MICHAEL from ADAM's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that falſe fruit that promis'd clearer ſight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphraſy, and rue,
The viſual nerve; for he had much to ſee;
And from the Well of Life three drops inſtill'd,

So

So deep the pow'r of theſe ingredients pierc'd
(Ev'n to the inmoſt ſeat of mental ſight)
That ADAM, now inforc'd to cloſe his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his ſpirits became intrans'd:
But, him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

ADAM! now ope thine eyes; and firſt behold
Th' effects, which thy original crime hath wrought
In ſome to ſpring from thee; who never touch'd
Th' excepted tree; nor with the ſnake conſpir'd;
Nor ſin'd they ſin; yet from that ſin derive
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable, and tilth; whereon were ſheaves
New reap'd: the other part, ſheep-walks, and folds:
I' th' midſt, an altar, as the land-mark, ſtood;
Ruſtic, of graſſy ſod: thither anon
A ſweaty reaper from his tillage brought
Firſt fruits, the green ear, and the yellow ſheaf;
Uncull'd, as came to hand: a ſhepherd next,
More meek, came with the firſtlings of his flock,
Choiceſt, and beſt: then ſacrificing, laid
The inwards, and their fat, with incenſe ſtrew'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd:
His off'ring ſoon propitious fire from heav'n
Conſum'd, with nimble glance, and grateful ſteam:
The other's not, for his was not ſincere.
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a ſtone,
That beat out life: he fell; and, deadly pale,
Groan'd out his ſoul, with guſhing blood effus'd!
Much at the ſight was ADAM in his heart
Diſmay'd, and thus in haſte to th' Angel cry'd.

O Teacher! ſome great miſchief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had ſacrific'd:
Is piety thus, and pure devotion paid?

T' whom MICHAEL thus (he alſo mov'd) reply'd:
Theſe two are brethren, ADAM, and to come
Out of thy loins: th' unjuſt the juſt hath ſlain;
For envy, that his brother's offering found
From heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd; and th' other's faith, approv'd,
Loſe no reward; though here thou ſee him die,
Rolling in duſt, and gore. To which our ſire.

Alas, both for the deed, and for the cauſe!
But, have I now ſeen DEATH? is this the way
I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terror, foul, and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus MICHAEL. DEATH thou haſt ſeen
In his firſt ſhape on man: but many ſhapes
Of DEATH, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave; all diſmal! yet to ſenſe
More terrible at th' entrance, than within.
Some (as thou ſaw'ſt) by violent ſtroke ſhall die;
By fire, flood, famine: by intemperance more,
In meats, and drinks, which on the earth ſhall bring
Diſeaſes dire: of which a monſtrous crew
Before thee ſhall appear; that thou may'ſt know
What miſery th' in-abſtinence of EVE
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, ſad, noiſom, dark,
A lazar-houſe it ſeem'd; wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd: all maladies
Of ghaſtly ſpaſm, or racking torture, qualmes

Of

Of heart-ſick agony, all fev'rous kinds,
Convulſions, epilepſies, fierce catarrhs,
Inteſtin ſtone, and ulcer, cholic-pangs,
Dæmoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy
And moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy,
Maraſmus, and wide-waſting peſtilence,
Dropſies, and aſthma's, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the toſſing! deep the groans! DESPAIR
Tended the ſick, buſieſt from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant DEATH his dart
Shook; but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight ſo deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? ADAM could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of man, and gave him up to tears
A ſpace; 'till firmer thoughts reſtrain'd exceſs,
And ſcarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miſerable mankind! to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched ſtate reſerv'd!
Better end here unborn! Why is life giv'n,
To be thus wreſted from us? rather, why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd; or, ſoon beg to lay it down;
Glad to be ſo diſmiſs'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of GOD in man, (created once
So goodly, and erect, though faulty ſince!)
To ſuch unſightly ſufferings be debas'd,
Under inhuman pains? Why ſhould not man,
Retaining ſtill divine ſimilitude
In part, from ſuch deformities be free,
And, for his Maker's image ſake, exempt?

Their

Their Maker's image, anſwer'd MICHAEL, then
Forſook them, when themſelves they vilify'd
To ſerve ungovern'd appetite: and took
His image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh vice,
Inductive mainly to the ſin of EVE.
Therefore ſo abject is their puniſhment,
Disfiguring not GOD's likeneſs, but their own:
Or, if His likeneſs, by themſelves defac'd:
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathſome ſickneſs; worthily, ſince they
God's Image did not reverence in themſelves.

I yield it juſt, ſaid ADAM, and ſubmit.
But, is there yet no other way, beſides
Theſe painful paſſages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural duſt?

There is, ſaid MICHAEL, if thou well obſerve
The rule of *not too much*; by temperance taught
In what thou eat'ſt, and drink'ſt; ſeeking from thence
Due nouriſhment, not gluttonous delight:
'Till many years over thy head return,
So may'ſt thou live; 'till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or, be with eaſe
Gather'd, not harſhly pluck'd; for death mature.
This is Old Age: but then, thou muſt out-live
Thy youth, thy ſtrength, thy beauty; which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray: thy ſenſes then
Obtuſe, all taſte of pleaſure muſt forego,
To what thou haſt; and, for the air of youth,
(Hopeful, and chearful) in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold, and dry,
To weigh the ſpirits down; and laſt conſume
The balm of life.—To whom our anceſtor,

Hence-

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit,
Faireſt, and eaſieſt, of this cumb'rous charge;
Which I muſt keep 'till my appointed day
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My diſſolution! MICHAEL reply'd,

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou liv'ſt,
Live well; how long, or ſhort, permit to heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another ſight.

He look'd, and ſaw a ſpatious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue: by ſome, were herds
Of cattle grazing: others, whence the ſound
Of inſtruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp, and organ; and who mov'd
Their ſtops, and chords, was ſeen: his volant touch
Inſtinct through all proportions, low, and high,
Fled, and perſu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.
In other part, ſtood one who at the forge
Lab'ring, two maſſy clods of ir'n, and braſs,
Had melted (whether found where caſual fire
Had waſted woods, on mountain, or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth; thence gliding hot
To ſome cave's mouth; or, whether waſh'd by ſtream
From under-ground) the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit molds prepar'd; from which he form'd
Firſt his own tools: then, what might elſe be wrought
Fuſil, or grav'n in metal. After theſe,
(But on the kither ſide) a different ſort
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their ſeat,
Down to the plain deſcended: by their guiſe
Juſt men they ſeem, and all their ſtudy bent
To worſhip GOD aright and know His works
Not hid; nor thoſe things laſt, which might preſerve
Freedom,

Freedom, and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold
A bevy of fair women; richly gay
In gems, and wanton dress: to th' harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
The men, tho' grave, ey'd them; and let their eyes
Rove without rein; 'till in the amorous net
First caught, they lik'd; and each his liking chose:
And now of love they treat, 'till th' ev'ning star
(Love's harbinger) appear'd: then, all in heat
They light the nuptial torch; and bid invoke
HYMEN, then first to marriage rites invok'd:
With feast, and music, all the tents resound.
Such happy interview, and fair event
Of love, and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart
Of ADAM, soon inclin'd t' admit delight,
(The bent of nature!) which he thus express'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest!
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past:
Those were of hate, and death, or pain much worse;
Here, nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus MICHAEL. Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy, and pure, conformity divine!
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness; wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother: studious they appear
Of arts that polish life; inventors rare;
Unmindful of their Maker, though His SPIRIT
Taught them; but they His gifts acknowledg'd none.

Yet,

Yet, they a beauteous off-ſpring ſhall beget.
For, that fair female-troop thou ſaw'ſt, that ſeem'd
Of Goddeſſes, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay;
Yet, empty of all good, wherein conſiſts
Woman's domeſtic honor, and chief praiſe:
Bred only, and completed, to the taſte
Of luſtful appetence; to ſing, to dance,
To dreſs, and troule the tongue, and roll the eye.
To theſe, that ſober race of men (whoſe lives
Religious, titled them the ſons of GOD)
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly! to the trains, and to the ſmiles
Of theſe fair atheiſts; and now ſwim in joy,
(E'erlong to ſwim at large) and laugh: for which
The world e'erlong a world of tears muſt weep!

To whom thus ADAM, of ſhort joy bereft.
O pity, and ſhame! that they, who to live well
Enter'd ſo fair, ſhould turn aſide, to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid-way faint!
But, ſtill I ſee the tenor of man's woe
Hold on the ſame, from woman to begin.

From man's effeminate ſlackneſs it begins,
(Said th' Angel) who ſhould better hold his place
By wiſdom, and ſuperior gifts receiv'd.
But, now prepare thee for another ſcene.

He look'd, and ſaw wide territory ſpread
Before him, towns, and rural works between:
Cities of men, with lofty gates, and tow'rs;
Concourſe in arms; fierce faces threat'ning war;
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprife!
Part wield their arms; part curb the foaming ſteed:
Single, or in array of battel rang'd,

Both

Both horſe, and foot; nor idly muſtring ſtood:
One way, a band ſelect from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen, and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes, and their bleating lambs, over the plain;
Their booty: ſcarce with life the ſhepherds fly;
But call in aid; which makes a bloody fray.
With cruel tournament the ſquadrons join!
Where cattle paſtur'd late, now, ſcatter'd lies
With carcaſſes, and arms, th' inſanguin'd field,
Deſerted. Others, to a city ſtrong
Lay ſiege, incamp'd; by batt'ry, ſcale, and mine,
Aſſaulting: others, from the wall defend
With dart, and jav'lin, ſtones, and ſulph'rous fire:
On each hand ſlaughter, and gigantic deeds!
In other part, the ſceptred heralds call
To council, in the city gates; anon
Gray-headed men, and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Aſſemble; and harangues are heard: but ſoon,
In factious oppoſition: 'till at laſt,
Of middle age one riſing, eminent
In wiſe deport, ſpake much of right, and wrong,
Of juſtice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had ſeiz'd with violent hands;
Had not a cloud deſcending ſnatch'd him thence,
Unſeen amid the throng: ſo, violence
Proceeded, and oppreſſion, and ſword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
ADAM was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full ſad: O! what are theſe?
DEATH's miniſters, not men! who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men: and multiply
Ten thouſand-fold the ſin of him who ſlew
His brother: for, of whom ſuch maſſacre

Make

Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; ſea cover'd ſea:
Sea without ſhoar! and in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, ſea-monſters whelp'd,
And ſtabled: of mankind (ſo numerous late)
All left, in one ſmall bottom ſwum im-bark'd.
How didſt thou grieve, then, ADAM! to behold
The end of all thy off-ſpring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation! Thee another flood,
Of tears, and ſorrow a flood, thee alſo drown'd;
And ſunk thee as thy ſons: 'till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou ſtood'ſt at laſt,
Tho' comfortleſs; as when a father mourns
His children, all in view deſtroy'd at once:
And ſcarce to th' Angel utter'dſt thus thy plaint.

O viſions ill foreſeen! Better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future! ſo had born
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear; thoſe now, that were diſpens'd
The burden of many ages, on me light
At once, by my fore-knowledge; gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me e'er their Being,
With thought that they muſt be. Let no man ſeek
Henceforth to be fore-told, what ſhall befall
Him, or his children: evil he may be ſure:
Which neither his fore-knowing can prevent,
And he the future evil ſhall no leſs
In apprehenſion, than in ſubſtance, feel;
Grievous to bear! But that care now is paſt,
Man is not whom to warn: thoſe few eſcap'd,
Famine, and anguiſh, will at laſt conſume,
Wand'ring that wat'ry Deſert. I had hope,
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well; peace would have
crown'd

With

With length of happy days the race of man.
But I was far deceiv'd! For, now I ſee
Peace to corrupt no leſs, than war to waſte.
How comes it thus? Unfold, cœleſtial guide!
And whether here the race of man will end.

To whom thus MICHAEL. Thoſe whom laſt thou ſaw'ſt
In triumph, and luxurious wealth, are they
Firſt ſeen in acts of proweſs eminent,
And great exploits; but, of true virtue void:
Who having ſpill'd much blood, and done much waſte,
Subduing nations; and atchiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey;
Shall change their courſe to pleaſure, eaſe, and ſloth,
Surfeit, and luſt; 'till wantonneſs, and pride,
Raiſe out of friendſhip hoſtile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd alſo, and enſlav'd by war,
Shall, with their freedom loſt, all virtue loſe,
And fear of GOD; from Whom their piety feign'd,
In ſharp conteſt of battel found no aid,
Againſt invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal,
Thence-forth ſhall practiſe how to live ſecure,
Worldly, or diſſolute; on what their lords
Shall leave them to injoy: (for th' earth ſhall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be try'd:)
So, all ſhall turn degenerate, all depray'd;
Juſtice, and temperance, truth, and faith forgot!
One man except, the only ſon of light
In a dark age, againſt example good,
Againſt allurement, cuſtom, and a world
Offended: fearleſs of reproach, and ſcorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admoniſh; and before them ſet
The paths of righteouſneſs, how much more ſafe,
And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come

On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided. But, of GOD observ'd,
The one just man alive, by His command
Shall build a wondrous ark (as thou beheldst)
To save himself, and household, from amidst
A world devote to universal wreck.
No sooner he, with them of man, and beast,
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodg'd,
And shelter'd round; but all the cataracts
Of heav'n set open, on the earth shall pour
Rain, day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds; 'till inundation rise
Above the highest hills. Then, shall this mount
Of Paradise, by might of waves, be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood;
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees a-drift
Down the great river, to the opening gulf,
And there take root; an island salt, and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang;
To teach thee that GOD attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now, what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated: for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake, to tripping ebb; that stole
With soft foot tow'rds the deep; who now had stop'd
His sluices, as the heav'n his windows shut.

The

The ark no more now floats, but ſeems on ground,
Faſt on the top of ſome high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear:
With clamor thence the rapid currents drive,
Tow'rds the retreating ſea, their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him (the ſurer meſſenger)
A dove, ſent forth once and again, to ſpy
Green tree, or ground, whereon his foot may light:
The ſecond time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific ſign!
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The antient ſire deſcends, with all his train;
Then with up-lifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conſpicuous, with three lifted colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from GOD, and covenant new:
Whereat the heart of ADAM, erſt ſo ſad,
Greatly rejoic'd; and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou, who future things canſt repreſent
As preſent, heav'nly inſtructor! I revive
At this laſt ſight; aſſur'd that man ſhall live,
With all the creatures, and their ſeed preſerve.
Far leſs I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked ſons deſtroy'd, than I rejoyce
For one man found ſo perfect, and ſo juſt,
That GOD vouchſafes to raiſe another world
From him, and all His anger to forget.
But ſay, what mean thoſe color'd ſtreaks in heav'n,
Diſtended, as the brow of GOD appeas'd?
Or, ſerve they, as a flow'ry verge, to bind
The fluid skirts of that ſame wat'ry cloud,
Leſt it again diſſolve, and ſhow'r the earth?

To whom th' Arch-Angel. Dext'rouſly thou aim'ſt:
So willingly doth GOD remit His ire,
Though late, repenting Him of man deprav'd;
Griev'd at His heart, when looking down He ſaw
The whole earth fill'd with violence; and all fleſh
Corrupting each their way: yet, thoſe remov'd,
Such grace ſhall one juſt man find in His ſight,
That He relents, not to blot out mankind;
And makes a covenant never to deſtroy
The earth again by flood; nor let the ſea
Surpaſs His bounds; nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein, or beaſt: but, when He brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein ſet
His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind His covenant: day, and night,
Seed-time, and harveſt, heat, and hoary froſt,
Shall hold their courſe; 'till fire purge all things new,
Both heav'n, and earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell.

*The end of the eleventh Book.*

THE

# THE
# TWELFTH BOOK
# OF
# PARADISE LOST.

# The ARGUMENT.

*The Angel* Michael *continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of* Abraham, *comes by degrees to explain, Who that Seed of the woman shall be, which was promised* Adam *and* Eve *in the Fall; His Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension; the state of the Church 'till His second coming.* Adam *greatly satisfied, and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with* Michael; *wakens* Eve, *who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind, and submission.* Michael *in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.*

P. F. Surdrinier. sculp.

Lib. XII.

BIBLIOTHECA

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK XII.

S one who in his journey bates at noon,
Tho' bent on ſpeed: ſo, here th' Arch-Angel paus'd,
Betwixt the world deſtroy'd, and world reſtor'd.
If ADAM ought perhaps might interpoſe:
Then, with tranſition ſweet, new ſpeech reſumes.

Thus thou haſt ſeen one world begin, and end;
And man, as from a ſecond ſtock, proceed.
Much thou haſt yet to ſee; but, I perceive
Thy mortal ſight to fail: objects divine
Muſt needs impair, and weary human ſenſe.
Henceforth what is to come I will relate:
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend!

This ſecond ſource of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment paſt remains
Freſh in their minds, fearing the Deity,

With ſome regard to what is juſt, and right,
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Lab'ring the ſoil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil: and from the herd, or flock,
Oft ſacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and ſacred feaſt,
Shall ſpend their days in joy un-blam'd; and dwell
Long time in peace, by families, and tribes,
Under paternal rule: 'till one ſhall riſe
Of proud ambitious heart; who (not content
With fair equality, fraternal ſtate;)
Will arrogate dominion undeſerv'd,
Over his brethren, and quite diſpoſſeſs
Concord, and law of nature from the earth;
Hunting, (and men, not beaſts, ſhall be his game)
With war, and hoſtile ſnare, ſuch as refuſe
Subjection to his empire tyrannous.
A mighty hunter thence he ſhall be ſtyl'd
Before the LORD; as in deſpite of heav'n,
Or from heav'n, claiming ſecond ſov'reignty:
And from rebellion ſhall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuſe.
He with a crew, (whom like ambition joins
With him, or under him to tyrannize)
Marching from EDEN tow'rds the weſt, ſhall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell.
Of brick, and of that ſtuff, they caſt to build
A city, and tow'r, whoſe top may reach to heav'n;
And get themſelves a name: leſt, far diſpers'd
In foreign lands, their memory be loſt;
Regardleſs whether good or evil fame!
But, GOD (Who oft deſcends to viſit men
Unſeen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings) them beholding ſoon,

Comes

Comes down to ſee their city, e'er the tow'r
Obſtruct heav'n-tow'rs; and in deriſion ſets
Upon their tongues a various ſpirit, to raſe
Quite out their native language: and inſtead,
To ſow a jangling noiſe of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble riſes loud,
Among the builders: each to other calls
Not underſtood; 'till hoarſe, and all in rage,
As mock'd they ſtorm: great laughter was in heav'n,
And looking down, to ſee the hubbub ſtrange,
And hear the din: thus was the building left
Ridiculous; and the work Confuſion nam'd.

Whereto thus ADAM, fatherly diſpleas'd,
O execrable ſon! ſo to aſpire
Above his brethren; to himſelf aſſuming
Authority uſurp'd, from GOD not giv'n.
He gave us only over beaſt, fiſh, fowl
Dominion abſolute; that right we hold
By his donation: but, man over men
He made not lord: ſuch title to himſelf
Reſerving, human left from human free.
But, this uſurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man: to GOD his tow'r intends
Siege, and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither, to ſuſtain
Himſelf, and his raſh army; where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails groſs;
And famiſh him of breath, if not of bread?

To whom thus MICHAEL. Juſtly thou abhorr'ſt
That ſon, who on the quiet ſtate of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to ſubdue
Rational liberty: yet know withal,
Since, by original lapſe, true liberty

Is loſt, (which always with right reaſon dwells
Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being:)
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate deſires,
And upſtart paſſions, catch the government
From reaſon; and to ſervitude reduce
Man, 'till then free. Therefore, ſince he permits
Within himſelf unworthy pow'rs to reign,
Over free reaſon; GOD, in judgment juſt,
Subjects it from without to violent lords:
Who oft as undeſervedly inthrall
His outward freedom. Tyranny muſt be;
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuſe.
Yet, ſometimes nations will decline ſo low
From virtue (which is reaſon) that no wrong,
But juſtice, and ſome fatal curſe annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty;
Their inward loſt: witneſs th' irreverent ſon
Of him who built the ark; who, for the ſhame
Done to his father, heard his heavy curſe,
"*Servant of Servants*, on his vitious race.
Thus will the latter, as the former, world
Still tend from bad to worſe; 'till GOD at laſt,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His preſence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; reſolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways:
And one peculiar nation to ſelect
From all the reſt, of whom to be invok'd;
A nation from one faithful man to ſpring:
Him, on this ſide EUPHRATES yet reſiding,
Bred up in idol-worſhip. O that men
(Canſt thou believe?) ſhould be ſo ſtupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who ſcap'd the flood,
As to forſake the living GOD, and fall

To

To worſhip their own work in wood, and ſtone,
For Gods! Yet, him GOD the Moſt High vouchſafes
To call by vision, from his father's houſe,
His kindred, and falſe Gods, into a land
Which he will ſhew him: and from him will raiſe
A mighty nation; and upon him ſhow'r
His benediction ſo, that in his ſeed
All nations ſhall be bleſt: he ſtrait obeys;
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I ſee him, (but thou canſt not) with what faith
He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native ſoil
UR of CHALDÆA, paſſing now the ford
To HARAN: after him a cumb'rous train
Of herds, and flocks, and numerous ſervitude:
Not wand'ring poor, but truſting all his wealth
With GOD, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
CANAAN he now attains; I ſee his tents
Pitch'd about SICHEM, and the neighb'ring plain
Of MOREH. There by promiſe he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land;
From HAMATH northward, to the Deſert ſouth;
(Things by their names I call, tho' yet un-nam'd)
From HERMON eaſt, to the great weſtern ſea;
Mount HERMON! yonder ſea! each place behold
In proſpect, as I point them) on the ſhore
Mount CARMEL; here, the double-founted ſtream,
JORDAN, true limit eaſtward; but, his ſons
Shall dwell to SEIR, that long ridge of hills!
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his ſeed be bleſſed: by that ſeed
Is meant thy GREAT DELIVERER, who ſhall bruiſe
The ſerpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier ſhall be reveal'd. This patriarch bleſt,
(Whom Faithful ABRAHAM due time ſhall call)
A ſon, and of his ſon, a grand-child leaves;

Like

Like him in faith, in wiſdom, and renown.
The grand-child with twelve ſons increas'd, departs
From CANAAN, to a land hereafter call'd
ÆGYPT, divided by the river NILE:
See where it flows, diſgorging at ſeven mouths
Into the ſea! To ſojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger ſon
In time of dearth: a ſon, whoſe worthy deeds
Raiſe him to be the ſecond in that realm
Of PHARAOH: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation: and now grown,
Suſpected to a ſequent King, who ſeeks
To ſtop their over-growth, as in-mate gueſts
Too numerous: whence of gueſts he makes them ſlaves
Inhoſpitably; and kills their infant males:
'Till by two brethren (thoſe two brethren call
MOSES, and AARON) ſent from GOD to claim
His people from inthralment, they return
With glory, and ſpoil, back to their promis'd land.
But firſt, the lawleſs tyrant, (who denies
To know their GOD, or meſſage to regard)
Muſt be compell'd by ſigns, and judgments dire:
To blood un-ſhed, the rivers muſt be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies, muſt all his palace fill
With loath'd intruſion, and fill all the land:
His cattle muſt of rot, and murrain, die;
Botches, and blains, muſt all his fleſh imboſs,
And all his people: thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, muſt rend th' ÆGYPTIAN ſky,
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls:
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darkſom cloud of locuſts ſwarming down
Muſt eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkneſs muſt over-ſhadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkneſs! and blot out three days:

Laſt,

Laſt, with one midnight-ſtroke, all the firſt-born
Of ÆGYPT muſt lye dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length, ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart: but ſtill, as ice
More harden'd after thaw: 'till in his rage
Perſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea
Swallows him with his hoſt; but them lets paſs
(As on dry land) between two cryſtal walls;
Aw'd by the rod of MOSES ſo to ſtand
Divided, 'till his Reſcu'd gain their ſhore:
Such wondrous pow'r GOD to His Saint will lend,
Though preſent in His Angel! who ſhall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire:
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire;
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate King perſues.
All night he will perſue; but, his approach
Darkneſs defends between, 'till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,
GOD looking forth will trouble all his hoſt,
And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command,
MOSES once more his potent rod extends
Over the ſea; the ſea his rod obeys:
On their imbattel'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war! The race elect,
Safe towards CANAAN from the ſhore advance
Through the wild deſert; not the readieſt way;
Leſt ent'ring on the CANAANITE alarm'd,
War terrify them in-expert, and fear
Return them back to ÆGYPT, chuſing rather
Inglorious life with ſervitude: (for life,
To noble, and ignoble, is more ſweet
Un-train'd in arms, where raſhneſs leads not on.)
This alſo ſhall they gain by their delay

In

In the wide wilderneſs; there they ſhall found
Their government, and their great ſenate chuſe
Thro' the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
GOD from the mount of SINAI, (whoſe gray top
Shall tremble, He deſcending,) will Himſelf
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's ſound,
Ordain them laws: part, ſuch as appertain
To civil juſtice; part, religious rites
Of ſacrifice; informing them by types,
And ſhadows, of that Deſtin'd Seed to bruiſe
The ſerpent, by what means He ſhall atchieve
Mankind's deliverance. But, the voice of GOD
To mortal ear is dreadful! They beſeech
That MOSES might report to them His Will,
And terror ceaſe: He grants what they beſought;
Inſtructed, that to GOD is no acceſs
Without Mediator, whoſe high office now
MOSES in figure bears; to introduce
One Greater, of whoſe day he ſhall foretel,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of Great MESSIAH ſhall ſing. Thus, laws and rites
Eſtabliſh'd, ſuch delight hath GOD in men
Obedient to His Will, that He vouchſafes
Among them to ſet up His tabernacle;
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By His preſcript a ſanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark His teſtimony,
The records of His covenant: over theſe
A mercy-ſeat of gold, between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim: before Him burn
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac repreſenting
The heav'nly fires: over the tent a cloud
Shall reſt by day, a fiery gleam by night;
Save when they journey, and at length they come,

Conducted

Conducted by his Angel, to the land
Promis'd to ABRAHAM, and his seed—The rest
Were long to tell; how many battles fought;
How many Kings destroy'd; and kingdoms won;
Or, how the sun shall in mid-heav'n stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, "Sun! in GIBEON stand,
"And thou moon in the vale of AJALON,
"'Till ISRAEL overcome:" so call the third
From ABRAHAM, son of ISAAC; and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall CANAAN win.

Here ADAM interpos'd. O sent from heav'n,
Inlightner of my darkness! gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly, which concern
Just ABRAHAM, and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd;
E'er-while perplex'd with thoughts, what would become
Of me, and all mankind: but, now I see
His day, in Whom all nations shall be blest:
Favor unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means!
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom GOD will deign to dwell on earth,
So many, and so various, laws are giv'n:
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them: how can GOD with such reside?

To whom thus MICHAEL. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot:
And therefore was law giv'n them, to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight: that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
(Save by those shadowy expiations weak,

The

The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more pretious muſt be paid for man;
Juſt for unjuſt: that, in ſuch righteouſneſs,
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Juſtification towards GOD, and peace
Of conſcience; which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appeaſe; nor man the moral part
Perform; and, not performing, cannot live.
So, law appears imperfect; and but giv'n
With purpoſe to reſign them in full time,
Up to a better covenant; diſciplin'd
From ſhadowy types to truth; from fleſh to ſpirit;
From impoſition of ſtrict laws, to free
Acceptance of large grace; from fervil fear,
To filial; works of law, to works of faith.
And therefore ſhall not MOSES (though of GOD
Highly belov'd,) being but the miniſter
Of law, His people into CANAAN lead;
But JOSHUA (whom the Gentiles JESUS call;
His name, and office bearing, who ſhall quell
The adverſary-ſerpent; and bring back
Thro' the world's wilderneſs long-wander'd man,
Safe to eternal Paradiſe of reſt.)
Mean-while they, in their earthly CANAAN plac'd,
Long time ſhall dwell, and proſper: but, when ſins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking GOD to raiſe them enemies;
From whom as oft He ſaves them penitent;
By Judges firſt, then under Kings: of whom
The ſecond, (both for piety renown'd,
And puiſſant deeds) a promiſe ſhall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever ſhall indure: the like ſhall ſing
All prophecy, that of the royal ſtock
Of DAVID (ſo I name this King) ſhall riſe

A SON, the woman's ſeed to thee foretold;
Foretold to ABRAHAM; as in Whom ſhall truſt
All nations; and to Kings foretold, of Kings
The laſt; for of His reign ſhall be no end.
But, firſt a long ſucceſſion muſt enſue:
And his next ſon, for wealth and wiſdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of GOD, 'till then in tents
Wand'ring, ſhall in a glorious temple inſhrine.
Such follow him, as ſhall be regiſter'd
Part good, part bad; of bad the longer ſcrowl:
Whoſe foul idolatries, and other faults,
Heap'd to the popular ſum, will ſo incenſe
GOD, as to leave them, and expoſe their land,
Their city, His temple, and His holy ark,
With all His ſacred things, a ſcorn and prey
To that proud city, whoſe high walls thou ſaw'ſt
Left in confuſion; BABYLON thence call'd.
There in captivity He lets them dwell
The ſpace of ſeventy years: then brings them back;
Remembring mercy, and His covenant ſworn
To DAVID, 'ſtabliſh'd as the days of heav'n.
Return'd from BABYLON, by leave of Kings
Their lords, whom GOD diſpos'd, the houſe of GOD
They firſt re-edify: and for a while
In mean eſtate live moderate: 'till grown
In wealth, and multitude, factious they grow.
But firſt, among the prieſts diſſenſion ſprings;
Men who attend the altar, and ſhould moſt
Endeavour peace: their ſtrife pollution brings
Upon the temple it ſelf: at laſt they ſeiſe
The ſceptre, and regard not DAVID's ſons:
Then loſe it to a ſtranger, that the true
Anointed King MESSIAH might be born
Barr'd of His right: yet, at His birth a ſtar,
Un-ſeen before in heav'n, proclaims him come;

And

And guides the eaſtern ſages, who inquire
His place, to offer incenſe, myrrh, and gold:
His place of birth a ſolemn Angel tells
The ſimple ſhepherds, keeping watch by night:
They gladly thither haſte; and, by a choir
Of ſquadron'd Angels, hear his carol ſung.
A virgin is His mother, but His Sire
The Pow'r of the Moſt High! He ſhall aſcend
The throne hereditary, and bound His reign
With earth's wide bounds, His glory with the heav'ns!

He ceas'd, diſcerning ADAM with ſuch joy
Surcharg'd, as had, like grief, been dew'd in tears
Without the vent of words; which theſe he breath'd.

O prophet of glad tidings! finiſher
Of utmoſt hope! now clear I underſtand,
What oft my ſteadieſt thoughts have ſearch'd in vain:
Why our Great Expectation ſhould be call'd,
The ſeed of woman: Virgin Mother, hail!
High in the love of heav'n! yet from my loins
Thou ſhalt proceed, and from thy womb the SON
Of GOD Moſt High; ſo GOD with man unites.
Needs muſt the ſerpent now his capital bruiſe
Expect with mortal pain: ſay, where and when
Their fight, what ſtroke ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel?

To whom thus MICHAEL. Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head, or heel: not therefore joins the SON
Manhood to GOD-HEAD, with more ſtrength to foil
Thy enemy: nor ſo is overcome
SATAN, whoſe fall from heav'n, (a deadlier bruiſe!)
Diſabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which He, who comes thy Saviour, ſhall re-cure,

Not

Not by deſtroying SATAN, but his works,
In thee, and in thy ſeed. Nor can this be,
But by fulfilling (that which thou didſt want,)
Obedience to the law of GOD, impoſe'd
On penalty of death, and ſuffering death;
The penalty to thy tranſgreſſion due;
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high juſtice reſt appaid.
The law of GOD exact He ſhall fulfil,
Both by obedience, and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law: thy puniſhment
He ſhall indure, by coming in the fleſh
To a reproachful life, and curſed death:
Proclaiming life to all who ſhall believe
In His redemption; and that His obedience
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; His merits
To ſave them, not their own (tho' legal) works.
For this He ſhall live hated, be blaſphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd,
A ſhameful, and accurſt! nail'd to the croſs
By His own nation; ſlain, for bringing life.
But, to the croſs He nails thy enemies,
The law that is againſt thee, and the ſins
Of all mankind, with Him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more, who rightly truſt
In this His Satisfaction. So He dies,
But ſoon revives; death over Him no pow'r
Shall long uſurp: e'er the third dawning light
Return, the ſtars of morn ſhall ſee Him riſe
Out of His grave, freſh as the dawning light,
The ranſom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith, not void of works. This God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou ſhould'ſt have dy'd,

In

In ſin for ever loſt from life: this act
Shall bruiſe the head of SATAN, cruſh his ſtrength,
Defeating Sin, and Death, his two main arms:
And fix far deeper in his head their ſtings,
Than temporal death ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems: a death-like ſleep!
A gentle wafting to immortal life!
Nor after Reſurrection ſhall He ſtay
Longer on earth, than certain times t'appear
To His Diſciples; men who in His life
Still follow'd Him: to them ſhall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of Him they learn'd,
And His ſalvation; them who ſhall believe
Baptizing in the profluent ſtream, the ſign
Of waſhing them from guilt of ſin, to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd (if ſo befal)
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.
All nations they ſhall teach: for, from that day,
Not only to the ſons of ABRAHAM's loins
Salvation ſhall be preach'd; but, to the ſons
Of ABRAHAM's faith: where-ever thro' the world:
So, in his ſeed all nations ſhall be bleſs'd.
Then to the heav'n of heav'ns ſhall He aſcend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there ſhall ſurpriſe
The ſerpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Thro' all his realm, and there confounded leave:
Then enter into glory, and reſume
His ſeat at GOD's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in heav'n: and thence ſhall come,
When the world's diſſolution ſhall be ripe,
With glory, and pow'r, to judge both quick and dead:
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliſs:
Whether in heav'n, or earth: for then, the earth

Shall

Shall all be Paradiſe, far happier place
Than this of EDEN, and far happier days!

So ſpake th' Arch-Angel MICHAEL; then paus'd,
As at the world's great period: and our ſire,
Replete with joy, and wonder, thus reply'd.

O goodneſs infinite! goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
And evil turn to good! more wonderful
Than that which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of darkneſs! Full of doubt I ſtand,
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin,
By me done, and occaſion'd; or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall ſpring:
To GOD more glory, more good-will to men
From GOD, and over wrath grace ſhall abound.
But ſay, if our Deliverer up to heav'n
Muſt re-aſcend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? Who then ſhall guide
His people? who defend? will they not deal
Worſe with his followers, than with him they dealt?

Be ſure they will, ſaid th' Angel; but from heav'n
He to His own a COMFORTER will ſend,
The promiſe of the FATHER: Who ſhall dwell
His SPIRIT within them; and the law of faith
Working thro' love, upon their hearts ſhall write,
To guide them in all truth; and alſo arm
With ſpiritual armor, able to reſiſt
SATAN's aſſaults, and quench his fiery darts:
What man can do againſt them, not afraid,
Though to the death; againſt ſuch cruelties
With inward conſolations recompens'd;

And oft ſupported ſo, as ſhall amaze
Their proudeſt perſecutors: for, the SPIRIT
(Pour'd firſt on His Apoſtles, whom He ſends
T'evangelize the nations; then, on all
Baptiz'd,) ſhall them with wond'rous gifts indue,
To ſpeak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their LORD before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation, to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heav'n: at length,
Their Miniſtry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine, and their ſtory written left,
They die. But in their room, as they fore-warn,
Wolves ſhall ſucceed for teachers, grievous wolves!
Who all the ſacred myſteries of heav'n
To their own vile advantages ſhall turn,
Of lucre, and ambition; and the truth
With ſuperſtitions, and traditions taint,
Left only in thoſe written records pure;
Though not but by the SPIRIT underſtood.
Then ſhall they ſeek t'avail themſelves of names,
Places, and titles; and with theſe to join
Secular pow'r; though feigning ſtill to act
By ſpiritual: to themſelves appropriating
The SPIRIT of GOD, promis'd alike, and giv'n
To all believers: and, from that pretenſe,
Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r ſhall force
On every conſcience; laws! which none ſhall find
Left them inroll'd; or, what the SPIRIT within
Shall on the heart ingrave. What will they then
But force the SPIRIT of Grace it ſelf, and bind
His conſort liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to ſtand,
Their own faith, not another's? (for, on earth,
Who againſt faith, and conſcience, can be heard
Infallible?) Yet, many will preſume:

Whence

Whence heavy perſecution ſhall ariſe
On all, who in the worſhip perſevere
Of ſpirit, and truth: the reſt (far greater part)
Will deem in outward rites, and ſpecious forms,
Religion ſatisfy'd: truth ſhall retire
Beſtruck with ſland'rous darts; and works of faith
Rarely be found. So ſhall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benigne;
Under her own weight groaning; 'till the day
Appear of reſpiration to the juſt,
And vengeance to the wicked: at return
Of HIM ſo lately promis'd to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed; obſcurely then foretold;
Now amplier known thy SAVIOUR, and thy LORD;
Laſt, in the clouds, from heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the FATHER, to diſſolve
SATAN, with his perverted world; then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purg'd, and refin'd,
New heav'ns, new earth, ages of endleſs date,
Founded in righteouſneſs, and peace, and love;
To bring forth fruits, joy, and eternal bliſs.

He ended; and thus ADAM laſt reply'd.
How ſoon hath thy prediction, Seer bleſt!
Meaſur'd this tranſient world the race of time;
'Till time ſtand fix'd? Beyond is all abyſs,
Eternity, whoſe end no eyes can reach!
Greatly inſtructed I ſhall hence depart;
Greatly in peace of thought; and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this veſſel can contain:
Beyond which was my folly to aſpire!
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is beſt,
And love with fear the only GOD; to walk
As in His preſence; ever to obſerve
His providence; and on Him ſole depend;

Merciful

Merciful over all His works! with good
Still overcoming evil; and by ſmall
Accompliſhing great things; by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly ſtrong; and worldly wiſe,
By ſimply meek; that ſuffering for truth's ſake,
Is fortitude to higheſt victory;
And, to the faithful, death the gate of life;
Taught this by His example, Whom I now
Acknowledge my REDEEMER ever bleſt!

To whom thus alſo th' Angel laſt reply'd:
This having learn'd, thou haſt attain'd the ſum
Of wiſdom; hope no higher; though all the ſtars
Thou knew'ſt by name; and all th' ethereal pow'rs;
All ſecrets of the Deep; all nature's works;
Or, works of GOD in heav'n, air, earth, or ſea;
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dſt;
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge anſwerable; add faith;
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
(By name to come call'd charity, the ſoul
Of all the reſt) then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradiſe, but ſhalt poſſeſs
A Paradiſe within thee, happier far!——
Let us deſcend now therefore from this top
Of ſpeculation: for the hour preciſe
Exacts our parting hence: and ſee! the Guards,
By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion; at whoſe front a flaming ſword,
In ſignal of remove, waves fiercely round.
We may no longer ſtay: go! waken EVE;
Her alſo I with gentle dreams have calm'd,
Portending good; and all her ſpirits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion; thou, at ſeaſon fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard;

Chiefly

Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her ſeed to come
(For by the woman's ſeed) on all mankind.
That ye may live (which will be many days)
Both in one faith unanimous, though ſad
(With cauſe!) for evils paſt; yet, much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.

He ended; and they both deſcend the hill:
Deſcended, ADAM to the bow'r, where EVE
Lay ſleeping, ran before; but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not ſad ſhe him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'ſt, and whither went'ſt, I know;
For GOD is alſo in ſleep, and dreams adviſe;
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow, and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now, lead on!
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou;
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.
This further conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt,
Such favor I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
By me the Promis'd Seed ſhall all reſtore.

So ſpake our mother EVE; and ADAM heard
Well-pleas'd, but anſwer'd not: for now, too nigh
Th' Arch-Angel ſtood; and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array,
The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning miſt,
Ris'n from a river, o'er the mariſh glides;

And gathers ground faſt at the laborer's heel,
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandiſh'd ſword of GOD before them blaz'd;
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapors as the LIBYAN air aduſt,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
In either hand the haſt'ning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents; and to th' eaſtern gate
Led them direct; and down the cliff as faſt,
To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld
Of Paradiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat!
Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them ſoon:
The world was all before them, where to chuſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring ſteps, and ſlow,
Through EDEN took their ſolitary way.

*THE END.*

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